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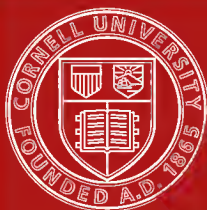
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“THE SHANTY BOY,”

OR

LIFE IN A LUMBER CAMP.

BEING PICTURES OF THE PINE WOODS

In Discriptions, Tales, Songs and Adventures in the
Lumbering Shanties of Michigan and Wisconsin.

BY

JOHN W. FITZMAURICE.

CHEBOYGAN, MICH.,
DEMOCRAT STEAM PRINT.

1889.

*Entered according to Act of Congress
By J. W. FITZMAURICE,
With the State Librarian, Washington, D. C.,
November 15, 1888.*

FACSIMILE REPRINT

Published at Central Michigan University by the University
Press from the original in the Clarke Historical Library,
Mount Pleasant.

ONE THOUSAND COPIES PRINTED.

PREFACE.

I have prepared this little work with two specific purposes in view, viz.: to tell the story of the lumber woods where it is least known, and to instruct and amuse the class of men I have measurably striven to represent on these pages. Nearly every phase of labor has been written, sung and told, save the labor of the pine woods. Here I have found a field totally unpreempted, and have endeavored to so present this life, as to show how much could be done by a more versatile writer. Much of the matter in these pages has formed my editorial contributions to the columns of the *Timberman*, of Chicago, and all is taken directly from shanty life as I beheld it. I gratefully dedicate the work to the men I have received so much kindness from—the Shanty Boys.

THE AUTHOR.

THE SHANTY BOY

OR

LIFE IN A LUMBER CAMP.

CHAPTER I.

TELLS HOW I FOUND MY WAY TO THE WOODS—THE GENERAL OUTLINES OF
THE SHANTY BOY—LUMBERING IN MICHIGAN—HOW THE BATTLE OF THE
SAW-LOG IS FOUGHT—MISCELLANEOUS DESCRIPTIVE MATTER.

“Throw physic to the dogs, I’ll none of it.”

“Yes, you are rather run down for a fact.”

“You are right Doctor, but what is the reason?”

“Simply too much office work, sir.”

“Well, what am I to do?”

“Try something else or you are a dead man inside of a year.”

“What else can I do Doc? I have to work for a living and my work is in a newspaper office.”

“Do? Why, there’s any quantity of things you can do besides dying. How heavy are you?”

“About 140 pounds I think.”

“Well, try a winter in the woods and you will come out forty pounds heavier in the spring.”

"But what can I do there? I never was in the woods in my life, and know nothing about the work there."

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you. You know I am running a hospital for the men in the woods? I'll pay you sixty dollars per month and expenses, to visit the lumber camps and sell tickets for me. What do you say Fitz?"

"I'll try it for a while Doc, but I fear you have made a rash bargain."

"I'll risk it old boy, when can you start?"

"Well, if I am going, the sooner the better."

"That's the idea, but you'll want a woods rig. Come with me and we'll soon make a "shanty boy" of you, and you can take the train north to-morrow morning."

"All right Doctor, I'm your man."

The above conversation took place on the steps of the B—— house, in a certain Michigan town, in the fall of 1880. The parties in the dialogue were Dr. H——, a man of considerable professional skill, brim full of business, and myself. Of the latter individual, who will accompany the reader through these pages, it need only be said that a long term of rather close confinement in an office, as a portion of the editorial staff of a daily paper, had resulted in the general prostration of a hitherto healthy system, for the treatment of which I had consulted Dr. H——, with the above result. Having intelligence enough to believe what the physician advised, I at once consented to take up what was to be to me an entirely new line of living and acting, by becoming his representative among the men working in the lumber camps, in the capacity of what is known as an "Hospital Agent." As I shall have occasion to more fully delineate and describe the origin and value of lumbermen's hospitals further on, I will but state that the morning following the above conversation beheld me boarding a train on the Michigan Central Railway, bound north, as one in a crowded train of cars filled with men for the lumber woods. Everything was new to me, and while my literary work on a newspaper, located in a leading lumber town, had long previously taught me the theory of life in the woods, and even a

little of the practical, through frequent association with woodsmen when in the discharge of my reportorial duties, still I had never before felt called upon to term myself one of the "red sashed brigade." But such was now the case with me, to all outward appearances at least. I was dressed for the part, and my "make up" consisted of good, warm woolen pants, known as "Canadian gray," blue woolen shirt, German socks, walking rubbers strapped about the ankle, French head covering of the variegated night cap persuasion, and a heavy overcoat. Added to this was the inevitable "red sash," emblem of the woods, and badge of the "shanty boy." As the war upon king pine would be fearfully void, without the accessories of the great American god, I was plentifully supplied with Nimrod plug tobacco, and a brier root pipe.

The simple statement that the car was full would but faintly convey a complete sense of the responsibility resting upon Conductor John Sugars. It was "full" in every form of the word. The seats intended for two held three and four. The aisles were jammed with heaving, surging, roaring, swearing, laughing humanity, out of nearly every kindred, nation, people and tongue. All were "full," and every man had a bottle. It was the last "drunk" of the season and it was a bouncer. The men were bound for the woods and a long season of hard labor was before them. This was simply a good bye to civilization, and considerable excuse could be had for a condition of exhilaration which was the cut-off for long days to come. The "shanty boy" has been seen at his worst by those who have endeavored to describe him. Usually he is made the hero of some town or city escapade, in which he is caused to figure as the drunken, fighting bum. Such, however, is a very wrong estimate of a character abounding with indications of the best phases in our human nature, although frequently exhibited in a crude form. And right here I want to record the fact—gathered from the experience of years of personal association with this class of our population—that if I wanted a truly sincere friend, one who would stand by me with money and personal assistance through thick and thin, when in trouble, I

would turn to the "shanty boy," clothed in his "Mackinaws," in preference to the sleek, smooth-speaking scion of the city, clad in broadcloth, occupying a place in refined society and a cushioned pew in some fashionable church. I have tried both, and proved which is the true gold.

Accordingly, were I to here labor in striving to enumerate my first impressions of the "shanty boy," as received from the observation of that crowded car filled with drunken, swearing, sweltering humanity, I could easily place myself in the list of those who only know the woodsman—as they know the "cow-boy" or the army scout—simply as a low, depraved drunken blackguard. Be it my labor in these pages to strive to show the better side of the men forming the great pioneer army in the march of civilization.

But to resume. The picture presented in that train load of men going to the woods, was a laughably strange combination of the drunkenly sublime and ridiculous. The combination was made up of Americans, French, Germans, Swedes, Irish, English, Poles and Indians. All were more or less filled with "budge," and all were hilariously noisy. Every man was using his mother tongue in snatches of song, joke and wild argument. Every one was gloriously happy, and the bottle passed from hand to hand and mouth to mouth with wondrous rapidity. As fast as one bottle was emptied, through the window it went, and another took its place. I since learned that the gathering of bottles along the railroad track is no small means of a livelihood for the lumbering towns small boy. The reek of tobacco smoke filled the car, and the roar of lewd song and vile words in almost every known language, formed an invisible atmosphere, in full keeping with the surroundings, amid which John Sugars, the conductor, calmly made his way, in the collection of fares, a work of no little magnitude amid such a pandemonium.

It is needless for me to waste time in describing a drunken carousal. The intention of this book is to present the true aspects of life in the woods, which certainly does not consist in the expenditure of labor as above expressed. I quickly found

myself fully recognized as a member of the guild, and was soon hail fellow well met, with the most of the sobermen at least, who were there, as foremen or scalers, bound for camp. I had one great failing, however, I could not drink. As a compromise, I had to accept a "chaw" from over twenty proffered plugs of tobacco. When it was learned that I was an "hospital agent," I was made welcome on all sides, for the woodsmen know the value of these institutions and afford them every consideration, in the persons of the numerous agents that visit the camps. Of this more anon.

The trip was a long and tedious one. At every station, however, our human freight became less. With "turkeys" (clothes bags) slung across the shoulder, the men could be seen making for the several taverns, where the "tote" team the next morning would take their luggage, and they would tramp the ten or twenty miles intervening between town and camp. This was another feature in my experience that I had not taken into consideration—namely, the tramp to camp. But I was now a "shanty boy," and proposed to face the music with the rest.

The hotel at Roscommon where I put up, was under ordinary circumstances a good one, but I struck it under extraordinary conditions. It was swarming with recruits for the great "army of the pine," and I might add, from subsequent evidence, was swarming with what the delicate phrased "shanty boy" designates "Michigan crumbs." The night was made hideous by drunken men, but at last tired nature sank into oblivion, and I became unconscious of the row in the bar room, and the snoring of the "chum" in bed with me, assisted by the other four robust woodsmen occupying the two beds beside my own in the room. I had left word to be called early, and certainly I was. It did not seem to be ten minutes from the time I had closed my eyes, before a loud pounding on the bed room door aroused me. It was yet dark, but I tumbled into my clothes and hurried down stairs to have a wash and breakfast. The latter was served by a cross looking maiden, not over comely or tidy, who "jerked" the "hash" at

the table full of men, as though every dish served was under protest and as a special compromise and concession on her part. However, the muddy coffee and tough beef collops, called by courtesy beefsteak, being disposed of, we settled our bill at the rate of \$2.50 per day, lighted our pipes and prepared to take the "tote road." It was a cold, chilly morning in November. A slight flurry of snow had fallen, and the roads were very bad. Lord, how those shanty boys did walk, when they got started! Talk about pedestrianism, there are lots of men in the woods to-day who could double discount some of the leading professionals. However, I did my best to keep it up, while some four or five "tote" teams, heavily loaded with camp supplies, lumbered slowly after us. The stars were still shining and a keen north wind, direct from Mackinaw, was blowing. After the first five miles I began to fall behind, and finally was glad to accept a seat beside the driver, on a load of oats. But the road was terrible, and such riding I had never before endured, till at last, I was glad to again "hoof it," if only for relief from the intolerable jolting. I already began to regret—like the tailor's three day apprentice—that I had ever learned the trade. But I was in for it, and all the Irish in my composition came to the surface, in a determination to keep up appearances before these toil hardened woodsmen, who would occasionally wait for the "tote" wagons to catch up to them and then chaff me as a "tenderfoot."

Soon we struck the woods, through which the "tote" road meandered, over stump and through swamp, on its slow course to camp. The woods were a relief to me. I had ever been a lover of nature, and the beautiful Michigan forest came to me as though extending a welcome to a wandering child returning home to find a kindly shelter within its leafy enclosure. To the surprise of the men I unconsciously burst into song:

"Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam,
Where the wild winds whistle free;
But a chosen band in a forest land
And a life in the woods for me."

"Well done, chummy," shouted a big Bay City spiked booted aristocrat of the camp.

"By chimeny, he hash a goot woice for bork undt peans," remarked a fat Dutch boor.

"Cough it up again dear, an' we'll give it to the cow," yelled another.

"Howly Moses, but the owld man's got a good chanther," was the criticism of an Italian from Cork.

"Hold on pard till we get you in camp and we'll have some more of that," sounded a little better from the teamster, but this small encouragement was drowned in the sneering statement :

"Pshaw ! Yer ort ter hear 'Rollway Dick' sing Young Charlie Monroe, if ye want ter hear a song. When I war up on the Au Gres five winters ago, I—"

"O cheese the racket till we get to camp, then ye can sling it out o' yer. Peg out boys, peg out."

Thus my first operatic efforts were received, but before winter was over I could hold my own with the best, when I had learned the peculiar muse patronized by the shanty boy.

This reminds me of the reply made by Albert Higgins, agent for the Detroit Sanitarium, to a big camp bully. Albert had just arrived in camp one stormy evening and as soon as he entered the bunk room he was accosted by a gigantic shanty boy with :

"See here stranger, the rule of this camp is that every galoot commin' in haster sing a song or tell a story or we put him up."

("Putting a man up" is to throw him, stomach downwards, over one of the big girth beams extending across the shanty, and while one holds his head and two others his feet, another pounds him on the distended bosom of his pants with a boot-jack. It's an extremely pleasant operation when you are accustomed to the gentle recreation.)

Higgins was at first dumfounded at the request and replied quietly :

"Well, chummy, I can't sing any more than a crow and I never could remember a story longer than ten minutes, but I'll tell you what I can do. I'll just fight you half a string for two pounds of tobacco for the camp."

This was a poser for the hustler and he paused as though undecided. The boys got onto the situation in a moment and began to yell:

"Go in pard and wax him!"

"Why don't you take him up?"

"There's a chance to get yer work in ol' man."

In the mean time Higgins had divested himself of his outer garments and thrown himself into position number one in the noble science, when the bully made up his mind that he had bit off more than he could chew and in the parlance of the camp "took water."

Higgins was permitted to transact his business without further molestation, but the fun of it was that there is not a more comical man or better story teller on the tote road than Al. Higgins.

There is usually some "bully" in every camp, and he is generally an arrant coward when it comes to the pinch. One in a camp I was accustomed to visit was very cruel to a lad of about sixteen, whose father—an old man badly used up with rheumatism—was sitting by the boy one night in the bunk camp. The bully came up and jerked the young fellow off the seat. In a moment the old man struck the bully a telling blow between the eyes, causing him to measure his length on the floor where half a dozen solid kicks took all the fight out of him. The old man was the hero of the camp from that hour, while the cowardly ruffian was the butt and laughing stock of all hands ever after.

But such characters are not the representatives of the true shanty boy, who is usually generous, brave and a natural gentleman.

CHAPTER II.

THE SILENT FORCES OF NATURE—THE FEEDING PLACE—NED MADIGAN'S STORY—A GAME OF CARDS WITH SATAN—HOW NED SAVED HIMSELF.

The sun was now up in all its splendor, and the grateful warmth came to us with a cheering welcome. Silence was supreme! The woods had taken on the variegated tints of autumn, and shone in all the gorgeousness of a Michigan forest, and the silent forces of nature were at work on every hand. What can be more sublime than a stroll through our Michigan woods where these forces are at work?

They are recognized in every stage of action, from the infant growth of the baby tree to the topmost tuft of green that seems to brush the skies on the giant pine towering two hundred feet above you. Mark the work of distillation going on by which the life juices of the earth are extracted by the tiny tendrils, and sent coursing the full length of that mighty trunk till it reaches the topmost needle of the feathered crest. What a force is here silently at work! Or note the gigantic grasp the roots of yonder maple have upon that boulder around which they circle. The boulder requiring the force of fifty stalwart men to move is lifted a hair's breadth at a time, till, as the years roll by, it also is rolled from its original bed by a silent force we can not comprehend the power of. Or behold the long leaves of each tree as they seem to wave aimlessly to and fro with every zephyr. They are drinking in atmospheric life to mingle with the vital essence climbing the trunks and branches.

Life, life—that strange mystery—is at work in voiceless power alike upon the existence of the mighty pine as well as

that of the fragile little wild flower you carelessly tread to death. Behold around you the silent battle in the forest waged between life and death! There you behold prostrate some mighty monarch that was a fair green tree long years ere the Genoese adventurer had found these shores. To-day it lies prone and you stand upon its rapidly decaying corpse, striving to find the "blaze" which leads you to some lumberman's camp. Beside the prostrate pine, smitten by death, you see life and vigor busy in seeking to mend the inroads made by the destroyer. With ceaseless battle the conflict is waged betwixt life and death. The silent forces of nature are busy with both the living and the dead. Back into its original elements the dead is being fast resolved, while the life bestowing force is laboring without a moment's cessation in expressing vitality from earth and air to sustain the living. All this comes with startling force to the observer, and when the isolated scope of his locality and vision is multiplied a hundred million of millions all over this old earth of ours, the silent forces of nature at work, comes to him with such magnitude and power that he feels his own insignificance so thoroughly that he is led to ask how much greater in construction or life am I than yonder pine, whose destiny after a thousand years of living would seem to be only to make a board fence around a mossback's shanty! If then these silent forces are so sublimely great and grand in power, what must the power be that controls the whole?

Now all that may sound very "highfaluting" to the practical reader, but such were my gathered impressions when for the first time I tramped for twenty miles through a Michigan woods. Surely, where these pages are sprinkled prodigally with comedy and farce, a dash of the sublime may be permitted.

At noon we reached the "feeding place," in the midst of the forest, and the horses knew the stopping place as well as did the drivers. Soon the tired animals were vigorously feeding and a fire being kindled, coffee was made and with plenty of bread, beef, pie, and cookies we made a hearty dinner, followed

by a rest of an hour for the horses, while we sat smoking and yarning beneath the trees.

I had made the acquaintance of a fine specimen of the woodsman, on this trip one Ned Madigan, who as his name implies, was a native of the owld dart. Ned was engaged as "tinker" for the camp we were going to, and he and I had struck up quite a neighborly association on the cars. There were two things Ned would not do, he would neither play at cards nor drink whisky.

While we sat resting beneath the trees during the nooning spell, the ever present bottle made its regular rounds, partaken of freely by all save Ned and myself. Complying with the inquiry as to why the d——l he couldn't take a "snorter" like the rest of the boys, he remarked in a rich Irish brogue:

"Is it why I do be keepin' away from the bla'gard cards an' the divil's drink, the whisky, ye'd be wantin' till know? Faith, thin boys, if ye care tel listen while the harses do he aitin' their bit or corn, I don't moind tellin' ye."

"Fire away, Ned, we're all list'ning."

"Well, boys, this will be the forth winther since I tuck a card in me hand, and its meself wor the lad cud play anythin' widin the pas'boards, from 'draw' till 'fives an' forties,

"Bud its meself that got a lesson at last, that will sarve me me loife in card playin', ay', that nobly tuck the consate out ov me, an' forever cured me ov the cards an' the whisky."

"How was that, Ned?"

"Shtop, boys, till I fill me bit ov a poip agin', I can always talk bether whin I'm shmokin'. Have any ov yes a wee bit ov tilbackey."

Ned selected my pouch from the number of papers of "Nigger Head" presented, concluding it might be a trifle superior, and after getting a good light began:

"I had jest finished workin' for Tom Nester, an' the Sugar River, when the camp bruk up four years ago nex' spring, an' with Nester's time check for \$190 in me pocket, I shouldered me 'turkey,' an' made for Ogemaw Springs, bound for East Saginaw till cash me check an' have a bit ov a toim wid the boys.

"The divil a sup or taste ov whisky did I have, till I got till Ogemaw Springs, where I just had toime till get outside ov a couple ov 'snorters' before I wor an the cars fur Bay City. The cars wor filled wid the boys from camp, an' every mother's son ov thim had a bottle, so that by the toim I reached East Saginaw I wor purty full.

"I put up at John Scanlon's an Wather street, shure, ye all know John. Troth, he's the broth ov a boy, an' a funny divil to boot. Well, I went up to Tom Nester's office an' got me 'stake,' all in crisp, new foive dollar noats, an' thin I shtarted out wid Larry Hannon and Tim Melloy, till take it all in, as the boys do be callin' it, an' begorra we got as full as twenty fat ganders. Well, about twilve o'clock that same noight, I found meself elegantly connected wid a game ov 'owld sledge,' in Barney Simond's saloon, an Genesee avenew. I had a long, lank, black-mugged 'mossback' ov a lookin' fellow for a pardner—faith, boys, an' I have reason till remember him all the days ov me loif. Barney an' another chap were over fornenst us, an' the game wor aginst us from the shtart, till we wor stuck for all the dhrinks. Well, me pardner and me, we play'd off, an' begorra, I landed the whole schore upon him."

"'Ye play a shtiff han' ov sivin up,' siz he."

"'I do that, siz I, an' divil a man in town can get away wid me,' siz I, takin' down another dhrink."

"'I wish I had ye in some quiet place by meself,' siz he. 'I'd show ye what 'sivin up' sprung from, when it wor first invinted.'"

"'The divil ye wod,' siz I, 'then I'm yer huckleberry,' 'where cud we go an' enjoy a little quiet devarshion, for I'm jest belly-achin' for a chap ov yer size tell teach me the game?'"

"'There's a big lamp burnin' an Genesee street bridge,' siz he. 'There's no wan crassin' now, an' I daur ye tell come down there by yerself, an' thry me a whirl at a dollar a game.'"

"I thought ov me money, bud bad scan to him, wasn't I playin' all noight wid him, an' I knew I cud bate him. 'I'm wid ye,' siz I."

"'That's right,' siz Barney, 'go an, for I do be havin' till

close up. Come up all hands an' take a good night dhrink wid me,' siz Barney."

"We all tuck a dhrink, an' siz the shtranger, siz he, 'shlip out quiet loik, an' I bring the cards.'"

"I did so, an' me bould lad cam afther me, unbeknownst loik, an' down we both went till the bridge over the Saginaw river. It wor a bright moonloight noight, tis well I remember. The bridge wor disarted entoirely, so down we sat under the big lamp, an' me bould hero pulled a new deck ov cards out ov his pocket."

"Is it dhrunk I wor? Och, divil the bit! I had got sobered off by this toim and knew roight well what I wor doin'."

"'Will ye have a cigar, Mr. Madigan?' siz he, handing me wan."

"'I will,' siz I, 'but how the divil did ye know me name so pat? Have ye a match?'"

"'O, I knew yer name long ago, Ned,' siz he. 'Here, loight it wid this,' and he held up his hand wid a ring on the middle finger wid a firey red shtone in it, and belave me or belave me not, boys, he jest held the shtone agin' the end ov the cigar, an' off she went jest for all the world as though it had been touched wid a hot iron from out the forge."

"Begorra, siz I till meself, but that's a strange way to get a loight, an' I felt a trifle frightened. But I may tell ye roight here, that when I wor leavin' owld Ireland, me blessed mother—the sints rest her sowl—hung about me neck a little lether bag, filled with holey earth an' dipped in the sacred will ov Killrush. I had it hangin' an me brist, an' wud ye believe me, wid every pull I gave the cigar, it was thump, thump, I did feel where the little bag did rest upon me hart, nor wud it shtop till I threw the cigar over the bridge intel the river."

"'Yer not fond ov shmokin',' siz he."

"'Its a divil ov a shtrong cigar,' siz I."

"He wor shuffelin the cards all the whoil tell he planked thim down."

"'Cut for dail,' siz he."

"I cut, an he had the dail an' I the beg."

"I looked at me cards. The fower ov hearts wor turned up, an' I had the jack, ten and tray. 'I'll stand,' siz I, ladin' a small spade."

"He clapped the ten ov spades an it, an' leads back the queen ov thrumps at me, an' I put an me tray. 'How's that for low?' siz I."

"'I'll show ye,' siz he, playin the king ov thrumps at me."

"That tuck me ten spot. 'Begorra, ye have me,' siz I."

"'Put yer jack an that,' siz he, shlappin' down the ace."

"I had tel, an' he led back at me wid the jucc, an' med four times an my sthand."

"'Ye can't play cards a little bit,' siz he, handin' me the cards."

"Me blood was up! 'I'll lay ye fifty dollars I can,' siz I, shlappin' down ten foive dollar bills."

"'Done,' siz he, puttin' down foive tens."

"It wor my dail, an' I turned a jack, an' had a whole han' full ov shmall thrumps."

"'Give me wan,' siz he, an' I had til make him foive til me wan."

"It wor the owld game ov sivin points we wor playin' an' divil's eure till me, if he didn't lead the ace at me the first whirl, an' followed wid the king an' tray, which wor high an' low, an' out he went wid me money."

"Och! bud ye aught till have seen the ugly grin on his mug, as he raked in me fifty-wan dollars, I'd earned so hard."

"'Ye can't play cards worth a sent, Ned Madigan,' siz he, shufflin' the cards."

"'Be me sowl,' siz I, 'if ye say that agin' I'll be afther thrunnin ye over the bridge, ye black sweep,' siz I."

"'It wud shute ye better to be winnin' me money, Ned Madigan,' siz he."

"'Here's another fifty that I bate ye this toime,' siz I, plankin' down another ten foives."

"'Done,' siz he, covering it."

"I may here say that all the toime I wor playin' the little bag an me breast kept bating loike mad, but I wor wild wid

the dhrink an' the passion, an' if me dead mother were standin' fornenst me, I'd have play'd the cards all the same."

"Begorra, but the second game wor worse than the first, for divil a pint did he let me have atall atall, an' tuck me money wid a grin."

"Tel make a long sthory short, boys, I needn't tell ye that I sat fornenst that black destroyer ov men tell he had all me money, me watch, me ring, worth ten dollars, an' when he had all, he sat an' jist grinned at me, like an organ grinder's monkey."

"Siz he, 'I tell ye what I'll do, Ned Madigan, I'll ax ye tell sign this conthraht, agreeing till work for me for a year an' a day from tonoight, an' I'll stake it agin all ye have losht.'"

"'What kind ov work is it,' siz I, careful loike."

"'O, not much to do, siz he, only til ate an' dhrink, an' have all the devarsion ye want, so that ye don't go till church nor bother wid the priest, for wan year an' a day.'"

"'Where's the money til come from?' siz I."

"'Ye'll have all the money ye'll want, if I win this game,' siz he, 'but as we hav'n't pin, ink or pencil, ye'll have till sign this agreement wid yer blood.'"

"At this I thought the howley relic on me brist wud bate a hole in me wid its thrumpin.'"

"'How are we to get the blood?' siz I."

"'I'll jest tie this bit ov string about yer thumb, and prick it wid a pin, an' when there's a little dhrop ov blood, ye can press yer thumb an this paper an say: I, Ned Mangan agree till this conthraht.'"

"Well, boys, de ye know, what wid the dhrink an' the excitement, I wor so bewildered loike, that I wor on the pint ov agreein' when a thought sthruck me."

"'Lay down yer paper an' the boards before me till I luck at it,' siz I."

"'There ye are,' siz he, layin' down the paper."

"I jist shlipped the string ov the little bag from around me neck, and pulled out the relic, an' laid it an the paper, when whiz! it went off loike a blasht ov gun powdher."

“‘What med ye do that?’ the black wan roared.”

“‘If ye be man or devil,’ siz I, hittin’ him a swoipe wid the bag, in the name ov God an’ all the blissed sints, I bid ye declare yerself.’”

“Well, boys, I’ll never forget what happened thin. He med a dash at me, wid a roar an’ a yell like a tug whistle, an’ I hit him bethune the two eyes wid me fisht, an’ knocked him over the bridge intell the river, where he fell wid a splash an’ a hish, loike hot iron, an’ I fell back widout sinse or motion, till I woke up an’ it wor broad daylight.”

“Where wor I do ye ax? Well, begorra, I wor in the ‘coop,’ an’ at 9 o’clock Tom Olivar tuck me before owld Fay, the polace justice, an a charge of dhrunk an’ dishorderly. By the powers, if the owld Dutch bock beer goat didn’t foine me ten dollars, an’ wouldn’t listhen tell my sthory the divil a minnit. The narra rap had I left, and if John Seanlon hadn’t paid the foine, I’d have gon over the road for ninety days.”

“Did I ever afther meet the black chap agin, de ye ask? I didn’t that nor did I want til. But from that day till this, I have never handled a card, nor drank a sup ov whisky. Share, boys, an’ if it hadn’t been for the howley relie I hav’l, the owld boy wud av had me body and bones, that awful noight. But prase be til the sints, I eschaped, an’ ever since I’ve tryed till attend to me duties an keep out ov bad company.”

“But what the divil are yiz all grining about, as though all me conversation wor a pack ov balderdash? It wor better for ye teamstherers to hitch up them harses, an’ let us git til camp before the dark.”

We made camp that night in time for supper, and as it was one of the best provided camps in Michigan, I will here present it as a specimen of what life in a lumber camp implies. Suffice it to say in closing this chapter, that I was welcomed to the fellowship and cheer of as good a lot of woodsmen as I ever had occasion to meet before that, at Charlie Field’s head-quarter camp.

CHAPTER III.

OPENING UP A NEW PIECE OF PINE—HOW CAMPS ARE BUILT—THE NECESSARY ARTICLES FOR A SET OF CAMPS—LIFE IN A LUMBER CAMP—THE ROMANCE OF THE PINE TREE.

“Come, all ye sons of freedom throughout old Michigan.

Come, all ye gallant lumbermen, list to a shanty man.

On the banks of the Muskegon, where the rapid waters flow,

Oh! we'll range the wild woods over while a lumbering we go.”

Before proceeding further with any personal recollections of life in the woods, it would be well to give the general reader a synoptical review of the opening up of a new lumbering territory, and a picture of life in camp. In this description romance will be left out and the sensational be relegated to realms of the unreal, while the reader is invited to pass a brief half hour in a visit to a Michigan lumber camp. In the recipe for cooking a duck you are first directed to catch the duck, so in order to see a lumber camp in all its pristine glory, you must first be directed how to get there. Lumbering in the abstract partakes of so much similarity that a description of one camp will do for all, so please imagine John C. Brown, of East Saginaw—a well-known Michigan lumberman—telling one of his many foremen—John D. Eaton—to take a gang of men and build a set of camps on the Ocqueoc river, Presque Isle county, Mich., and prepare to lumber ten millions. To put in this amount of timber in what is called “the season,” extending from September 1 to April 1, requires a camp of 100 men and twelve teams. Of course, the length of the log road or “haul” makes all the difference in the world, but a two mile haul will serve our present purpose.

To pierce the unbroken forest with the necessary supplies for a camp of the above dimensions, is a work of no small magnitude. The growing scarcity of timber has driven the lumbermen up on the head waters and tributary streams of the lumber regions, and many are obliged to "tote" their supplies from a distance of from thirty-five to fifty miles. So the reader will kindly imagine the above gang of men to have found a location in the pine woods on the opposite side of the county from where they went in for the winter's operations. The first thing necessary in the locating of a set of camps is water, shelter and convenience to the "cutting ground," so that the time of the men in going and coming to and from their work may be economized. This being thus properly selected, the first thing is to start the cook and blacksmith to work. These are placed under a temporary shelter of boughs while the work of building the camps goes on. All the immediate supplies for living, together with the tools required for building camps have been brought along with the men. The "tote road" to camp has been cut out and blazed from the front to camp, and the "tote" teams are sent back for more, and from the time the men go in till camps break up in the spring, not less than three "tote" teams make the daily journey to the "front" for supplies for the men and beasts in the woods. The camp usually consists of four principal buildings, viz., cook and eating camp, 65x35 feet; the bunk camp, 60x30 feet, with sleeping room for 100 men; the barn and stable with stall room for eighteen teams and room for hay and oats for the same; a blacksmith and tinker shop where the massive sleighs are made, and all the tools necessary for the woods are made and kept in repair. The blacksmith and "tinker" (woodworker) are usually good workmen and must be capable of doing any kind of job in their line. In addition to these buildings there is what is known as the "van," or office where the foreman and scaler bunk, and where the clothing, tobacco and tools of the camp are kept. Sometimes the foreman has his wife with him, when a little more effort at comfort and seclusion is made in favor of the lady.

It takes from ten to twelve days to get the camps in condition to live in, during which time the men live a sort of Robin Hood life, under convass or hemlock boughs. But many hands make light work and nothing in the way of lumbering is done till the camps are all up and the men and horses are made comfortable. The shanties are built in the most substantial manner of the straightest logs neatly scarfed to fit into each other, "chinked" and plastered in the interstices till all cold is bade defiance to. Lumber is necessarily scarce and the roof and floor is about all that shows the work of the mill saw, all else is formed from the trees of various sizes, manipulated with no other tool save the axe, cross-cut saw and two-inch auger. Here for six months are congregated a heterogeneous conglomerate of humanity of all ages and races, with hard work in plenty and but little to amuse. A gigantic stove warms up the bunk camp, and the "chore boy" has the bestowal of the heat in the cords of dry Norway he fires up with. Plenty of warm blankets spread on a bed of hay fill the bunks, which are built one above the other, along both sides of the camp. A couple of headless flour barrels let through the roof furnish ventilation, and "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" gives back the health and strength subtracted by the toil of daily labor. The men are usually well fed. The secret of success in the woods is well fed men comfortably housed. The following rough estimates will show the quantity of provisions consumed by a camp of 100 shanty boys, for men eat terribly in the lumber woods:

Flour, per week, 6 barrels; beef, $2\frac{1}{2}$ barrels; pork, $2\frac{1}{2}$ barrels; potatoes, 8 bushels; onions, 3 bushels; pickles, $\frac{1}{4}$ barrel; sugar, 1 barrel; tea, 25 pounds; coffee, 16 pounds; butter, 50 pounds; lard, 40 pounds.

These, together with prunes, dried fruit, salt, pepper, mustard, spices, sausage, meat and fresh beef, all go to spread a bounteous table.

Two great requisites go to make a lumbering job a success in addition to those mentioned above, viz.: a good cook and a good fiddler. All else may go wrong, but good grub and a

good tune before turning in, smoothes over the rude excrescences, serving to make the toil of the woods a burden. Therefore, the cook is autocrat per se of the camp, and the fiddler first lieutenant. The cook camp is also the dining camp, where at one end two immense cook stoves are placed and through the remaining length of the room two tables, furnished with brilliant tinware, are stationed where a dyspeptic would faint with pure astonishment at the appetites, evolved from breathing a piny atmosphere and rolling saw logs all day.

Yes! It is a life of toil, but also one of health. It is virtually kill or cure. The men are out of their bunks by four o'clock every morning. Half an hour later the horn blows for breakfast. By five o'clock the day's work begins, and the men are at their several stations, all busy at work, long before the morning stars have finished their song. The camp force is divided into sawyers, choppers, swampers, skidders, teamsters and loaders. The choppers go ahead and cut a "nick" into a tree about four inches; the sawyers follow, and from the opposite side saw the tree down; the swampers trim off the limbs; after the sawyers have cut the trunk into log lengths, the skidders "snake" the logs to the skids where they are piled up twenty feet high ready for the loaders and teamsters, when hauling begins, to be taken to the banking ground on the adjacent river, where the spring floods start them on their journey to the mill.

This then, in brief, is the work from day to day, rain or shine, till the job is done. The horn blows for noon and another inroad is made upon the commissariat; when after fifteen minutes' rest, the work for afternoon begins. With the close of the day, the tired men return to camp, and after supper the evening, till nine o'clock, is their's. Conversation, cards, "stag" dancing, stories and reading fill in the time till the chore boy turns down the light, and within ten minutes all are asleep. This is the mere routine of camp life, however, frequently varied by accident and death. The "Romance of the Forest" is daily acted out in the every-day life of these men. They go into the battle of the saw-log with their lives

in their hands. Not a single camp but has its tragic story of disaster from which much of the sublime could be subtracted were it the purpose of this writing. With the coming of frost and snow the work of hauling begins. The log road is a wonderful piece of civil engineering. It goes round hills, over swamps, down and up ravines, a solid mass of snow and ice, which frequently remains solidified when all about it is free from the grasp of winter. The "sprinkler" is a great institution, being a tank holding some 100 barrels of water, placed on a sled and through the long, bitter, frosty night, it goes emptying its contents on the log road till the latter is as smooth as a toboggan slide. This is why loads of logs measuring 15,000 feet can be drawn by one team of horses. Once started and the huge mass will move of its own impetus. These roads are usually so laid out that they run down hill to the banking ground and frequently it is all the horses can do to keep out of the way of the mass of timber they are supposed to be hauling.

Some camps take more than extra pains to make their men comfortable. Notably among those may be mentioned a set of camps owned by Pack, Woods & Co., of Oscoda, operating on north branch of Au Sable; Richard Phalan, foreman. This bunk camp is furnished with every possible comfort and convenience for the men. The floor is scrubbed out every day, curtains are on all the bunks, every available inch of space is covered with pictures, cut paper ornaments the lamps, looking glasses and combs and brushes are placed for every four men. A bird in a cage hangs over a table covered with books and papers. Cuspidors are placed conveniently for the men, and bedding is kept clean.

Now, dear reader, you have been given in the foregoing the plain, practical, unvarnished picture of a lumber camp. There seems to be but little romance attached to it, and the man who, either as employer or workman, seeks the woods, looks for anything but sentiment. Its saw-logs he's after.

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

And still the woods are filled with romance, but so closely allied with the ridiculous as to be largely robbed of its sentiment and poetry. The woodsman stands and gazes upon the massive pine, nor stops to think of the ages of time it represents. He only thinks how many saw logs it will make. And yet what volumes of romance attaches to that massive pine! Let us try a little picturing by way of a change, which may be termed the "Romance of King Pine."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROMANCE OF KING PINE—THE VICTORY OF THE FRENCH SHANTY BOY.

"This is the spot the center of the grove,
Here stands King Pine, the monarch of the woods."

TOTE LOAD FIRST—THE SUBLIME.

The glacier period had passed. The fructifying warmth of the sun shone down upon the rich alluvial deposits, forming what is now known as Michigan. The sea, retreating to its destined place, smote with feeble force the shores of the newly born western world. Upon its bosom were tossed the seedlings of the future mighty forests. From some far away clime in the east, came drifting a lonely pine cone, holding in its bosom the promise of an unborn life.

From the tempest tossed waters it was cast upon the strand, and the winds lifted it up and bore it upon their wings, till it at last found lodgment by the bank of a rapidly flowing river, where it rested for many days.

And the strange and subtle germ of life, hidden within the folds of the scaly cone, heard the voice of nature speaking, and

responsive to the whispered invitation, it reached down its thread-like tendrils and found for them a home in the congenial bosom of Mother Earth.

And the years passed by till they had resolved themselves into centuries, and the centuries faded away, till numbered by ages. Still the lone pine by the swift flowing river grew and grew, till his mighty arms stretched out in royal grandeur, and his green, feathery plumed crown brushed the skies.

So he cast forth his seed in due season, while the ages rolled into eternity, till the great valley was peopled by the children of this mighty forest king, and his race multiplied and spread to all the surrounding lands. But above them all towered in sublime majesty the pioneer monarch who gave them birth.

And he said: I am King Pine! Nor did any gainsay him. And he ruled supreme, nor did the other trees of the forest dare to intrude upon the domain where King Pine reigned.

And lo! this mighty monarch of the forest waxed proud, and presumptuous, and exclaimed in the majesty of his power:

“Who is like unto me, or who is mightier than I?”

And the Storm King answered this lordly challenge, and shouted forth:

“I am the ruler of the tempest, and am stronger than thou! I, who holdest in mine hand the lightning and the crashing bolt, canst lay thee low!”

Then laughed the Pine King and defied the onset of the Storm King.

And the tempest raged and smote upon the waving arms of the pine, but he bowed not his feathered crest to the tempest. And the lurid bolt shot its death dealing blow in vain, for the Pine King alike defied the tempest and the lightning. Still on high he tossed his branches and continued to grow in strength and stature.

Then the Storm King and the King of the Flood entered into a compact together, to bring down the pride of this audacious monarch of the forest—King Pine. And the mighty

river arose in its power, and assailed the roots of the monarch—the little, tender rootlets of the long past ages, now grown strong and stubborn in their grasp upon Mother Earth. And the tempest howled! The thunder roared! The lightning shot in its fury! The floods beat upon the roots, and before the combined forces of the Storm and the Flood, many of King Pine's children fell prone, till the maw of the mighty river was filled with the bodies of the slain, and very greivous was the battle. Then the spirits of the Storm, and the spirits of the Flood, clapped hands in glee and shouted:

“The victory is ours!”

But when all was over, the Kings of the Storm and the Flood sadly shook their heads, and dolefully exclaimed:

“He can never be moved! His life is as the stars, that glis-ten through the plumes of his helmet.”

And the ages passed away, till finally these western lands were peopled by a race of men, before whom the storm fled subdued, and the lightning became a dray horse. And yet upon the banks of the mighty river, King Pine stood unscathed, and laughed in the greatness of his might at all power, saying:

“Am I not still the mighty monarch of the forest? Who is like unto me?”

I fancy I see a “shanty boy,” on a Sunday afternoon, lying in his bunk and reading the foregoing. He quietly swears to himself, if he be profane, and if not, yells “rats!” But my dear boy, this is the real romance of the forest, you have been reading, and is what is termed the “sublime!” It is the history of King Pine. Therefore do not become impatient, for there is still another side to this romance, which we may term the “ridiculous.”

Listen chummy:

TOTE LOAD SECOND.

“Good boy, my modder, I go Micchigaun, dis com faul, to woark in lombar vood. I com baac Cannada nex' spring. I mak lots monie, an' bing you an' Josephine nicce new dreas. Good boy, modar; you watch your Baptiste mak som smoke dis tiam. You kees Baptiste, modar, he kees you an' Joseph-

ine; den go lomber wood, swing axe, pull saw, eat greaat plentee pea soop, get faat. Bon jour, mon mare, bon jour Josephine, I go gaat twenty dollair mont."

And lo! there came a day when Baptiste stood at the base of King Pine and looking up said:

"I tink he mighty dam fin pin tree. He mak ten twenty, dam beg saw-loog. I tak him doown by tiam horn blow for pea soop. Noow, you watch mae maak som smoke. Whoop la!"

And Baptiste laid his axe to the trunk of King Pine, and lo! he fell, and the spirits of the storm and flood gazed with astonishment and exclaimed:

"What mighty power is this that overthroweth King Pine?"

And the laughing "chore boy" replying said:

"Ha, ha! it is a little Frenchman, hired at twenty dollars per month, that slayeth King Pine."

However, we have had enough nonsense for the present, and now for a chapter more serious.

CHAPTER V.

THE SHANTY BOY IN HIS HOME—THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS IN CAMP—
CHARLIE PORTER AND DAISY—VICISSITUDES OF WOODS LIFE.

“And when upon the long hid soil the tall pines disappear,
We will cut the forest trees, and sow where'er we clear,
Our grain shall wave o'er valleys rich, our herds bedot the hills,
When our feet no more are hurried to tend the driving mills.

It did not take me very long to become accustomed to the rough and tumble character of camp life, in all its phases. I succeeded in making friends in every camp I visited, so that to-day the name of the author of this book, is tolerably well known throughout Michigan and Wisconsin. Still, I might make two exceptions to the above statement, and even then the rudeness I received was more for fun than to insult or abuse me.

I remember the big snow storm, in February, 1882, when a general blockade of Michigan took place. I had arrived at a camp of sixty men, in the neighborhood of Piper, Ogemaw county, about 8 o'clock at night. I was totally exhausted, and had with me two heavy satchels. The cook kindly gave me some supper, and afterward I repaired to the “bunk camp.” It looked as though hades had let out for noon. Every man seemed “on it,” and a perfect fusilade of revolvers was going on. Fortunately no one was hurt, but the “horse play” was a trifle too much for me, and so shouldering my satchels, about 9 o'clock, I started for Piper. In order to shorten the two and a half miles by the traveled road, I determined to make a short cut through the woods to the mill boarding house at Piper, distant about a mile. The snow was thirty inches deep,

and had I not been scared out of my senses, I would never have attempted to wade through it without snow shoes. But do it I would, and did, reaching at last the "banking ground," on the edge of the little lake, across which I could see the lights of the boarding house. There was about a million of logs "decked up" fourteen tier high, and I clambered over them and down the "face," bringing with me a perfect avalanche of snow. How I escaped bringing down the logs on top of me is to me an enigma, but I managed to get down to the lake.

Previous to the great fall of snow, the frost had been comparatively light and there was not much more than six inches of ice on the lake, bearing up that tremendous body of snow. The woodsman will at once see the danger I was subjected to, although I never stopped to consider it, but started across the lake. The weight of the snow had bent the ice down in the middle, so that fully a foot of water was between it and the snow on top. How it was that my additional weight did not break the whole thing through, is another puzzle. If it had, no one would have known of my fate till next spring, and this incident would never have been written. As it was, every step I took left my track in the snow full of water, so that when I finally arrived at the boarding house, I was soaking wet. A kind landlord, a good fire and bed, soon made me forget my trouble, but I shall always deem that the nearest call to death I ever had, and to a merciful God I alone ascribe my preservation.

Again, in the winter of 1883, I had a rather singular experience, more laughable than serious. I had walked 14 miles over a "tote" road, leading to a camp about ten miles southwest of Hubbard Lake, which had not been traveled since a previous fall of about eighteen inches of snow. On that trip, for the first and last time, I had taken with me about \$600 worth of watches and jewelry to sell to the men in camp. About 7 o'clock that evening I reached the camp of about thirty men, and saw at once it was a hard nest. It was one of those camps where all the supplies are taken in in the fall,

and no "toting" is done through the winter. After supper I exhibited my stock of jewelry and watches, opening up the whole "lay out." Then the fun began. A big fellow, who was the "camp hustler"—frequently a man in camp bigger'n the "push"—took full possession of all my stock in trade, and proceeded to apportion it into thirty little heaps, on the bench that ran around the camp. The men grouped themselves about the stove, while he was carefully sorting out the goods, and I—well I sat in a corner of a bunk and philosophically smoked. When the work of sorting was completed, he began the distribution:

"Phill Martin, turn yer back."

"Who shall have this pile, Phill?"

"Josh Greer!"

"Who shall have this pile, Phill?"

"Bob Spangles!"

"Who shall have this pile, Phill?"

"Sandy Johnson!"

"Who shall have this?"

"Ben, the chore boy!"

And so on till all had received his allotment. As each name was called, the party designated, coolly stepped up and took his portion of the goods, and at once proceeded to examine it piece by piece, with a childish curiosity. The foreman sat there and said not a word. I felt for sure I had seen the last of my goods, and to cap the climax I was told I could bunk in with the big land pirate, who had "looted" my plunder. It was all "shanty boy's" horse play, however, and before I was up the next morning, everything was gathered and placed in my grip, without loss or injury. That day at dinner time I sold the same crew \$75 worth of hospital tickets and over \$200 in watches.

I shall never forget the Christmas of 1883, spent in a lumber camp. By some fatality my business had so shaped itself that in place of being comfortably at home with my family, during the holiday season, I was far in the interior of Northern Michigan.

A weary tramp of some sixteen miles over a bleak, burned over waste of desert, brought me to a large lumber camp, in proximity to the Muskegon river. Some seventy-five men constituted as fine a crew of "shanty boys" as I had ever met.

It was Christmas Day, and the men were having a "lay off" in honor of the festive anniversary of peace and good will to men. The cook and his helpers had made an extra effort, in the preparation of a dinner fit for a prince, and for which I had just arrived in time, bringing with me an appetite suited for the occasion. Dear reader, did you ever dine a la "shanty boy" in camp when the cook had just turned himself loose? If not let me give you the menu constituting the big dinner, on that Christmas day.

There was venison, cooked in three different forms; wild turkey; wild duck; partridge pie, big as a bushel basket; cold and hot corn beef; pork and beans; corn beef hash; cod fish, with drawn butter; pigs feet; potatoes; saur kraut; boiled cabbage; beets; onions; pickles; apple, mince, lemon pie; apple and currant pudding; tea, with milk and glucose sugar; bread and cookies. Two long tables fairly groaned beneath the weight of the bounties provided, and it was simply refreshing to witness the avidity with which that big crew of hungry men "got away" with the luxuries, and to which final result the writer contributed his best endeavor.

The afternoon was spent in the various methods of amusement, incident to camp. Some reading, others letter writing, one mending his socks, another putting a fore and aft deck in a pair of pants, with a dissected grain bag. Cards and music were in vogue, the latter represented by a violin and two mouth organs, furnishing entertainment for a number engaged in the exhilarating excitement of a "stag dance."

In the far corner the everlasting creaking of the grindstone, kept up an accompaniment to the general hilarity, thus forming the necessary connection between work and play.

I soon became quite intimate with most of the men, from the chore boy to the "push"—the foreman of a camp is usually termed the "push"—but among them all, I, in some measure,

felt myself drawn toward one, whom we will term Charlie Porter, who in my estimation, was the very ideal of a "shanty boy." Porter was justly considered one of the best men in the camp, with either team, axe, saw or hook. He was a young Hercules in strength, and an Apollo in physical beauty. About twenty-six years of age, and standing fully six feet in his stockings, clustering brown hair, with two great dark blue laughing eyes, brimming full of life and vivacity, presents the picture of this young woodsman. Indian like, we had smoked a pipe of peace together, in the shape of strong "nigger head," and were thus prepared to swear eternal friendship for each other, for in peace as well as war, the "shanty boy" is usually impulsive, and very much depends on how a stranger "strikes" a camp, for either comfort or annoyance.

I passed most of the afternoon and evening in conversation with Porter, a brief relation of which, as my memory retains it, will exhibit one feature of the vicissitudes of camp life, serving to tell the story of the battle of the saw log.

From Charlie's talk I soon learned that the greater portion of his life had been spent in the woods. He was now on his last winter in camp, to make his "last stake," and gather enough money to pay on his little farm in Sanilac county, where—with his father and mother—his young wife of less than a year was living.

The loving adoration with which Porter spoke about his wife, was a something refreshing, in the midst of folly and vulgarity, especially when remembering that the female associates of the "shanty boy" are not always of the "gilt edged" variety.

Reaching back in his bunk, Charlie produced the photograph of a very pretty girl, on which he gazed with fond looks of admiration, telling me it was "Daisy," his wife.

"She's a waitin' fer me over yonder, pard, she is! Only one month in the woods an' my name's Dennis! Then good by 'liza Jane to camp, an' 'rah fer home with a good 'stake' in my turkey."

He certainly was a noble specimen of masculine humanity,

and I thought that though, like Othello, rude in speech, any mother or wife could be justly proud of such a son or husband.

His face was fairly radiant with joy, as he told of his courtship and marriage with "the little woman a waitin' over yonder," and the pure vision of his wife seemed to pervade the smoky surroundings of the rude bunk camp, as he dwelt in earnest though homely language upon the beauty and goodness of his Daisy. It was to me simply reflex happiness to sit and listen to him.

"See here, chummy," he feelingly whispered, "I jes' think I'm 'bout the happiest galoot alive. I don't mind showin' you, but I don't want to give it away to the boys, here's a bible Daisy give me, when I left home las' fall. She's hefty on religion, Daisy is! See where she's writ my name on this yer leaf: 'To my dear husband, Charles Porter, from his loving wife Daisy.' She's a scollard, too, used ter teach school, and jes' for Daisy's sake, I kinder like out here in the woods, to read this book. I wor a lying in my bunk after breakfast this Christmas mornin' a readin' about the birth of Jesus, an' the angels a singin' ter the shepherds, an' sort o' thinkin' how Daisy an' the old folks would be a holdin' Christmas over yonder in Sanilac, an' whether she's sort o' lonesome arter her great rough shanty boy."

"No doubt Charlie she has thought about you a hundred times to-day."

"You bet she has, an' readin' this dear old book, kinder brings us closter to one another, seems like."

"It certainly does, and I only wish I were with my own dear ones to-day Charlie. It is a day like this that makes one feel there's no place like home."

"Right ye are, pard--have anothet pipe of terbacker--jes' get onto this 'turkey' (clothes bag) an' see all the socks, an' shirts, an' towels Daisy put in for me, an'--ha ha ha--she put in a feather piller, too," he roaringly added. "The idear of a feather piller in a bunk camp! But I like ter look af it, pard, tho' I don't use it. My sweet Daisy's head rested on that there piller, an' as yer ter sleep with me to-night, I'll let ye

have Daisy's piller ter sleep on, an' if yer dreams are as inner-cent as my little woman's ye'll sleep well.

"Thank you, Charlie! I am rather bald headed, and an overcoat makes rather a hard pillow, so when you write to Mrs Porter, thank her from me for the use of her pillow."

"I'll do it chummy! I've got a letter most finished up, an' will send it in by the tote team day arter to-morrow. I hav' writ to tell Daisy I'll soon be home. How in thunder she ever fancied a rough hemlock knot like me, I can't for the life of me diskiver. It busts my bindin' chain every time I think about it."

"I guess she could tell why, if she wanted to, Charlie," I said, looking at this uncut diamond, with a face and form fitted for an Apollo.

"Well, I dun' know, maby. But one thing I do know, an' that is that that there little wife of mine will never know what want is or lack a comfortable home, while Charlie Porter's on deck, I give ye a straight tip on that, partner."

And so the evening passed away, till the "chore boy" turned the lights down and all tumbled in, and soon were in the dreamless repose engendered by honest toil.

The next morning long before daylight the camp was astir. Teamsters in the stable; the foreman, Archie McGinnley, going about with his lantern, giving directions about the day's labor; men getting on their warm clothing; cooks busy with the morning meal, while the loaders having already eaten, stood ready for the word to "get" to the "rollway," where the teams would soon be waiting for them. It was a wierd picture by smoky lamp light, in black and white, and I lazily lay in my bunk, thanking my stars that I was only an amateur "shanty boy," and didn't have to.

"Good bye, pard, good by! When we meet again 'twill be over yonder in Sanilac county, when the spring time comes gentle Annie," said Porter, warmly shaking my hand, as he stood with a double bitted axe on his shoulder, ready to start for the cutting ground.

"Remember yer promise to come an' see me an' the little

woman nex' summer. We'll be thar a lookin' for ye, an'—an'—p'r'aps some one else, ha, ha, ha! So long, chummey."

After breakfast, eaten in the gray of the morning, I lighted my pipe and sat down to wait for sunrise before proceeding on my journey to the next camp.

The morning broke clear and beautiful. Not a zephyr stirred the stillness of the keen frosty air. The rising sun just began to shoot its rays athwart the tops of the frost silvered pines. The silence was unbroken save for the measured echo of the distant axe, as it fell upon the trunk of the doomed pine or the melodious song of a teamster on the ice road, with his load to the "banking ground," coming mellowed by the distance.

"There is a girl in Saginaw,
She lives with her mother;
I defy all the world
To find such another,
Bung yer eye, bung yer eye."

Through the long avenues of pine the filigree work of the Frost King had silvered every tree and twig with a net-work of lace, through which the new-born sunbeams flashed with ten thousand scintillations of prismatic beauty. The camp was deserted, save for the sleepy "chore boy," lazily sweeping out the bunk camp, or the clatter of the tin dishes in the kitchen. The rhythmic "thud" of the blacksmith, "upsetting" a pevey hook, kept time to the stroke of the camp tinker, laboriously hewing out a sled runner from a maple root. The picture in light and shade, touched here and there with brilliant coloring, was one of enchantment worthy the brush of a Turner or a Church. I stood drinking in the varied beauties of this lumber woods winter landscape, and felt keenly and warmly the elevating inspiration it afforded.

My reverie was however rudely intruded upon by the approach from the distant cutting ground of an ox sled, accompanied by a number of men of the camp, and bearing something resting upon a bed of hemlock boughs. Instinctively I felt that some terrible accident had occurred, and my worst fears were fully established, when on approaching the coming caval-

cade, I met a sight I shall ever remember while life shall last.

Upon the bed of boughs, saturated with his fast ebbing life blood, lay the form of Charlie Porter, marred and disfigured beyond recognition.

"Good God! men, what has happened?"

"Rather bad accident, sir."

"Is it—is it Porter?"

"Yes, all that is left of him. He has passed in his checks," replied the foreman, brushing the moisture from his eyes with the sleeve of his Mackinaw.

"How in the name of heaven did it happen?"

"O, the old story, caught by a falling tree, almost the first down this morning. Get him to camp as fast as possible, boys, while I hurry to start the chore boy for the doctor," and the foreman ran on ahead.

"Is he beyond all help, boys," I asked.

"Help? I should say so. Why he's smashed to a pancake."

"Get him into the cook camp, boys, and lay him on the table. I have some knowledge of surgery and will do all I can for him."

We soon had his clothing gently removed, and the blood washed from his face, but I saw that there was no hope. Nearly every bone in his body was broken, and his labored breathing showed where the breast bone was smashed in. His moments were numbered.

A horse and cutter was at the door to drive thirty miles for the nearest doctor.

"It is useless, Archie," I said. "In a few moments he will be beyond all human help."

The men stood around their dying comrade, weeping like children, for Porter was a universal favorite.

A little stimulant administered caused the departing spirit to stay its flight. Porter slowly opened his eyes, fast glazing with the film of death, and recognizing me, made a faint motion as though to speak.

"What is it, Charlie?"

"Write to—Dais—y—tell—her—"

"I will, Charlie, what will I say?"

"Tell her—I died—hop—in—to—meet my darl—in'—in he—aven. They—wont—be—very—hard—on—a—poor shanty—boy—Daisy—loved—."

And with the trembling accents of human love and trust on his lips, the rude shanty boy went home to God!

It was a sorrowful day in that camp. I wrote the letter to the loving, waiting wife that afternoon, enclosing the unfinished letter of the devoted husband, blotted and misspelled, but breathing the love of his manly heart, forever stilled. I labored to make the blow fall as lightly as possible, upon the afflicted one. But all was in vain, for the young wife and her prematurely born babe were laid to rest in the same grave with him she loved so well. They were loving in life and united in death!

This is no fancy sketch, but absolute truth, save in names and location. Men become rich, and the wealth of our country grows year by year, till its expenditure causes a political strife, but the noise of the real fight seldom reaches the "front," and the sigh and cry of the wounded rarely rest upon the ear, and every lumber camp has its tragic story of disaster and death as above described. But it is in the lumberman's hospitals, where the wounded, gathered from the great battlefield of the pine, can best be beheld in their multifarious conditions of suffering, telling the battle of the saw log.

CHAPTER VI.

ANOTHER PHASE OF WOODS WORK—BREAKING OUT A “JAM”—HOW TIMBER
LODGED IN THE RIVER IS REMOVED—A SCENE OF ACTIVITY, BRAVERY
AND DANGER DEPICTED.

“The music of our burnished ax shall make the woods resound,
And many a lofty ancient pine will tumble to the ground;
At night round our shanty fire we’ll sing while rude winds blow
O! we’ll range the wild woods o’er while a lumbering we go.

“Did ye ever go up on the jam, chummy?”

“No, I did not.”

“Nor come down on the drive?”

“Not any.”

Well ye have half of yer woods life to live yet, an’ don’t ye forget it.”

This was part of a conversation I once had with a noted river man in the spring of 1883, on the north branch of the Au Sable. I accepted his above advice and subsequent guidance to the driving camp, of which he was the foreman, from the experience of which trip the following description of breaking out a “jam” of logs, has been gathered.

Among the various branches of lumbering, all more or less interspersed with danger, perhaps no one feature possesses more excitement, dangerous situations, or opportunities for the exhibition of dare-devil disregard of death or accident, on the part of the “river-driver,” than does the “breaking out” of a “rollway” of logs in response to the spring floods, which sweep down the various inland rivers and their countless tributaries, toward our inland seas.

To properly understand what a “rollway” technically means,

it is necessary to first realize the fact of a deep, narrow inland lumbering river, filled to the level of its banks with logs thirty or forty tiers deep and reaching up stream about a mile in length, representing a mass of timber of say 75,000,000 feet. These logs have all been banked through the winter, when the river represented but a little streamlet, so that as the timber was rolled in it laid as solid from the bottom as though banked upon land. The rapid thawing of the snow in the lumber woods will swell these inland lumbering streams to a wild, tumultuous river within ten hours, and frequently the "drive" is forced by the rapidly accumulating waters before the "river drivers" are ready. What is known as the "breast" is where the "breaking out" process must first begin. This is the end of the mass of logs farthest down the river, and where, in inextricable confusion, the timber for fifty feet down is piled in every conceivable form and shape, proving an impassive hinderance to the movement of the mass of timber above it. The reader, who may have studied the movement of some historic glacier along its bed, can apply the same action to the pine glacier, firmly imbedded in the bosom of a lumbering river.

The increasing impulse of the water serves but to solidify the mass of timber together, impacting it more firmly upon the "jam" at its front. If only the twelve or sixteen feet of a saw-log length be gained in the downward movement of the mighty mass, the binding and fastening process is complete. The logs on the front or "breast" act as spurs, with their ends in the mud beneath and standing at all inclines and angles, the more pressure received from the compact mass above them, the firmer becomes the resistance. This is the "jam" which has to be removed before the logs can float down stream, and in the "breaking out" of which, danger sublimely grim looks the daring "river driver" square in the face, and death cruelly awful, frequently swoops down upon the fated one. Meanwhile, the gathering waters are hourly increasing in volume and violence. Over the surrounding country the flood breaks in angry vindictiveness on being driven from its legitimate course. A miniature Niagara rolls over the "breast," making

the work of removing the "jam" logs the more difficult and arduous. But the work has to be done, and that quickly. If advantage be not taken of the flood water, while at its height, the mass of logs may remain "hung up" for a whole year. Consequently, in response to the welcome rush of the flood, the "driving crew" are on deck, armed and uniformed for the fray. The latter equipment consists of close-fitting clothing, knee-boots heavily spiked on the soles, to hold the man on the logs, and pike-lever with hook attached for handling the logs.

It is simply wonderful to witness the feats of agility a "river-driver" can accomplish upon a floating saw-log, on the back of which he is as much at home as an ordinary mortal would be in a boat. In short, the "driver" on a lumber river is a sort of amphibian, and can live all day in water filled with floating ice; yes, and sleep sound in the same wet clothes the portion of the night given him to rest. It is simply an awful life filled in with accident, danger, disease and death. But to the "breaking of the jam."

All is now hurry and confusion. The rapidly increasing volume of water is rushing on with resistless force. Through the interstices of the massed timber and over the surface of the upper logs, the flood sweeps, to pour over and through the "jammed breast" with the sullen roar of a mad'ning deluge. The active crew are at their several stations, wielding axe and pike-lever, on the face of the "breast." The pouring waters have for these men no terrors, and with the agility of squirrels they jump from log to log, where a false step would be instant, hopeless death. Across the river over the "breast" a strong hawser is stretched. Attached to this is a heavy double block and tackle, to which a large hook or skidding tongs is fastened by which the jam logs are seized. The fall is passed through a snatch block on shore, and two, four or even six teams haul upon it till something gives way—generally a rope, hook, chain or sheave, and the work has again to all be done over. Finally, one by one, the jam logs are pulled out, and sent floating down the river as the avant couriers of the mighty mass so soon to follow. But still the "jam" remains immovable.

The waters increase in volume and force ; the roar of the flood drowns out the hoarse voice of the foreman, and the wild adjectives in English, French, German or Swedish that are howled on every hand ; creaking, bounding, pounding timber beats a terrible bass to the roar of the waters ; it is a Noachian deluge in miniature ; it is chaos come again!

At the foot of the "breast," waist deep in the surging, chilling water hemmed in on every side by the dancing, rolling logs, and the pulverized masses of snow and ice, are seen the bravest of the crew seeking to separate the "jam logs" from the impacted mass towering high above them. If they succeed they will bring the whole "breast" down upon them with certain death as the result. But reckless and careless they labor on. On yonder log, setting out two-thirds of its length from the "breast," and two feet in diameter, see that man wielding the axe with skillful hand and rapid stroke to chop it in twain. For him death has no apparent terrors. The severing of that log is certain death, if he fails to jump when it succumbs to the last stroke. It bends and goes down, while he lightly springs to another and is safe. It was touch and go, but elicits no cheer, for on every hand are beheld equal instances of brave daring. But there is method in this madness. These men know at a glance where the wedging "keystone" of this mighty arch of overhanging timber has its position. It must be removed, for every moment the mass behind it intensifies its impact. Logs are squeezed into pulp by the awful strain. Into the banks on either side of the river, the ends of the timbers are driven, down deeper into the bottom of the stream the spurs sink, giving inch by inch, but only becoming more firmly wedged. The surface water increases in power. The top tier of logs are afloat, and come tumbling down over the "breast," end on, to still further strengthen and render impregnable the impacted mass. The danger from the hurtling logs to the men working below is fast becoming more awfully real. Ten hours of constant labor have passed and so far have failed to "break the jam." Men and beasts are alike exhausted! More

than one serious casualty has already taken place. A more powerful force than any yet tried will have to be called into action ere the jam gives way! The "breast" must be mined! Who will dare to place the gigantic cartridge of dynamite beneath the imprisoned mass? Logs are rolling over the face of the "breast" in awful rapidity, and the chances are fearfully small for the man ever returning alive from such a forlorn hope attack. But it is not a question of orders, but of volunteering. No foreman would take the responsibility of ordering a man to such a task. Who will place the cartridge? Half a dozen of volunteers at once respond. One is selected. He removes his superfluous clothing, whispers a quiet word or two to his "chum" of good-bye, or the possible disposal of his "turkey," takes a fresh chew of tobacco and prepares for what may prove his last task on earth as coolly as though about to fall a tree. The dynamite cartridge (or Hercules powder) has a three-minute water-proof fuse attached. With this in one hand and a piece of lighted "punk" in the other, he wades out to where the "jam logs" are firmest set. The cartridge is on a pole ten or twelve feet long. The obscure hero examines coolly where to place it, and having selected the spot beneath the archway, he lights the fuse, and calmly inserts the destructive engine where it will do the most good, and as calmly seeks the shore. Every one flies from the expected upheaval. It comes with a force that belittles for a moment the mighty element it contends with. The air is filled with logs, ice, splinters and smoke. When it clears away a large chasm is beheld. The jam is broken and every log is released! Down they go into the abyss till the river is filled with floating timber for miles.

Such, hurried outlined, is the breaking-out of a "rollway" or "jam in spring. Only a few of the features of this dangerous and exciting task can here be given, but the reader is assured that the sight is well worthy of seeing, and whenever possible should be witnessed. "Bringing down the drive" follows the "breaking up of the jam." In this the most of the timber imprisoned floats down, but the flood washes a great quantity on

the shore all the length of the lumbering rivers. To gather this and float it out is termed "bringing up the rear," which is a work in itself worthy of a special chapter on lumbering in this present volume.

CHAPTER VII.

BRINGING DOWN THE "REAR"—LIFE ON A LUMBERING RIVER—THE HARVESTING OF THE WINTER'S LABORS—GLEANING THE LAST OF THE "LOG CROP"—TIMBER THIEVES.

"Let capital shake hands with labor,
Let the poor have the bread that they earn—
For surely they need every penny,
Is a lesson quite easy to learn."

After the "drive" has been started, as described in the preceding chapter, the work of "bringing up the rear" closes the season's operations upon the lumbering rivers, and is simply the gathering of the scattered timber which has drifted for possibly sixty miles along the shores of the river, through which, in response to the spring flood, the "drive" has passed. During the continuance of high water the lumbering river boundaries are not very clearly defined, and for miles inland the water covers the lowlands and marshes, upon which the erratic timber is drifted, to remain high and dry upon the subsidence of the flood. It will therefore be seen that the work of "bringing up the rear," or in other words getting the stranded logs afloat, is a work of no small proportions. Thousands of dollars worth of timber is frequently thus left, from having drifted beyond the reach of the "rear men," whose work of setting derelict logs afloat, will constitute the subject matter for this article. On a lumbering river fifty different firms may be bank-

ing their logs. All these have a brand or mark by which to distinguish their timber from that of their neighbors, just as on the plains, the various brands of cattle owners tell to what ranche the animal belongs.

When the "drive" takes place these logs mingle pell mell with each other, at least to such an extent that no effort at separation is made, till the logs reach the booming grounds at the mouth of the river. Hence, one man is generally given the "driving" of all the timber there may be in the whole length of the river. When the "jam is broken and the drive begins, it may have from forty or fifty to a hundred miles to come before reaching the "booming grounds," very much of that distance being over water of all degrees of breadth, totally obscuring the normal channel of the river. As the flood does not last very long, a full third of the drive is frequently left stranded, as above related, while the "driving crew" attend to the main body of the timber, leaving behind what constitutes the "rear." When the river has receded to its natural dimensions, the summer is often passed in the work of floating the stranded timber, and very frequently, from the lack of water, large portions of the timber is "hung up" till another season's flood will start them sailing.

We have to be thus prolix in order to convey to the mental vision of the general reader what "bringing up the rear" really means. The term simply implies bringing the rear guard up with the body of the timber which formed the spring "drive." The "rear" crew consists of about eighteen river men, under the captaincy of an experienced man, who thoroughly understands river driving in all its various phases. The crew sleep on board a flat boat, while another of the same size is used for cooking and eating. These two scows follow the crew day after day, as they clean both sides of the river of the stranded logs and the whole season is frequently spent in this work on such rivers as the Au Sable of Michigan and the Menominee of Wisconsin. The work is very laborious that these men have to perform. The timber will be found scattered far from the river and the logs half buried in sand and driftwood. It

is no infrequent sight to see eight or ten men carrying a saw-log on their pevey hooks for twenty rods to get it to the river. They have to often work waist deep in liquid mud to be washed off, within the next ten minutes, by a plunge head over heels in the river. Then again, the timber will be found stranded in immense piles in every form and confusisn that driftwood might assume, and the work of bringing order out of such a chaos may be surmised to some extent. Thus for instance, the breaking of the dam at Fremont, Wis., this spring of 1888, let loose 10,000,000 of logs, which were scattered all over the marshes and lake, and their recovery was attended with great trouble and expense.

But not only has the lumberman to suffer the loss of much of his winter's work by the "rear" being "hung up," but "timber pirates" get their work in most effectually upon stranded timber. As stated, each lumbering firm has its own mark, made with the marking hammer in the end of the log. Some firms have several marks to designate the quality of the timber. The timber thieves cut about two inches off of the end of the log with a fine cross-cut saw, and either break the thin piece bearing the mark into fragments, or throw it into the river. This leaves the log free to be marked over again and so stolen. This is generally the work of some unscrupulous "jobber," who boldly comes to the booming grounds, and claims the logs as his own, and gets them at simply the cost of "driving." This trick is more generally done, however, when the logs are near to mills, and thus much timber is lost in this way to the true owners. In addition to this, every booming ground has yearly large quantities of logs for which no owner can be found, generally accumulated from neglect of marking at the banking ground. "Bringing up the rear" is therefore far different from "coming down on the drive." The logs set afloat are usually water soaked as well as green, and float very sluggishly in the weak current. The log may float a mile and again strand or sink, and soon another jam is formed which requires the "drivers" to release it. This will engage a crew traveling back and forward all day, to keep the logs moving. The men

are perfectly at home on a saw-log, and the writer has frequently seen a "river boy" stick his pike lever, with his hat on it, into a log and lie down on the broad of his back on the same, and comfortably float a mile or two down the river. To "birl" a log is a favorite amusement of the "river driver." Two of them will stand on a log, out in deep water, and by treading it violently with their spiked boots, set it rolling with the greatest rapidity. The game is won by the one who succeeds in "birling" the other into the river.

In the upper portions and branches of lumbering rivers, a succession of dams are built by which the water is retained sufficient for a "flood," which generally takes place twice a day simultaneously with all the dams. These dams are so placed as to wash down stranded logs to deep water, where they can be regularly "driven" to their destination. Very many thousands of dollars are invested by lumbermen in these dams, without which it would be impossible to secure the full "log crop." This improvement in river driving is one of comparatively recent date. It is not so long ago that the spring freshets were the sole dependence for bringing down the logs. Frequently this failed, and the "rear" was "hung up" for lack of water. Now the whole summer can be passed in "washing out" timber by the medium of these methods, which—however costly in construction—have served their purpose fully, and it is only in comparatively small creeks and streams that logs are now "hung up."

And so the long summer passes till the "rear" is brought up with the "drive," usually getting through in time to furnish a fresh supply to the mills. The weather beaten "bunk and cook boats" with their canvass covers have arrived at the booming ground. The men are paid off, and after a week's carouse are away again to the winter's work in the woods. And so the labor in all its forms goes on from year to year, and the insatiable monster mills are fed with the product of the forests, till the day to come shall come, when the pevey hook, the pike lever and the saw, shall alike cease labor, and cities and towns—filled with happy homes and glad hearts—shall take the

place of the green pine stumps of to-day, while the latter, together with the hands that laid the monarchs of the woods low, shall be the dust and ashes of the long distant past.

Stealing saw-logs is one of the "fine arts" of the lumber trade, and "log pirates" are plentiful on every lumbering river in the northwest. The tricks of these gentry are numberless and usually they manage their work so well that detection is next to impossible. In another page some of these methods are alluded to, but lately a trick has come to the writer's notice well worth recording. The case referred to shows a new "wrinkle" in this line of brigandism to which we would direct the special attention of lumbermen. Suppose the letter used by the legitimate owner is a double XX, the "log pirate" has a stamping iron made something like this (XX), only that the lines form a complete circle. He then goes to work with another stamping iron, having only a ring on the face. He places the ring on the double XX and hits it a blow with another hammer, when the double XX becomes encircled with the ring, and shows up as his registered mark. This may look at first sight as being highly improbable, but if a little thought is given to the simplicity of the act, it will soon become divested of its improbability. In fact, a similar case has just come to light in Michigan showing it to be altogether too probable that it has been and can be done with impunity.

While on this point, a page or two could here be given relative to the work of boom companies. Every woodsman will feel an interest in learning how the logs he has been cutting all winter are handled when they reach the several booms. The sorting and rafting of logs is in itself a work of no little importance, in fact so much so that the log booming of Michigan and Wisconsin is but little inferior to any other abstract feature of lumbering. All great lumbering rivers at their estuaries must have places where the timber belonging to fifty or a hundred owners can be sorted and separated prior to its being delivered. Thus the great boom companies of Michigan have grown within the last twenty years to enormous

proportions and without exception merit all the confidence reposed in them by the owners of timber through their having fully and faithfully discharged the onerous duties devolving upon them. This fact is here alluded to simply because any neglect of the work of sorting out and rafting timber can easily lead to vexatious complications and litigation. In order to make this fact fully apparent the business of booming and rafting timber will here be presented in detail as serving to show in some degree the patient labor required from the boom company men from the president down to the humblest raftsman.

The reader will, therefore, please imagine the "drive" of 25,000,000 to be down at the booming grounds of the Menominee, Tittabawassee, Thunder Bay, Muskegon, Alpena, or Oscoda Boom Company's booms. Of course, there are no booming grounds capable of holding such an amount of timber at once, and the "drive" will be strung for miles above the limits of the company's scene of operations. This latter is usually some land locked bay close to the mouth of the river, or, where wide enough, on one side of the river itself. Here by means of long boom sticks well chained together the timber is enclosed and subjected to the sorting and rafting crew. These men are generally selected for their intelligence and sobriety, as well as for their ability to ride a saw-log down the river. It is not every river driver, however good, that will make a raftsman for a boom company, hence only the choicest men are employed, as very much depends upon their honesty industry and sagacity. The latter instinct serving to make a good raftsman is an intuitive ability to discern the marks on a log designating its ownership, and also the various qualities of the timber, whether for lumber or shingles. Of course the crew have a foreman to oversee the work, but unless the men understand their business thoroughly, inextricable confusion would be sure to ensue. This will be fully appreciated when remembering that each boom company has to supervise the sorting and safe delivery of many millions of timber during

the season to hundreds of customers. The work of the booming crew being thus generally understood, it will only be necessary to tell a little about the work done in detail.

When it is remembered that fully two-thirds of the timber cut in Michigan goes through the several booming grounds of that state, some idea can be had of the magnitude of the pieces handled. To get at this clearly the following table shows the amount sorted out, rafted and delivered, by the various boom companies of Michigan, during 1887:

River.	Feet rafted 1887.
Tittabawassee.....	356,354,630
Cass.	3,346,480
Bad.....	3,000,000
Kawkawlin.....	1,100,000
Au Gres.....	29,000,000
Rifle	60,193,018
Au Sable.....	249,072,865
Thunder Bay.....	138,571,650
Cheboygan.....	76,000,000
Manistee.....	208,754,567
Pere Marquette.....	89,000,000
Muskegon.....	582,254,192
White.....	63,916,887
Grand	48,860,753
Total.....	1,908,925,042

But of course this was nothing like the amount of lumber cut for Michigan, which, independent of shingles, amounted to 4,162,317,778 feet for 1887. The crew of a large booming ground like the Tittabawassee will usually consist of from sixty to one hundred men. The season for delivering logs extends from the coming down of the "drive" to late in the fall, or through the summer and fall months. The rafts are fastened together by long ropes running the whole length of the raft, and each separate log secured by a wedge shaped rafting pin of hardwood, with a fork cut out of its center, by which it straddles the rope and is then drawn down into the soft pine log. Where logs have to be delivered at a distance, the towing is done by tugs, but usually a crew of four men is sufficient to take a raft down a river to the mill it belongs to without much trouble.

Of course these dry platitudes are of no great interest to the experienced lumberman, but there are hundreds of men to-day handling lumber who know but little about how it is manipulated in its various movements between the stump and the mill.

While on the subject of "rafting" and "booming" a word or two may be said about what is known to boom men as "dead heads," or logs ownerless. "Dead head" logs are the derelicts of the lumber woods. Usually they are among the best timber in the "drive," but they got in there surreptitiously. They are the property of no one, and in the boom limits they drift about laden with curses from the boom men, who roll them over and over, looking in vain for a mark. That is the trouble with the "dead head," he has no mark. He may be a good log, clear stuff at that, but he belongs to no one. He causes more trouble than twenty inferior sticks. The boom men get more wettings through the season hunting for a "mark" on a "dead head," than from all the rest put together. And he keeps it up interminably. It is not once or twice but a dozen of times that the "dead head" puts in an appearance, to again fool the unhappy boom man. He may be shoved off into a corner, but he wont stay shoved, and he comes up again and impudently mingles with the legitimates till at last when the season is over and all the logs properly marked are delivered, then comes the day of reckoning for the "dead head." He has multiplied hugely, and now there is from twenty to fifty thousand of him in every boom limit in Michigan and Wisconsin. He is accordingly put up at auction, and like an impounded steer, sold to pay the expense of his keeping. Seriously, the care in marking logs at the banking ground can not be too great. The shortage in a winter's lumbering is largely due to carelessness in the use of the marking iron, and the dead head log is the result.

CHAPTER VIII.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN CAMP—A CHAPTER OF SHANTY BOY FUN—SONGS—
DANCES—STORIES AND RELAXATION GENERALLY.

For the old love is the best love
You'll find it so in truth;
There's no love like the old love,
The first love of our youth.
Though many ties may bind you boys
You can't forget the past;
For the old love is the best love,
'Tis the only love will last.

Saturday night in camp, like its namesake at sea, is generally one of relaxation. The work of the week is done, and the working man's day of rest, the blessed Sunday, comes sandwiched in between the hours of toil. It is true that a crowd of men, left to themselves for long months of isolation, and without the purifying influences of woman to soften the asperities of rude nature, will soon become in a great measure vulgarized, and frequently even brutalized. There is no better place to study the various phases of human nature than in a large lumber camp. There may be beheld the coward, the bully, the sneak, the generous, the virtuous, and the depraved. All are mixed together, and dependent upon each other for not only assistance in labor, but also in mutually helping to wile away the few hours allotted to recreation and rest. The visit of a stranger, and more particularly an hospital agent, to a camp, especially if it be on a Saturday night, is usually looked upon as a special providence. Possibly the most successful hospital agent in Michigan, is Mr. George Starrs, agent for the North-

western Hospital Co., of Cheboygan. Starrs is a born mimic, a good comic singer and dancer, and as a story teller is simply inimitable. These are the social requisites for a Saturday night in camp, and frequently the fun grows so "fast and furious," that all restraint is cast aside, and free license given to every description of monkey-shine and rough "horse play."

As this chapter is intended to give a picture of a Saturday night in camp, as I have repeatedly witnessed it, the liberty I have taken in the presentation of several songs not my own, will be condoned by the authors, knowing their efforts are so well appreciated by the "shanty boys." As I have written a number of songs myself, for the boys in camp, I have taken the present opportunity of here presenting them, not because of any special worth, but as showing camp life. Those marked with an asterisk being mine own.

January 17th, 1883, I find by reference to my note book, was an occasion in which I was made partaker in a camp "Saturday night" that I will long remember. It was in B. B. Mills' Rifle river camp, Mich., which like a singed cat, was much better than it looked. It was built upon the old-fashioned style, with what is known as a "cabbose," in place of a stove. The "bunk camp" was cosy, and with but little room, one would imagine, in which to give a variety theatre exhibition. Still, in that same camp was congregated more diversified talent, than I have met at one time before or since in the woods. I sincerely regret that I have forgotten the foreman's name, but he gave me a right royal welcome, which same was well supported by every man in camp.

Among these latter were several good musicians, song and dance men, and general utility actors, all from St. Clair, Mich. A few of these names still remain in my memory as follows: James and John Adamson, James Beatie, Joseph Edmunds, Thomas Marrion, William McCollum and Marion Batsford.

After supper the fun began, and a regular Vaudeville program was presented, which lasted well on to twelve o'clock, and I have frequently paid a dollar for far less enjoyment than

I had that evening. There were songs, serious and comic, and dances from all nations. The "Mulligan Guards" was given, represented by twenty-four men, armed with pevey stocks, who went through the manual of arms with perfect precision and burlesque speeches, on leading topics. One bright "shanty boy" gave several excellent representations of prominent actors, and all concluding with a grand plantation finale. I don't believe I ever laughed so in my life, and more particularly at the ingenuousness manifested in adapting any and everything in the way of costuming to fit the part.

Let me therefore give the reader an idea of a Saturday night in camp—not especially the one above mentioned, but simply an ideal picture, which will be instantly recognized by any one who has ever lived in the woods.

Supper is over and the spirit of lazy abandonment and tobacco takes possession of the "bunk room," till the teamsters have returned from the work of attending to their horses and oxen. Then the fun begins, usually with a game of "hot back," in which one man bends over with his face hidden in a cap, and the rest all gather about him and strike, one at a time with all the possible force of the open hand upon the bosom of the victim's pants. If he can guess who struck the blow, the party thus caught has to bend over and take his place. The game is a rough one, but seldom or never creates any trouble, while affording lots of fun. "Shuffle the brogue" is an old Irish game, well known as "hunt the slipper," and is very popular in camp. But the camp fiddler begins to tune up, which is a signal for a "stag dance." The "ladies," represented by robust shanty boys, tie a handkerchief about their arm and off they all go in a well danced set of cotillions, with a zest and gusto indicative of the power music can put into lively heels. It is a bitter cold night outside, with a howling storm beating upon the bunk camp. But within all is warmth, comfort and merriment. Imagine a log building 60x40 feet in size. Around three sides are tiers of bunks for eighty men. A gigantic five foot stove is filled with Norway pine, and the whole building is perspiring hot. On poles, strung around the

stove pipe, is hung the wet clothing of the past day. Bunches of socks, strings of boots and shoe-pacs hang pendant in all directions. Up on the rafters are pevey stocks and axe handles seasoning. Two smoky lamps cast a sickly glare upon the scene. Around the room, close to the bunks, runs one continuous log bench, filled with men of nearly all nationalities. Almost every man is smoking malodorous nigger head tobacco, which mingles with a thousand other odors. At one end is placed the "orchestra," usually a violin and possibly a mouth organ. The playing is meritorious more for zeal than skill, but is cheerfully given, till all who want to dance have had full satisfaction. Finally, order arises slowly from chaos, and some one shouts:

"Silence for a song!"

The physical action now gives place to the mental, and Terpsichore subsides and Calliope reigns. The camp usually has a number of good singers, and to-night there is to be a "singing match" of one side of the "bunk camp" against the other. This is preceded by a few solos by the favorites rendering special songs called for.

"I move Dan McGinnis gives us the Flower of Kildare!"

The motion is vociferously applauded, and good naturedly complying a fine young Irishman steps out on the floor and in a sweet tenor voice sings:

I'm thinking of Erin, to-night,
And the little white cot by the sea,
Where Jennie, my darling, now dwells,
The fairest and dearest to me.
I know that she waits for me day after day,
My heart ever longs to be there,
To meet her, my darling, my own,
Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare.

CHORUS.

I know that she's waiting for me,
My heart ever longs to be there,
To meet her, my darling, my own,
Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare.

I'm waiting her sweet face to see,
While we're parted, I linger in pain,
But soon will my heart beat with joy,
O'er the sea I'll be sailing again,
Again her sweet kisses I hope to receive,
For her the sea's storms I will dare,
To meet her, my darling, my own,
Sweet Jennie, the flower of Kildare.

The song is received with cries of "good boy," "bravo!" and a hearty hand clap. Having sung, Mr. McGinnis has the call: "Come, Archie McTavish, give us 'Jamie Dear.'" The response is the following, mellowed by a clear Scotch accent:

Such a lad you are for wooing,
Jamie, Jamie dear,
That I'm weary with your sueing,
Jamie, Jamie dear,
Take me darling if you love me,
Take me, and may heaven above me
Hold me faithful while I'm here,
Jamie, Jamie dear.
Do I love you, ah, you know it,
Jamie, Jamie dear.
For your saucy manners show it,
Jamie, Jamie dear.
You are much too sure you've got me,
And its now I've just bethought me,
I'll not marry for a year,
Jamie, Jamie dear.
Ah! in fact I've been thinking,
Jamie, Jamie dear;
While I've watched the bright stars winking,
Jamie, Jamie dear.
Mother could not do without me,
Father anxious seems about me,
I must single stay I fear,
Jamie, Jamie dear.
Would you die if I'd forsake you,
Jamie, Jamie dear;
No such fate shall e'er o'ertake you,
Jamie, Jamie dear.
For my place is ever nigh you,
And I said it but to try you;
Take me, make me thine forever,
Jamie, Jamie dear.

The applause is liberal, and in the interim the violin strikes up unbidden, in that classic known as the "Devil's Dream." For the next half hour the best dancers in the shanty, two and two, exhibit their proficiency in jig and reel steps. Then there is another call for a song, and the foreman being present is warmly solicited for his favorite; "Biddy siz I'm Daddy of them all."

* A little song I'll sing to-night,
If you will lend an ear—
As encouragement to shanty boys—
Their lonely hearts to cheer;
Its all about my joys I'll sing,
With Biddy, my dear wife;
The childer that we both have got,
In the years of married life.

CHORUS—For there's Martin, Tim and Dan—
Barngy, Pat and Sam—
Mathew, Mark, Luke, John and Paul;
Susanna and Rosanna—
Who pound the big piano—
And Biddy siz I'm daddy to them all.

When I first struck a lumber camp,
Lord boys but I was green,
They put me in as "chore boy,"
The shanty to keep clean;
To trim the lamps and cut the wood;
The stable to attend,
Full eighteen hours of solid work,
Each day I had to spend.

CHORUS—But I've Martin, Tim and Dan, etc.

Now all you hustling shanty boys,
A lesson take from me;
Work steady in the lumber woods,
And don't go on a spree.
Save up your stake and buy a farm.
And bring a Biddy in,
Then boys like me you soon will see,
The comfort you will win.

CHORUS—With Martin, Tim and Dan, etc:

* The chorus to this song I heard in the woods. The rest is original.

The song was received with shouts of approval.

"Good haul for the push!"

"More power to ye boss!"

"Cough it out o' ye ol' man!"

The self constituted master of ceremonies again made his voice heard, in dividing the camp into two singing sections, ranged opposite each other, and each with a captain. The contention of the woods troubadores consisted of song and dance or solo, as the artist might feel disposed, and was both spirited and rapid. There were no tedious "waits," and as fast as one song was finished another began. The songs were largely of the sentimental character, such as "White Wings," "The Ship that Never Returned," "Call me Back Again," interspersed with the serio-comic, such as the following specimen by Tom Barnet—a fine singer and dancer—entitled the "Hat my Father Wore."

I'm Paddy Miles, an Irish boy, just come across the sea
For singing or for dancing, boys, I think that I'll please ye;
I can sing and dance with any man, as I did in the days of yore
And on Patrick's day I love to wear the hat me father wore.

CHORUS.

It's old, but it's beautiful—the best you ever seen;
'Twas worn for more than ninety years in that little Isle so green,
From my father's great ancestors it descended with galore—
It's a relic of old dacency, is the hat me father wore. (Dance.)

I bid you all good evening—good luck to you I say;
And when I cross the ocean, I hope for me you'll pray;
I'm going to my happy land, in a place called Ballymore,
To be welcomed back to Paddy's with the hat me father wore.

It's old, but it's beautiful, etc. (Dance.)

And when I do return again, the boys and girls to see,
I hope that with old Erin's style, you'll kindly welcome me
With the songs of dear old Ireland, to cheer me more and more,
And make me Irish heart feel glad, with the hat me father wore.

It's old, but it's beautiful, etc. (Dance.)

The mirth and fun grew fast and furious in which young and old took equal part. Old Dan—the father of the camp—in a

cracked baritone voice, expressed his sentiments as follows, which if not sweetly sung, was certainly good advice in telling the boys their duty:

Pleasant memory brings to mind
 Many years ago,
 Mother's voice so very kind,
 Gentle, soft and low.
 Nothing evermore can be
 Dearer than her words to me,
 As I sat upon her knee
 Many years ago.

CHORUS.

Always do your duty, boy, never go astray,
 Life is one great battle, boy, fight it as you may,
 Keep the right on your side wherever you may be.
 Always do your duty, boy, were mother's words to me. ✧

As I struggle on through life,
 All the skies seem clear,
 Pushing forward in the strife,
 Nothing can I fear;
 Though I sail the boundless main
 Nothing seems to me in vain;
 Comes to me the old refrain,
 Mother's voice I hear.

CHORUS—Always do your duty, boy, etc.

Earthly treasures all are naught
 If you go astray,
 Better lesson ne'er was taught,
 Heed it as you may;
 Though the words are very few,
 They will profit bring to you,
 Test them all your journey through.
 Evermore I pray.

"Boys," cried the camp filer, "is anything original allowed here to-night?"

"Phwat the divil's that?"

"Why a song I made myself."

"Well, dot must be von goot one, if he make him like he file saw," remarked a Swede, sotto voice.

"Fire away, chummy," cries the musical director.

"It's a little song about the saw, and that's the name I've given it." After clearing his throat the flier sung the following "Song of the Saw," to the tune of the "Brave old Oak:"

* A song a song for the shanty boy's saw,
That pulls with a noisy vim;
Bringing work and wealth to the sons of toil,
With its busy whirl and spin;
Though others may sing of the loom or the plow,
We value them not a straw,
For our daily strife in the battle of life,
Is fought with the woodsman's saw;
Is fought with the woodsman's saw.

It offers no theme for poet's dream,
Nor love sick tale does it mean;
But the shanty boy's saw in the foremost rank
Of the world's grand march is seen.
The forests so brown at its stroke go down,
And cities spring up where they fell;
While work well done and wealth well won,
Is the story it loves to tell.
Is the story it loves to tell.

So a song for the saw the shanty boy's boast—
Our emblem honest and good—
We sing to the din of its crashing spin,
Our lay as workers in wood;
The slave of the lamp, the forge or the mine,
Must follow where ever we draw;
For ours the place to be first in the race,
That is won by the pull of the saw;
That is won by the whirl of the saw.

"Bully song and well sung," was shouted, while the stamping and clapping would have done honor to a political meeting..

But the song par excellence that caught the boys was a highly colored love ditty, by one of the teamsters, entitled "Bung yer eye!" The whole camp, with a yell, joined in the expressive chorus, forming the caption to the song.

* I am a jolly shanty boy,
As you will soon discover:
To all the dodges I am fly;
A hustling pine woods rover.
A pevey hook it is my pride;

THE SHANTY BOY,

An axe I well can handle;
 To fell a tree or punch a bull,
 Get rattling Danny Randall.

CHORUS—Bung yer eye, bung yer eye!

I love a girl in Saginaw,
 She lives with her mother;
 I defy ali Michigan
 To find such another,
 She's tall and fat her hair is red;
 Her face is plump and pretty;
 She's my daisy, Sunday best day girl,
 Her front name stands for Kittey,
 Bung yer eye bung yer eye.

I took her to a dance one night—
 A "moss back" gave the bidding—
 "Silver Jack" bossed the shebang,
 And Big Dan played the fiddle.
 We danced and drank the livelong night—
 With fights between the dancing—
 Till "Silver Jack" cleaned out the ranch,
 And sent the mossbacks prancing,
 Bung yer eye, bung yer eye!

This winter in the woods, my boys,
 Will be the last for Danny,
 I'll build a log house with my "stake,"
 And buy a grand piano.
 My Kit will sing and play all day,
 And I'll rock the baby;
 I'll always be a shanty boy,
 But Kit will be a lady.
 Bung yer eye, bung yer eye.

The song brought great applause, and gave several points in favor of the side the teamster was upon. But the opposition also trotted out something original, from the big fat blacksmith, who after considerable solicitation consented to sing his song: "The Darling Old Stags"—stags let me say are the camp name for old shoes, made from worn out driving boots, and used as slippers in the bunk camp. As genius is proverbially modest, I give the elegant production as sung by the camp "Tubal Cain," in its entirety.

* You may sing of your rose covered bowers;
 You may rave of your hills and your vales;
 You may talk about sweet scented flowers,
 Or tempt with Arabian night tales;
 All are feeble and weak to my song;
 All are only tatters and rags;
 I've a theme that clings to me strong,
 'Tis this dear pair of old leather "stags."

When my day of hard labor is done,
 And my supper is stowed 'neath my belt;
 When the "bunk camp" is brimming with fun,
 And the fire in the stove would you melt;
 O its then with my pipe smoking free,
 I list to the shanty boys' gags;
 I join in the frolic and glee,
 With my hoofs in my darling old "stags."

These "stags" they were once long top boots—
 The tops I cut off long ago—
 There's nothing now left but the roots,
 Still they're handy to wear or to throw,
 At some shanty boy snoring in bed,
 Or a watch peddling son of a—vag;
 I can shy them so neat at a head
 For convenient at times is a "stag."

This brought down the house and made the honors even. The immense size of the "bunk camp," enabled little groups to congregate here and there by themselves. Especially did the non-English speaking part gather to talk of home and friends far away. One young Swede, whose English consisted wholly in the simple affirmative, "yes, O yes," and which he used to every interrogation, is beheld seated between two mischievous young lads, who are plying him with questions, such as the following:

"Wasn't your father hung in the old country for sheep stealing, Ole?"

"Yes, O yes!" with a lamb like smile.

"And your mother was burned for a witch?"

"Yes, O yes!"

"You're a poor, lousey, miserable cuss, ain't you?"

"Yes, O yes!" with a courteous bow.

"Steal socks, don't you?"

"Yes, O yes!" emphatically nodding his head.

"Your father refused to marry your mother?"

"Yes, O yes!" very earnestly emphasized.

And so this interesting dialogue keeps on interminably, the fun being in the poor Swede's reply in the affirmative to the most horrible charges, in the questioning.

But the night is fast wearing away. Numbers of the tired men have turned in, but still enough remain to keep the fun going, and a series of story telling is introduced, which serves to vary the monotony, or rather sameness of the program. Still, we would rather be excused from reproducing the narrations as told, although from the shouts of laughter with which they are received, evidently in full harmony with the spirit of Saturday night in camp, being of the very "low necked" variety. But a favorite camp song has yet to be sung, and the scaler is called upon to wind up the evening's performance. Every camp crew loves the songs of home. Few of them but who have the lonesome hour, in thinking of the friends far away, and "The Old Log Cabin," "Home, Sweet Home," "My Mother's Grave," "The Ship that Never Returned," "White Wings," and all that class of sentiment, find ready hearers with the shanty boys.

The rich voices of a full quartette are now heard joining in the following well known song, which as sung brings the sigh and the tear from more than one heart or eye. As this is presumed to wind up the evening's performance, so with it we will finish this chapter, as a fitting conclusion to Saturday night in camp.

Some day I'll wander back again,
To where the old home stands,
Beneath the old tree down the lane,
Afair in other lands.
Its humble cot will shelter me
From every care and pain,
And life be sweet as sweet can be,
When I am home again.

CHORUS—I'll wander back, yes back again,
Where childhood's home may be;
For memory in sweet refrain,
Still sings its praise to me

Some day I'll wander back again,
To scenes so dear to me,
Where life's sweet infancie's refrain.
Beside a mother's knee;
To live once more the golden hour
Of joyous, merry play,
No thorns, but only sweetest flowers,
There in life's merry way.

Some day I'll wander back again,
To hearts so kind and true,
Whose gentle faces still remain,
In mem'rie's cherished view.
No more my wayward feet shall roam,
Life's troubled pathway o'er,
But in the life and love of home,
I'll rest me evermore.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME IMPROVEMENTS IN LUMBERING METHODS—THE OUTCOME OF EXPERIENCE—HOW THE WAR ON KING PINE IS FOUGHT—CLEARING LUMBERING RIVERS—A CHAPTER DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO WORK.

The forests so brown at our stroke go down,
And cities spring up where they fell;
While work well done and wealth well won,
Is the story the shanty boys tell.

The last chapter closed with a Saturday night in camp, and the presumption now is that Sunday has passed and the work day week has begun. It will therefore be in order to show some of the methods used in lumbering, together with the great improvements in instrumentalities used in the past ten or twenty years, in the pine woods of Michigan and Wisconsin. This chapter is written from personal observation of the author, during ten years close association with lumbering interests, both as a writer on a lumber journal and through actual experience in the woods.

For thousands of years man has fought the battle of "king log," with but trifling variations in methods, from the time of Solomon, Hiram & Co., who lumbered extensively in the cedar forests of Lebanon, and rafted their timber along the Mediterranean coast to Joppa—till within the past twenty-five years. The only method was to hack down the tree as best they might, and drag the trunk to the nearest water to float it to its destination. These methods were as rude as was the labor of the men engaged therein. The axe, from time immemorial in various forms, was the primary tool, the inclined plane, the lever and the rude shaped two-wheeled truck, the only mechan-

ical forces known among the ancients, as we gather from monumental delineations. The patient ox, goaded on to continuance of toil, was the only assistance man had in the removal of the timber from its native forests. And still these ancients have left us, in the imperishable relics of their architectural skill, lessons in stone of what man's persistency and industry could do. But little improvement in the work of getting lumber from the native tree can be traced in all the centuries of the past, apart from those above stated, and it has fallen to the lot of the American woodsman in innumerable instances to make of necessity the mother of so many improved tools, methods and means for simplifying and facilitating the success of woodcraft, that to-day, when compared with the past, the work of the woodsman has been totally revolutionized and reduced to a system, indicating the full union of enterprise and intelligence. It would be beyond the scope of this article to dwell upon the details of these improvements. They may be all summed up, in brief, by saying that the axe, the saw, pike-lever, pevey-hook, skidding tongs, binding, skidding and loading chain, truck, sled, dray, etc., have all in severalty been subject to the "evolution theory" and have come down to us to-day in their humble uses, as perfect as is the human embodiment of nineteenth century intelligence, who uses each and all, in the primary production of lumber.

But improvement in lumbering facilities had taken a radical change when the steam logging road was first introduced. Lumbering methods of the past disappeared with as rapid an exit as did the stylus and tablets when Faust gave the world the printing press, and to-day it is safe to conclude that improvements in methods for rapid lumbering have reached the acme, and can go no farther. It must be fully thirty years since the first tram road was used in Michigan. How long previous to that it was in use in the New England lumbering states, the writer does not know. Its use was the hauling for comparatively short distances of logs from the skids to the banking ground, but as at that date "summer lumbering" was an unheard of thing, the "tram road" was but a hint of what

was to come in a near subsequently. But weak and feeble as was the hint thus conveyed, it served to raise the question more fully to the surface, "Why cannot lumbering be done as well in summer as winter?" Then came the "pole road" and the revolution rolled still nearer to its goal. Lumbermen at once saw the possibilities in the case, and twenty years ago every foundry in Michigan and Wisconsin was run to its utmost capacity to furnish "sheave wheels" for the "pole roads." For a season they served the purpose well, till the long, slim Norways, forming the track, began to wear out, and soon the woods were filled with broken trucks and wheels. Something better must be had. The idea that logs could be banked by rail was now fully established, and all that was wanted was a better substitute for a track and horse power. This thought, demanding a reply, evolved from its immediate want the present system of iron track and steam locomotion. It is a pity that the name of the man who first introduced the steam road in the lumber woods, is fast being lost in obscurity. The writer does not know him, and can only state that about 1874 Scott Gerrish, an enterprising Michigan lumberman, first introduced a steam railway system in Clare county. The success attendant upon Mr. Gerrish's work that season, started others in the same direction, and within the '70's the shriek of the locomotive was heard in several Michigan lumbering centers. In this connection must be mentioned the name of Thomas Nester, formerly of East Saginaw, now of Baraga, Mich., who had a large tract of pine in Gladstone, Roscommon and Ogemaw counties, Mich., and who equipped his road thoroughly, and "toted" a large locomotive twenty miles to work upon it. Then followed Thomas Lyons, R. G. Peters, Canfield & Company, Blodgett & Byrne, Alger, Smith & Company, and since then the man lumbering a large tract of pine, cuts the railroad track before he cuts the tree.

Of course, in all the above there is material enough to form the basis for twenty chapters such as this. It is very easy to jump from inception to conclusion, but the reader may rest assured that such satisfactory conclusions were not reached

without many disheartening failures. Days of toil were followed by sleepless nights of intense thought. Hard-gathered wealth was lavishly expended, with but a problematical promise of return. More than one man went down in this revolution in which "king pine" was assailed by "king steam," and sickened hearts grew faint, over hopes deferred. But the conclusion is to-day, in the full flush of its triumph, and as the self-binding reaper lays low the vast field of grain, so the locomotive is sweeping through our pineries as the representative for a new system of lumbering, before which all previous methods are as relics of the forever past. With the introduction of the locomotive came its cojoiner, the steam "skidder" and "loader." It would be difficult to describe to the general reader these machines—or rather compound machines—without drawings. Their utility is still largely questioned by experienced lumbermen, and they have not yet come into universal use. The first one the writer saw was in 1883, on the Lyons Lumber Company road, Michigan. It was loading cars, and placed the double pile of logs on the regulation platform car in ten minutes. It was fed by twelve "big wheeled" trucks, hauling half-mile distance, and they certainly had all they could do to keep it supplied. Over a high derrick ran a wire rope, wound on a barrel by steam power. To the other end of the rope was attached large skidding tongs by which the log was grasped in the center and like a flash was hoisted and swung to its place on the car. As a "skidder" its work extended in a radius of about sixty rods, and simply dragged the log to the "roll-way" by the tongs. R. G. Peters, of Manistee, has his skidder attached to trees left standing for that purpose, and the log is picked bodily up and carried by a traveling sheave along the stationary rope. The J. E. Potts Co., of Oscoda, has still an entirely different one, very massive and strong, which does excellent work in both "skidding" and loading. This is made in the form of a vast locomotive and is on wheels, by which it is self-transporting.

To conclude: By even the above cursory glance the improvements in the lumbering of the present day far transcend those

of the past. With less horse or human power greater results are attained. Think of the J. E. Potts Salt and Lumber Company, on Au Sable river, Michigan, putting in 100,000,000 of feet this present 1887-8! Their force was about 450 men, eighty teams, seven locomotives and thirty-two miles of road. They have still 500,000,000 to lumber in Michigan, and a large tract of pine in Wisconsin. Alger, Smith & Company have put in eighty millions, and with still less animated help than that of J. E. Potts. The writer might mention very many others who have fully revolutionized the old systems, and are now pressing rapidly to a final conclusion, but space forbids. It must not be imagined, however, that all the former methods have passed away. The old style camp still continues, and the "dray haul" and "log road" will never go out of place or purpose. These latter are the infantry while the steam is the artillery in the great battle of the saw-log. Still, the improvement in tools, etc., as used in the regular old-fashioned lumber camp, is very perceptible. As the shanty boy says: "We are getting thar with both feet," and it is but a question of limited time before the battle will have concluded, and "king pine" in Michigan and Wisconsin will sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

But although the revolution, as above presented, has wrought wonders and become largely universal, where strong companies are operating, it must not be supposed that the old methods for lumbering have passed away. On the contrary, we have still the man of six millions and the "jobber" of two. We can still find the "dray haul" and "ice road" camps in profusion, scattered along the branches and tributary streams, where the iron horse could never come, and the good, old-fashioned methods, in vogue thirty years ago, are to-day fighting the "battle of the saw-log" just as assiduously and successfully as they ever did. But even with the old-fashioned methods, experience and inventive genius have succeeded in arresting attention, and substituting improvements in many ways, the distinctive features of which will be the purpose of this second paper to point out and describe. Among the improvements

which may be mentioned generally, as characterizing the condition of the present lumber camps, in contradistinction to those of twenty years ago, is more comfort, better food and bedding, warmer and more appropriate clothing for the men and better accommodations and food for horses. Of the latter it may be stated that the best horses obtainable are now used. Twenty years ago any old "plug" was considered good enough for the woods, but now the team called for is usually valued at \$500 without the harness. The author was visiting some camps recently on the Tehquamenon river, Lake Superior, and the evening he was in Hall & Buell's camp a team fell through the ice and was drowned within ten minutes, valued at \$650. This is the kind of horse in value now used to haul saw-logs.

The first great mechanical improvement noticeable is the "sprinkler," used for making the "log road." This is simply a square strongly-built tank, holding as high as one hundred barrels of water, placed upon a pair of sleds, with a tongue at both ends, to save turning it around. It is generally built as wide as the log road, or rather the width of the log sled, which has from eleven to fourteen feet "bunks." From two holes, the water escapes, striking directly upon the runner track, and with the mercury 20 degrees below the water freezes almost instantaneously on reaching the road. The work of the "sprinkler" is always at night, so as not to interfere with the teams hauling by day. It is filled by a barrel having a trap door on the inside of the bottom. This is slid down diagonally on a pair of skids into the water hole (usually by the side of the road) and the water presses the trap open, filling the barrel. This is drawn up by a winch on top of the sprinkler, the weight of the water closing the trap inside the barrel. With this apparatus a ridge of ice can be built up during the season which remains the last thing to thaw out in the spring. These log roads are scraped level, and where the sled runners rest gutters are cut for them to run in, which keeps the immense load of logs from swaying, and being generally graded with a slight declivity to the banking ground, the horses have little more to do than to keep a gentle pull on the traces. The

great snows of the lumber regions are a great hindrance to the lumberman. At this writing over three feet of snow on the level rests on the lumber country of the upper peninsula, and, strange to say, the ground is not frozen an inch deep beneath it, which will be easily understood. *

Next, therefore, to the sprinkler comes the snow plow, without which hauling would be at times impossible. The old triangular machine, with four teams of horses or oxen wallowing before it through the drifts, has largely passed away, and intelligently built snow plows have taken its place. These are constructed on the same principle as the railroad snow plow, only, of course, drawn instead of being pushed. There are several of these snow plows manufactured, but among the best is one made at Duncan City, Mich., known as the "Brazel," of which over 800 are now in use, giving the best of satisfaction. By the means of large mould-boards, the snow is thrown over the outside of the road, while a scraper in the center of the machine—gauged by screws—levels the road from side to side. This machine may be considered far in advance of anything of the kind ever before used for the same purpose, and has added greatly to the possibility of lumbering advantageously.

Perhaps in the small but essential matter of the pevey hook, no one lumbering tool has undergone more frequent metamorphoses to finally result in the handsome, article used to-day. The old style of a hook attached to a ring on the stock, or the hook with three holes in it, passed through a square mortise in the stock, through which a bolt was passed, have all been relegated to the ship yards from whence they were brought. The pevey hook of to-day is a thing of beauty, and to handle a hook properly in the woods is a highly important branch of the shanty boy's business. The stock is made of the best seasoned rock maple, artistically shaped. The hook is of the finest bar steel, with a keen barb-shaped point, and held by a clip binding the stock, in a square socket of which the hook

*January 1888.

plays freely. All are made of the best material, as a man's life frequently depends upon the goodness and strength of his pevey hook.

Next comes the "tongs." The "skidding tongs" has almost altogether superseded the old "swamphook." Twenty years ago the "swamper" drove a heavy hook into the top of a log, and to this was attached the chain. With much pulling, swearing and unnecessary labor of man and team, the log was "snaked" to the "dray" or "skid." The tongs of to-day (shaped like a gigantic ice tongs) catches hold on either side of the log and off it goes. These tongs have also undergone vast improvements, and are to-day a costly instrument, being made of the best Swede iron or steel. Usually where the haul to the skidway is long, the log is what is termed "rossed," that is, its under side is for half its length denuded of the bark to make it slip easy; the lower edge of the front end is chamfered so as to gather as few obstacles as possible in dragging it to the skidways. From the time the log is cut till it floats in the stream it is handled four times, viz.: by the "swamper" to the rollway; by the men "decking up;" by the "loaders," and lastly, by the "bankers" at the banking ground.

The binding of a load on the sleds has also undergone vast improvements in the past twenty years, although the old "binding pole" is still used. Patent "binders" have largely superseded the old fashioned style, but meet with but moderate favor with the lumbermen, although evidently a vast improvement. The saw has within the past decade also jumped into greater prominence than ever, and to-day every camp has its "filer" who is presumed to "fit a saw," on the latest and best improved principle. New style of teeth and cross-cut grinding of blade, makes the cross-cut saw of to-day at least one-half superior in work to the old-time man-killer.

Taken all together the improvements in lumbering, through every phase of method and tool, have materially changed for the better. This is shown in the cut for the season of 1887, which shows a total for Michigan of 4,162,317,778 feet, an increase of 170,200,603 feet over the output of 1886. And still

people say the lumbering of Wisconsin and Michigan will last interminably. The more the surgeon's cutting instruments are improved the quicker comes the leg off; and the more we improve the cutting instruments in the woods the quicker the pine will come down.

Another feature of lumbering in which laborious toil is demanded, is that of clearing out a forest stream by which the logs can be got out to the main stream. These branches are of interminable length and tortuous windings, usually running through an almost impenetrable cedar swamp much of the way, and filled with every possible impediment. Usually these branches have to be made navigable by one interested individual. They may be accessible for the driving of the pine for a dozen lumber firms, and it would be naturally considered a mere matter of expediency for all to chip in and help to make the streams equally valuable for all interested. But experience has shown that such is seldom the case, and usually the man who wants his logs out the first, has to set his crew at work to clear the streams. It is a proverbial fact that lumbermen out in the woods are not overly accommodating to each other. When they meet in town, social, yes, and financially courtesies, are freely extended to each other, but in the woods there will not be the slightest objection made, on the part of Messrs A., B. or C., to Mr. D. doing work and expending money to prepare a water way, in which all should be equally interested. Consequently the man who wishes to lumber a new piece of pine has usually to do the pioneer work of cleaning the driving streams. This is a work of no little magnitude and must be done in the summer when the water is low. Possibly the creek or branch to be cleaned is six or eight miles long, and rests in all its hidden ugliness where the foot of man has never before trod. The accumulations of centuries, in the form of drift wood and prostrated timber will frequently be found covering the bed of the stream for miles, under which the water, in every erratic form, makes its way to the main stream. All this has to be cleaned away. The swampy grounds through which it runs will not permit the work of

horses and all has to be done by the hand of man. Tree by tree, stick by stick, the obstructions have to be lifted out and so placed or burned that the water will not float them back again. The water must be confined to its natural bed. The shoals in the way must be dug down, so that the stream will cut a channel. Stumps, bedded deep in the mud, have to be grubbed out. Old corduroy bridges must be removed and others substituted under which the logs will float. Dykes and embankments have to be made where the stream seeks to wander off into the interminable swamp. Boulders must be rolled out of the stream bed and arching trees have to be cut and dragged inland.

It is difficult to comprehend the work demanded from these brief outlinings, nor is it possible to form any just estimate of the outlay required. Frequently a whole summer is consumed in the work of cleaning out a stream, with a crew of twenty men. This is all "dead horse" to the man who has the work forced upon him, but it must be done or his timber will not come out. Of course this work of rendering navigable the tributary streams and creeks that lie contiguous to the principle lumbering rivers of Wisconsin or Michigan, have been cleaned out long ago, but still the work in new localities has to be done to save "long hauls" in the banking season. Hence, every summer clearing water ways is a work constantly demanded. The profit to the lumbermen is in the "short haul." This has nothing to do with the inter-state law, but has much to do with the law of getting in pine with rapidity. The cry of the ignorant, in regard to the wealth of the lumberman, is the cry of those who have never estimated the cost of lumbering. It is the easiest thing in the world to captiously hurl approbrium against the "pine kings," and the "lumber barons," but comparatively little is known about the expensive details, represented in a lumber yard representing 30,000,000 in Chicago. It looks awfully simple to get rich in lumbering, but such is not always the case, and the profit margin on a million feet of lumber is so small, that it can easily be absorbed in the unknown labor, distributed in a thousand nameless forms,

out in the pine woods. That of getting timber to the mill is none of the least, and the work above rudely outlined is frequently the occasion for a balance on the wrong side of the ledger when the "lumber baron" foots up his season's operations.

CHAPTER X.

THE "BATTLE OF THE SAW-LOG" VIEWED FROM THE OPERATOR'S STAND
POINT—WHAT IT MEANS TO LUMBER A PIECE OF PINE—THE LOGIC OF
THE LUMBER CAMP.

A song I'll sing to labor's king—
The hero with the toil grimed brow—
Who day by day wins his honest pay,
By the axe, the saw or the plow.

In the definition of a logician, Webster, in the last clause, says that "logic is the science of classification, judgment, reasoning and systematic arrangement!" Hence, the logician must be a practical man. "Facts sir, give us facts!" exclaims Mr. Gradgrind, and of all logic requiring thorough basing upon facts, it is the logic of the lumberman. At the first glance it seems easy to get out a lot of saw logs. Argument to show the simplicity of the action is used, much the same as the Irishman's method for casting a cannon: "Faix sor, it's the aisiest thing in the world sor, to make the cannon. All ye have til do is til make a hole in the ground, and thin pour the meltid oiron 'round it."

And so it's a very easy thing to lumber a piece of pine, "going three million to the forty?" Let us see how this is. In the first place, the intended buyer comes in contact with the pine owner. Here his logical powers of persuasion are brought into play, to hold down the price of the "stumpage." The pine being at last purchased, he has to plunge head first into the details of his winter's work. There are horses, harnesses, tin cups and tote wagons, pevey hooks and prunes, chains and chopping axes, beef, biscuit and beans, "van," cook room, and bunk camp supplies, a foreman to get, a crew to hire, and a hundred items more. All these are cold, cast iron facts, without as much sentiment mixed up in them as would wad a gun. He looks with dismay at the "stubs" in his check book and begins to wonder whether "that piece of pine is going to pay." He goes to church, but the preacher fails to interest him. He takes in the theatre or concert, and finds himself wandering through "that piece of pine," and wondering how things are going. Even "the bosom of his family" seems to have lost her grip, and her sweet little attentions are slighted much as were those of "Mrs. Harry Hotspur."

He's thinking of his timber, and all else is to him vanity and vexation of spirit, till "that piece of pine is lumbered." He robes himself from head to foot in German socks, shoe pacs, Mackinaws and Buffalo coat, and starts for camp. The winter's snow, or frost, has for him no terror. The beauty of the woods, clothed in boreal garments, has no effect. The goal of his ambition is to "make camp" that night, and see for himself how much timber the boys have cut, and what amount will run to uppers, and what to "culls." At last he arrives, cold and hungry, shakes hands with the foreman, gets warm, has his supper, and then sits down in the "van," with his pipe and his foreman, to talk matters over. Yes, they have got considerable timber in, but the extras show up fearfully. There are five sick horses in the stable. The men are kicking like blazes because the cook is "n. g." Stayback & Grunt refused to help make a dam. The blacksmith "went out," and got on a "toot" and hasn't got back yet. The pine on the "s. e. 40" will not

cut within three hundred thousand of the estimate. The supplies, ordered two weeks ago, are still on the road. That last box of axes ought to be sent back, not worth a darn. And so the story runs till turning in time, filled with trifles in the way of petty annoyances which aggregate in the whole enough to strain his logical philosophy. And he sits and smokes pipe after pipe of "nigger head" tobacco, almost persuaded that life is not worth living. But such thoughts he knows are mere sentiment, and his logic is brought to bear on every detail. He looks facts squarely in the face, and as each comes under review, it is disposed of logically, and after a day in camp, he is better satisfied with things in general, and returns home convinced that, unless he has a "streak of bad luck," he will come out all right in the spring.

But from October to April he has it rough. Every cord is stretched to its utmost tension. The last great strain is in "driving out" his winter's cut, and the pull never lets up, till his bookkeeper hands him the trial balance, showing a good footing on the right side of the ledger. Then, and not till then, does he cease to be a "saw log," and returns to the condition of a man at ease. The church is appreciated; the amusement is enjoyed; the "bosom of the family" is once more his haven of sweet repose, and his children can freely ask him for a "nickle," for "pa's logs are not hung up." Yes, the "logician of the woods" has to evolve from out his logic a special philosophy, suitable for any and every occasion calling for it. He has to endure anxious days, followed by sleepless nights. And when he sleeps, visions of countless acres of "tally books" engage his distracted mind in a wild endeavor to "foot" them up, and ascertain how he will come out in the spring. Logician, my masters? I grant ye the fact, for if there be any one life filled with facts and void of fancy, it is the life of a lumberman. How few realize the character of such a life! Is it not wonderful that more do not become insane, or sink as slaves to stimulants? The successful lumberman would prove a success in any walk of life, demanding cool calculation and ability to determine and execute. All hail, therefore, to the general

who fights to a successful conclusion the battle of the saw log. He the true logician of the woods.

But there is still another phase of the above, and that is the unnecessary rivalry found among lumbermen, whose interests are practically the same, but who nevertheless allow a bad spirit of jealousy to come in between them, to the financial injury of both. It is a little singular that experience will not teach lumbermen a modicum of common sense in the work of "driving" logs. A man will lay out \$10,000 in the work of a winter, and when driving time comes will get into a tangle with his neighbor over some technicality as to "rights" on the "driving" stream, with the result that before the snarl is straightened out the water is down and the season's output is "hung up." The author may be deemed impertinent in alluding to this, but as he is "in the swim" with the lumbermen of the country, so far as mutual interests are concerned, it is fully his place to say, that all such foolishness is a very expensive method in procuring knowledge and experience, to be forgotten when another season comes around. We are prompted to speak of this silly mode of action by the result attained in a late quarrel between a Saginaw and a Detroit lumberman, by which 20,000,000 logs were hung up for the season on the Chippewa river, Mich. The author has nothing to say as to who was right or who was wrong, but the results are wide spread in the loss sustained, and it is too bad that the private differences of two otherwise estimable gentlemen should entail such dire consequences upon the lumber world at large. It is not with the intention of criticising that this chapter appears, but to simply show that the policy must be reversed. First get the logs out and let the quarrel come—if come it must—afterwards.

There is one person in a lumber camp that seldom or ever receives any public recognition, and one who has as much, if not more, responsibility resting upon him than any other man in camp. We refer to the scaler. You see him on a frosty, stormy morning standing at the banking ground, and again at "dusky" eve, he faithfully puts in an appearance. Sometimes

he is on duty at the midnight hour, "when churchyards yawn and good men sleep," before him spread a tally book bristling with figures, over which he bends and strives to add correctly. I have seen him on the holy Sabbath, toting up the "van" book and seeking to serve his earthly master far better than his heavenly. No hack or dray horse is more knocked about than the scaler. Usually he is an educated gentleman, but the life in the woods has knocked the last remnant of the gilding from off him, and he has grown morose and cranky, but yet no one man has more depending upon him. The result of the season's work may all be on the left hand side of the ledger if he neglects his duty. He is his own boss and there is no one to challenge his figures. Did you ever think of this, sir, when you were engaging a scaler? Possibly not, and yet let me whisper to you: The scaler holds your purse strings.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STORY OF JACK SMITH—HOW A SHANTY BOY WENT TO EAST SAGINAW AND GOT ON A ROARING TOOT—THE LONG SLEEP HE HAD AND WHAT HE SAW WHEN HE AWOKE—EAST SAGINAW IN THE YEAR A. D. 1988—THE GREAT PRIZE LIE OF MICHIGAN HERE GIVEN FOR THE FIRST TIME.

“Some books are lies from end to end,
And some great lies are never penned;
Even ministers they have been kenned,
 In holy rapture—
A thumping lie to from them send,
 And nail’t with scripture.”
But the story that I’m going to tell—
Which on a certain night befel—
Is just as true as the dee’s in h—ll,
 Or Dublin city.

Jack Smith was a genuine shanty boy. That is, he whacked down the pine trees all winter, and then all summer he rafted them on the raging Saginaw—provided he didn’t lay off for an occasional “toot,” which to tell the absolute, bald-headed truth, he occasionally did.

This we say was Jack’s occupation, from year to year. He earned his money by hard knocks, and when he reached town, he let it run like water from a hydrant, when the plug is out.

Some time ago—how long we care not to tell—Jack drew his “stake,” and made for East Saginaw, where, with over a hundred dollars in his inside pocket, he went on a “loose.” Days went and came again, but brought no let up for Jack. He was thoroughly impartial in his saloon patronage, and went the rounds, with the regularity of Little Jake’s clock, or an hos-

pital agent. This he kept up on an average of about forty drinks per day, with but very little eating or sleeping. And so the "toot" lasted for fully ten days, during which time Jack had licked seven men and two women, and got licked himself three times, till he found his money was gone, and so was his credit. His board bill was also run up to such a figure, that one night, about ten o'clock, the boarding house keeper "fired" Jack out into the street, minus his coat and "turkey," and very full of Saginaw "red eye."

Jack leaned up against a lamp post, on Washington avenue, and ruminated. The world had gone back on him bad! Whisky and cigars had lost their luscious taste to him. Putting a "head" on a man had become monotonous, and in short Jack was played out body and soul, and was far on the way to a place where he had a generous habit of repeatedly inviting every one else to go.

About twelve o'clock that same night, Jack was seated upon a dry goods box. It could not be inferred that Jack was thinking, he seldom or ever thought, but he was silently musing upon the fact that he was sleepy and had no place to sleep. If he took a snooze where he was, he would wake up in the "coop," and that he didn't want. Finally he strayed down to a vacant lot, south of Hoyt street, and crawling into an old sugar barrel, Jack fell fast asleep.

The last drink Jack Smith had taken, must have been from Rip Van Winkle's bottle, as his sleep was both long and dreamless. Days, months and years passed away and still Jack slept. Winter laid his frosts and snows over that old barrel, containing Jack, and still he slept. Summer beheld the growth of the luxurious sunflower, and the fragrant "dog tansy," beside that old barrel, containing Jack. Soil accumulated, and rose many feet above Jack, and his barrel, and still he slept. Blocks of buildings arose, elevators and store houses were erected, and Hoyt street was one solid mass of business houses. East Saginaw had increased its influence, wealth and population ten thousand fold, since the night that Jack crawled into the empty barrel. Changes both national and local had taken

place. Politics and creeds had lived and died, and the several generations using them had with them lived, flourished and died, and still Jack slept. The busy feet of countless thousands had passed and repassed over his resting place, but he heard them not. The old world had emptied its surplus population into the new, and still in dreamless slumber Jack rested.

"The lightnings might flash and the loud thunders rattle;
He heard not he cared not, unconscious of pain;
He had lain down to sleep after emptying his bottle,
No sound seemed to wake him to fill it again."

Yes, all unconscious in his barrel, the shanty boy slept.

Ten times ten New Years days had passed over Jack's resting place, when one morning a wealthy Hoyt street merchant decided to cut a ship canal from the Saginaw river to his railroad wheat elevators—covering the square bounded by Hayden and William streets. This gentleman was a descendant of a long line of ancestors, who a century previous had settled in the wilds of Saginaw and was well conversant with the traditional history of the town, famous for salt, saw-dust, "Little Jake," and several other kindred institutions. Accordingly, five hundred men and twenty dredges were set to work to cut this canal, by which free navigation to and from the magnificent Saginaw might be reached. The work proceeded with astonishing rapidity, and one day about noon the workmen unearthed a wonderful discovery. The merchant was personally supervising the work of an enormous dredge, which had already cut a channel thirty feet below the street surface, when what was the gentleman's astonishment to see, seated on top of a great scoop full of muck, a strange looking creature, dressed in a red woolen shirt, pants vamped fore and aft with canvass, spike soled boots, strapped at the knee, and a red sash around his waist. It was Jack Smith and the balance of the old barrel, that had thus been so unceremoniously scooped up, and again given to the light of day.

As may be presumed Jack, after scraping the mud out of his

eyes, looked about him very much astonished.

So were the laborers. All work was stopped, and the news of the finding of this wonderful antique, spread through the city with lightning like rapidity. All business was suspended. The alarm bells rang, the whistles blew, the Rifles were ordered out, and the police grasped their batons. The hose carts took suction, as also did every old bum in town, within reach of a bottle. It was a fearful time, filled with measureless anxiety, for no one knew exactly what the matter was.

Meanwhile Jack sat on the bank stupidly staring at the fast gathering multitude, till the astonished merchant, approaching him with awe and timidity, inquired:

"Strange visitant of these earthly scenes, whence art thou, and by what name shall mortals know thee?"

"I'm Jack Smith, ye can betcher sweet life, ol' pard."

"But how came you buried thirty feet underground and still you live?"

"O, come off! Underground nothin'. I only laid down las' night to have a bit ov a snooze. Whatcher givin' us?"

"Last night? Why my friend, we have just dredged you up thirty feet below my warehouse, where you must have been deposited nearly a hundred years ago. You are certainly a rare relic of our ancient and mighty city of Saginaw."

"O that's all guff! No more 'n relic 'n you are, chummy I've ben up on the Au Gres all summer workin' for Johnnie Brown a gettin' in six millions o' pine, an' I jes' got on a little "toot" las' week. Ye hear the snort ov my bazoo, don't yer, pard?"

"There must be certainly something strange about all this," replied the merchant, "there has been no lumbering done in Michigan for over fifty years, and who Johnnie Brown is I cannot tell."

At this Jack dug a little more of the mud out of his eyes, and began to look around him. Being seated upon the high bank of the canal, he could see that he was in a strange place. On every side of him were immense blocks of buildings, comprising warehouses and manufactories of all kinds. As far as

his gaze could reach, an unbroken vista of streets met his view. On the side nearest to him rose a forest of masts betokening an endless array of shipping, of every description. Spires in all directions showed where innumerable churches pointed skyward, while in the extreme distance the perspective was filled with palatial residences, all giving evidence of Jack's being in some mighty city, very different from the one he had been whooping it up in for the past two weeks.

"Stranger," asked Jack, "am I in 'East-town,' or drifted down ter Bay City, or—or—or where in h—ll am I anyhow?"

"I do not know the names of the places you mention, sir," replied the merchant, "you are in the mighty city of Saginaw, which extends on both sides of its magnificent river, from the source of the same, where the Tittabawassee unites with it, to its mouth, formerly occupied by the city of the Bay, which now forms part of our great municipality."

"O give us a rest! Let's go over to 'Gene Draper's an' take a drink."

"I do not know any person of that name in the city, sir."

"The h—ll ye say! Wal, I'm orful hungry, let's go over to Billie Dobson's an' have a dish of raw."

"Neither do I know of any such person. Poor fellow, you are terribly astray. But come with me to my office where I can learn further about you. Can you walk a couple of blocks?"

"Can I what? Walk? Well pard, I should perpendicularize to ejaculate!"

"Sir?"

"What?"

"I hardly comprehend you?"

Certain, pard, certain! Easy ter see ye never war eddicated in the lumber camps. That's the kind of 'chin churnin' we use—high up, toney. Yer sabe?"

"Yes—sir! But please follow me."

"Get on the tote road pard, an' I'm with yer, 'turkey' an' all, ol' man. Ye can bet I'll find some of them are dives, or my name isn't Jack Smith."

Jack was rather confounded at the generally mixed up character of things about him, but he straightened himself up with a whoop and a swear, and accompanied by the kind merchant, he made his way through the masses of the people, who gazed at him in speechless, open mouthed astonishment.

Stepping down from the canal embankment, Jack found himself upon a broad and magnificent street, extending as far as the eye could see in either direction. On each side of the street the buildings were composed of the most elegant cut stone and marble. Plate glass windows reached in massive grandeur the entire height, from the pavement to the cornice. All along the fronts of the buildings were ranged groups of statuary, representing the most prominent citizens celebrated in the history of Saginaw. These formed a gorgeous show, as they stood, each in the specially dignified attitude he held when formerly leaning over a bar taking a "stand off" drink with a brother official. Jack gazed at these stone effigies of goodness and greatness, in mute admiration.

The streets were all smoothly paved with white asbestos, upon which thousands of vehicles of all forms and sizes seemed to be rushing hither and thither, but strange to say, without any visible means of propulsion, and all filled with a multitude of busy citizens. Pedestrians filled the pave, where the glass fronted stores showed every variety of rich stuffs and wares, in gold, silver and polished metals, while the sparkle of precious stones lighted up the wondrous sheen of the silks, velvets and costly laces, till the street seemed to be but a succession of palaces, with the price of a kingdom in every window.

Truly it was a wondrous sight that met Jack's gaze and the impression it created upon him was but faintly expressed in his continuous ejaculation :

"Well, I'll be d—d!"

The multitude which followed Jack and the merchant continually increased, till at last the streets were completely blocked, and further progress was impossible. The innumerable vehicles with difficulty made their way, but where a stoppage was forced by the mob of people, the conveyances arose majes-

tically into the air, and floated calmly over Jack's head, till the sky above him was as thickly impacted with aerial carriages of every kind as was the street with pedestrians.

"I say, mister man, whar's all the hosses in this yer town of yourn?" asked Jack of the merchant.

Horses? O yes, I remember reading in our old histories that equine labor was formerly in use in the propulsion of conveyances and drawing of what were in ancient days called carts, drays, wagons and carriages, for carrying loads of freight and passengers on these rude things, rolling on wheels. But all this was done away with over sixty years ago, when the great scientist Edison perfected his electric motor, which has entirely superseded steam and animal power."

Don't use hoss power any more de ye say, pard?"

"No sir, not for long years. When Professor Keeley perfected his great secret of lifting ten thousand tons by applying fifteen drops of water to his motor, everything was revolutionized and all forces now in use are confined to electricity or hydraulic pressure."

"What! No steam power any more?"

"No sir, no more steam for locomotion. It was too slow. Time and space have both been annihilated by our present system, and we rival the swiftest birds with our electropedes and ario-ships."

"Well by the last year's stump of a pevey stock! But I can't do this subject justice. I wonder if this is Jack Smith or am I s'm'other feller?"

"I do not wonder at your amazement, sir, although I do not understand your strange ignorance of very common every day things here with us. But please step into my electropede, and I will take you to my down town office, only fifteen miles from here, just one minute's ride. Step right in and sit down."

"What, inter that ther' thing like a church organ?"

"Yes sir, you will find it all right. Sit down on that seat and insert your arms and legs through those straps. I will buckle them tight so you connot slip—So, that's all right."

Jack did as he was ordered, and found himself in a beautiful

and luxurious machine, formed somewhat like an elevator, elegantly upholstered and finished in rosewood and ebony, and capable of holding four. Putting his legs and arms through the straps as directed, the merchant fastened Jack in.

"Now sir are you ready?"

"Well no, pard, let's go out and take a drink. I'm orful dry!"

"Too late now sir, as we must be at the end of the river in a minute. Hold fast now."

"Let'er go Gallagher! Let'er roll!"

Touching a little gold knob in the side of the conveyance, a slight hissing sound was heard, and an upward motion felt by Jack, quickly changed to an onward one, and before he could move or catch his breath the motion ceased.

"Hollo pard, what in thunder's up? Anythin' broke?"

"O no sir, we have just arrived at my office at the mouth of the great Saginaw river."

"O my eye! We'r at Bay City, are we? Le's go down to the catacombs at Third street bridge, to Charlie Strassburg's, an' get a drink. Hurrah!"

"There is no such place as Bay City, Mr. Smith. That was consolidated with the up river cities forty-four years ago. And we have no bridges over our river, we cross through tunnels at the intersection of every street with the river."

"The h—ll you say!"

"There is no h—ll, either, Mr. Smith. That matter was fully abrogated at the world's great convention, some seventy-one years ago, when the religion of science was adopted by the convention, which met in the great city of Mackinaw in 1942."

"What, Mackinaw up ter the straits?"

"Yes sir."

"Is that a great city?"

"Not so large as this, sir. They only claim seven millions. We have thirty-two millions of inhabitants in Saginaw. But Mackinaw is growing, and will soon be a place of great importance when they get their eighth railroad tunnel under the straits completed."

"Holy St. Mackinaw! Say pard, what year's this?"

This, sir, is the year 1988, and the fiftieth year of the Universal American Commonwealth."

"1988? Say, mister, are ye a trying to get tangled up with me in a slight unpleasan'ness as boss liar?"

"O not at all, Mr. Smith, but do not stand upon the street talking. This is my office. Please step out of the electropede."

"All right pard, but here's what gits over me, that since las' night 'bout twelve o'clock, when I went ter sleep in that vacant lot on Hoyt street, which war September 24th, 1888, that its now 1988—a hundred years! Sich guff as that makes me tired."

"It does seem sir, as though the reckoning was astray somewhere, but we will try to have an explanation later."

The street on which Jack stood was the conclusion of the one from which he had started with the merchant, and terminated on the beautiful piece of water formerly known in ancient times as Saginaw Bay. A lovely esplanade led down to the wharves, in a gentle declivity of about ninety degrees, and all neatly paved with cobble stone, edged with marble curbing. As far as the eye could see the river was closely built up with gigantic warehouses and elevators, while commodious docks, extending on either hand thickly lined with shipping of every conceivable description, from the ponderous hull of the massive ship to the busy little tug. But stranger still, there were but few masts, sails or smoke pipes discernable, although innumerable flags, pendant from little flag staffs, decorated gaily each vessel.

"How in all creation does them darned crafts move?" asked Jack.

"O, all our lake craft have long ago discarded steam and sails, and are propelled by the same motor that works our hydropedes and electropedes, sir."

"Well, I'll be eternally flabbergasted! But whar do they all come from?"

"From all parts of the earth, Mr. Smith. Every nation is here represented in its commerce, even as our great American

nation is formed from a human hash. These vessels come from the ocean direct, as all our inland lakes are now united by canals and deep rivers, thus easily reaching the ancient ocean ports of York and Quebec. These, however, that you see here to-day, are grain vessels from the great American capital Chicago. We send our grain from here direct to York and Quebec, by a large pneumatic pipe. The pipe extends under the lakes and over the lands, and is fifteen feet in diameter. The grain is poured in here and by air pressure goes flying through the pipe at the rate of a thousand bushels, a mile per second, till it reaches its destination. We are now having a strong fight with the Chicago shippers to keep them from extending the pipe over the country formerly called Michigan and across Lake Michigan to the capital."

"Formerly called Michigan? Why isn't this Michigan?"

"No sir, nor hasn't been since 1932. The old system of states government was found to be too conflicting and cumbersome, and at the time when Canada and Mexico petitioned to come into what was formerly the United States, the Grand Congress of America, held at Cheboygan in 1931, decided to reorganize the country, and form a new constitution, and so the present Republic of America was created, embracing all lands on the western hemisphere, with the capital at Chicago, a city twice the size of ancient Babylon, sir, and with 137,000,000 inhabitants."

"Well, would'ent that ross a man."

"Sir?"

"I'm saying, wouldn't that jest knock a lung out o' yer!"

"I hardly understand your allusion, Mr. Smith."

"Well, with all I've seed and hearn, I'm hungry enough to eat a pair o' river boots, spikes an' all, and so dry that I don't know whar I'm goin' ter sleep ter-night. Ken ye understand that, pard?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I had forgotten you were a stranger in our city, and both cold and hungry. Step into the elevator, and we'll soon refresh the inner man."

"Good haul, ol' man! I'll do it if it pukes me."

Jack and the merchant were in a moment lifted to the thirteenth story of the magnificent building they had been conversing in front of, and entered into the private office of the merchant.

"Excuse me for a moment, Mr. Smith, while I see who has been talking to me since I have been away."

"Why, how in Sam Hill can ye tell, when ye warn't here, chummy?"

"Ha, ha! That's easy. Our phonographs are all connected with our telephones, and whether a person be present or not, the phonograph takes down all conversations, as you will see." The merchant then detached some wires from a small box, having a crank affixed to it. This he proceeded to slowly turn when at once, the voice of a lady was heard, ordering up a roast of pork for dinner.

"That's my wife, sir."

Another voice, in gruff tones wanted two thousand bales of sole leather at once.

"That's my shoe factory foreman, sir."

"Sounded a good deal like the gentle cherup of a camp "push" in the morning getting the loaders out of camp."

"So I presume, sir, he's generally "loaded."

"O come off! Is that the best ye can do in 198—what did did you say it was?"

"1988, Mr. Smith. September 15th, but if you will step into that room to your left, sir, you will find a bath, which you really require, and you are welcome to use any of the suits of clothes you find there. Then lunch will be ready, and I will have gone over a little business I find here to transact."

"Thanks, pard, I believe I will take about a quarter section of Saginaw county of'en me."

Jack found every thing fitted for a prince in the bath room, and after clothing himself in an elegant suit of the merchant's best, he re-entering the room, where the good gentleman was awaiting him.

"Ah, Mr. Smith, you are now very much more presentable, I assure you. Permit me to compliment you on the improved

change in your personal appearance. Pray be seated."

"Wal yes, I do feel as though I'd had my Sunday change, pardner, and am jes' feeling like's tho' I'd got a big winter's stake an' was off to spend it."

"I follow your singular figures of speech with some difficulty, sir, but still think I understand you. What will you have for lunch, sir?"

"O, none of yer slice of bread an' sassage fer me. I want a square meal, I give yer a tip on that."

"Whatever you demand, sir, will be served."

"Well, if its the same to all the rest of the camp, I'll take 'bout two pounds of beef steak briled, fried pertaters and ingins, a hunk of bread, an' 'bout a quert of coffee with trimmins."

"Yes sir, in a moment." And touching a knob in the floor a table arose covered with just what Jack had ordered, and fifty other niceties besides.

The merchant kept Jack company while he was eating, after which he remarked :

"Mr. Smith, while I am extremely curious to hear your story, I shall restrain my impatience till you have sufficiently recovered, after which I shall have very much pleasure in listening to the recital of your wonderful experience. There is a bed room, sir, and you can occupy it. I shall not disturb you, as I shall be away a couple of hours."

"Much obleged, pard. Don't keer if I do take forty winks, arter which I'm yourn truly."

"Very good, sir. I have just had a call to London, England, and will have to step across, but I shall not be longer than four hours at the utmost,"

"Whar did ye say?"

"London, sir."

"What, in England?"

"Yes, Mr. Smith, our aerial navigation has become so perfect that we make thirty miles per second, so that a little trip of three thousand miles is but a mere trifle."

"Well, I'll be ——. But its no use talking, only all this

kind of talk makes me want to go somewhars an' break a few winders or get licked."

"Good bye, Mr. Smith," said the merchant turning away and muttering to himself:

"What a strange man he is. But I have found in him a most wonderful and rare relic of by-gone days. I wonder what preserved him. I must ask Prof. Knoitall when I return."

The merchant rushed across the ocean, and Jack tumbled into a grandly luxurious bed. The chronicler of this veracious biography will therefore turn a page, and begin a new chapter, in continuation of the strange experience of Jack Smith. If any one has the least doubt about the truthful facts here presented, in regard to this narrative, the writer can only point to the indisputable evidence of East Saginaw being still where all this took place, and that he has seen and talked with Jack Smith himself, in the woods. What more could any reasonable man want than that?

CHAPTER XII.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF JACK SMITH CONTINUED—HOW SAW LOGS WERE OBTAINED FOR SAGINAW MILLS AND HOW LUMBER WAS SHIPPED TO BUFFALO—THE MORNING PAPER—JACK ASKED TO LECTURE ON THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE SAGINAW VALLEY—DISAPPOINTING CONCLUSION,

He addressed the king by the title of mister,
And asked him the price of the throne he sat on.
He kissed the queen till he raised a blister,
And did it all with his old felt hat on.

Jack had a fine refreshing sleep of fully six hours duration, from which he was finally aroused by the hand of the merchant, giving him a gentle shake.

"It is fully time for dinner, Mr. Smith."

"What time is it, pard?" said Jack, rubbing his eyes and sleepily yawning.

"Almost midnight, sir, and I thought you would like a 'low twelve' dinner."

"Midnight? Why its bright as noon!"

"Yes, we find electric lamps cheaper than daylight, and now only use the sun, to grow our grain and cabbages."

"Seems to me things in this country are darned badly mixed, pardner," said Jack, as he rolled out of bed and began to dress.

"O, not more so than in other countries, sir, the world is improving every day. I have been detained, I regret to say, a couple of hours longer than I expected to be. When I arrived in London I found I had to rush across to Paris, and returned by way of York, so that I have been fully six hours absent in London, Paris and York."

"Say, mister, what mout be yer name?"

Hon. Lyre Thoughtale, comptroller of Saginaw, at your service, sir."

"Jes' so! I thort I'd kinder like ter know what ye called yerself, so as to interduse ye till the boys in camp. Ye have been to London, yer say?"

"Yes Mr. Smith."

"And ter Paris?"

"Yes, Mr. Smith."

"And ter New York?"

"Yes, Mr. Smith, though we only call it York now."

"All since I lay down here?"

"Yes sir."

"Mr. Thoughtale, der yer know why yer like a harp struck by lightnin'?"

"No sir, I do not."

"Well, It's because the harp struck by lightnin' is a blasted lyre."

"O yes, I see. That's the first part of my name, very good."

"Well, I should reckon it war, an' the heftiest part, too."

"Dinner will be ready in fifteen minutes, Mr. Smith."

"All right, pard, I'm ahead on't, I'm ready now."

Jack dressed himself and ruminated at the same time. A dinner of magnificent proportions was served up, including the rarest wines, viands and fruits, to which he did ample justice.

After the merchant and Jack had dined, cigars were lighted and the conversation continued.

"While I was in London a few hours ago, Mr. Smith, I consulted with an eminent scientist there, relative to your case. He convinced me that it was the salt in the Saginaw salt bed that had preserved you. In short, that you have been in pickle all these many years, and upon being returned to the atmospheric air, you were restored to consciousness as well as when you laid down to sleep."

"I shouldn't wonder if it war the case, pard. I war filled up

with Saginaw 'red eye' inside, an' Saginaw salt outside an' so, I kep'."

"But I would like to know something about your early history, Mr. Smith."

"O, dun know that I've got much hist'ry. Born in East Saginaw; took early till the river like a rat; growed up some way; never went to school; piked for the woods when I war big enough; worked fer Charlie Turner, Jerry Hunt, Jack Mellon, Johnnie Brown an' a lot of them fellers. I came inter Saginaw two weeks ago an' got on a 'toot'; felt sleepy an' laid down ter sleep, an' woke up, when that darned diggin' thing emptied me in the mud."

"Singular what a halucinatien has come over this 'strange being!' mused worthy Mr. Toughtale.

"How old are you, Mr. Smith?"

"Dun'no, pard, but they used to say Doc. Kitchen's big bull dog an' me war pups together."

"Ah yes! Well, you don't look more than thirty, and how to reconcile these contradictions is entirely beyond my comprehension."

At this point the clicking of an electric bell was heard.

"Ah, here comes the morning paper," remarked the merchant.

Jack glanced through a window behind him, and beheld a most singular sight. It was as bright as noon-day outside, and as far as the eye could reach, the sky was literally covered with long strips of ribbon like paper, running down through the roofs of the houses. Where they were coming from Jack could not discern, but the white clouds seemed to enter every house with lightning like rapidity.

Turning with increased curiosity, Jack beheld the merchant seated at a wheel, around which was revolving a long strip of paper, about eight—no I'm lying, seven and seven-eighths— inches wide, and coming down through the ceiling. Upon this strip of paper was the news of the whole world for the past six hours, condensed into short paragraphs among which Jack discovered a series of pictures representing the finding of him in

Mr. Thoughtale's canal. In fact, most of the news consisted of pictures, with a few lines explanatory of the matter illustrated.

"An' so that's yer way of gettin' a newspaper, is it?"

"Yes sir, this is the midnight edition. We have an edition every six hours, and each issue runs for an hour, and comes from the central office, which is under the control of the general government in all our cities."

"Gov'ment must have its hands full, pard?"

"O, that isn't one-hundreth part of what our government does. You see the people are the government here, and we pay men to fill the offices. If the several duties are not faithfully performed, off comes the defaulter's head."

"His head? Whew!"

"Yes, that is the law in regard to office holders, and is a very good one, only we have some difficulty in getting men to accept office."

"Well, I should rise to remark!"

"Certainly, sir. So all telegraphs, mail, telephone, lighting, and general public business is done by the government."

"Don't things git mixed up some, pard?"

"O no, we have no difficulty. Our laws have only one punishment for every crime, from murder down to wife or husband beating. We kill 'em all by electricity."

"Great Scott!"

"But there, I have about all the news I care to read, and we will go down and see the logs come in for our mills."

"Ah there! I'm with yer, pard. Whar do they raft from?"

"We do not raft our logs, they come under the lake from the great city of Cheboygan, where the log factory and timber depot is located. Our system is very complete, Mr. Smith. We have one line of pipe for receiving the logs, and another, with terminating branches at Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago and Milwaukee, through which the manufactured lumber passes. The pipe lines deliver a log a second, and it's fun to see them popping out of the pipe in the receiving basin below here, like a boy blowing peas out of his mouth. The boards leave the mills the same way, and all pass through a planer and meas-

urer in the delivery pipe. In fact, our people do not work much, as they use labor-saving machinery for every description of manual labor."

"How in thunder does the people get a livin'?"

"O, everyone is now rich in America," and a million of dollars is a common fortune. Science, eighty years ago, banished poverty, and all our people are in a happy condition of elegant leisure."

"How many people is thar in the country anyhow?"

"We have now in America 1,900,000,000."

"Great Scott!"

"Yes, all Ireland, Germany, Holland, Italy, Scotland, England, France and several other countries came over here in a body, and we have had to repopulate these old countries over again."

"I jest feel like cryin'! Don't the boys go to the woods every fall any more, pard?"

"No sir, there are no woods nearer than the Georgian Bay and Alaska, and we are largely manufacturing timber out of old tan bark and all vegetable substances. That has caused Cheboygan—where the log factory is established—to have 3,700,000 of a population. The method of manufacturing is very interesting. The vegetable matter is thrown into a large hopper, and a standard saw log comes out, ready for the mill, at the rate of three every minute—no I am wrong—it is three every minute and ten seconds."

"Must have lots of 'stuff' in this country?"

"Stuff, sir?"

"Yes, 'boodle.'"

"Boodle, sir?"

"Yes, darn it, don't ye un'erstand American? I mean lots o' money."

"O, ah, yes, wealth, certainly! Yes, we are all rich now since we discovered the secret of extracting the yellow coloring from saw dust, and transmuting it into gold."

"Inter gold?"

"Yes, the great discovery was made by Capt. Jackpine, an

able scientist and chemist at Cheboygan, who experimented upon a pile of sawdust accumulated there, till the great secret was discovered. Since then the work of mining old long buried saw dust has superseded all other industries, and people became rich by the use of the once valueless material."

"Well, I'll be—no I won't swar, its useless. But I say, Mr. Thoughtale, I see now why you fellers done away with hell. It had got to be useless, hadn't it?"

"Yes, Mr. Smith, the world's improving, and we just kill off all our bad people, and preserve the good."

"O, you do, do you? I 'spose lying is no sin now days."

"Why sir, lying is punishable by death with us. I hav'n't told you one word but what is absolute truth. The most difficult feature, believe, me, is to comprehend and entertain the story you tell me. But excuse me there is a gentleman in Constantinople ringing me up. He is waiting to ask me a question."

The merchant went to the telephone and came back in a moment remarking:

"That party wants a colony sent over to occupy and populate old Caro. I will have to send fifty men and women to-day so they will get in in time for supper. Its part of my duties as comptroller to attend to the equalization of the earth's population. America is now the distributing center of the globe. But really I'm tired repeatedly colonizing these old played out lands."

"How will ye git the folks thar?"

"We use aerial ships entirely for passengers now, as they make fully thirty miles per second. All we use the ocean marine for now is to carry freight, and that will be virtually obviated as a means of transport, when we get our great transportation pipe placed across under the ocean."

"Say, mister, have ye a handy nigger about here that I could hire to take me out somewhar and kill me?"

"Why, Mr. Smith, what makes you talk so?"

"Talk so? I thought Dan Patterson in Blodgett & Byrnes' headquarters camp could tell some hefty ones, but Lord!—

Well, I am stuffed so full I can touch it with my finger. O holy Moses!"

"Yes, I thought you were eating very heartily at dinner, Mr. Smith, but you'll recover from that."

"If I ever do, I swar I'll never put foot in Saginaw, an' if I once more strike Big Dan's camp on the Sable, I'll stay thar! You hear me yelp!"

"I fully appreciate the force of your remarks, Mr. Smith, although I can hardly understand the figurative localities or language you use. But what you say leads me to believe you have not much money, possibly not more than fifty or maybe seventy-five thousand dollars about you. If this be so, my friend, be free with me, and inform me of the fact."

"Seventy-five thousand what?"

"Dollars, sir."

"Judas Priest! Pard, I hav'n't a nickle."

"Is such a condition of poverty possible?"

"Well, I should jist gently expostulate that it war."

"My dear sir, I have it!"

"Is it catching, chummy?"

"I mean, I can put you in the way to coin any amount of money. We will start you lecturing."

"What, me?"

"Yes sir, you! A talk such as you have delighted me with this past hour delivered publicly, is worth \$20,000."

"Why—why—Do you know, pard, I thought 'twar you war a doin' all the talkin'."

"O no, not at all sir. I've been both entertained and delighted. I will advance you \$10,000 and take all chances. Can you be ready by to-morrow night to deliver a lecture on the Antiquities of Saginaw."

"I jest want to ax yer a question, pard."

"Yes sir!"

"Did yer ever go up on the jam?"

"No, Mr. Smith."

"Did yer ever come down on the drive?"

"No, Mr. Smith."

"Can you birl a saw log down the ragin' Saginaw?"

"No, Mr. Smith."

"Can yer clean out a saloon full of galoots, quicker'n ye'd take a chaw terbacker?"

"No, Mr. Smith."

"Well, pard, I kin do all them are things, but when it comes ter 'chin churnin' I want to be counted out."

"Bravo! That last burst of eloquence, Mr. Smith, shows you to be a perfect prodigy, and I advise you to retire to your room and think over the Antiquities of Saginaw as a subject for your lecture, and I'll warrant you to be a wealthy man inside of a week."

"O now you quit!" said Jack with a sheepish grin, "jes' let right up on that talk."

"All correct, sir, I'll let right up and get things started; you go to bed and rest right up."

"Pard, I'll do it! Put it right thar! I'll do it."

* * * * *

That indefatigable officer, Timothy McCoy, of the East Saginaw police force, was going his rounds one morning, when on passing by the vacant lot on Hoyt street, he noticed a long pair of spiked boots protruding from an old barrel, and a fine lump of a shanty boy stuck in the upper end of them.

"Hello here, old fellow! Rouse up and take a walk," remarked the energetic officer, at the same time gently fanning with his No. 17 French kid gaiters, that portion of the recumbent sleeper usually concealed by a coat tail.

It was Jack Smith, who still slept.

"Go way from me. I'm a thinkin' up my lecture," he murmured.

"Get up and come with me," gently insinuated the officer.

"I'll tell the big merchant if yer disturb me."

The silence was profound, you could have heard a boiler burst! At length Jack arose and gazed about him in surprise, for the old place looked just as it always did.

"Whar's the merchant an' the flyin' ships, an' the big stor's, an' the log machine, an'—an'—whar in h—ll am I anyway?"

"There, come along! You'll find them all up before Squire Fey," said Officer McCoy, and out they went into the glorious Saginaw morning, while the officer gently warbled:

"I gather them in, I gather them in."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE OF THE SAW LOG—THE KILLED WOUNDED AND MISSING—
SOME OF THE VICISSITUDES OF WOODS LIFE PRESENTED—THE ORIGIN
AND GROWTH OF WOODSMEN'S HOSPITALS—INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENT.

We now come to review some of the special features of danger and death associated with life in the woods. In the story told of Charles Porter, it can be seen how easily the life of the shanty boy may be snuffed out, and in that tragic sketch may be found the story of very many who have fallen before the stroke of King Pine. In the season of 1884-5, it was estimated that in Michigan alone, sixty fatal accidents had taken place in the lumber woods. Over three thousand persons were more or less injured, and fully that many were sick, for a greater or less length of time. Several harrowing instances of fatal accident, came under my own immediate observation, to which I here can but make a very brief reference. In the season above indicated, there were fully 40,000 men engaged in the lumbering work of Michigan. The lumber cut for that year—1885—was 3,578,138,443 feet. It is therefore not very surprising that such a percentage should be given of killed and wounded, in that season.

I was in conversation with a young Swede in a camp on the Au Gres river one evening that winter, and, as in the story of Porter, he too was expecting great results in the woods. He

was a well built, bright, intelligent fellow, and I passed a pleasant evening with him. I remember he showed me his watch, of which he was very proud. It was a silver, eight ounce case, American watch, the heaviest made, but not satisfied with the regular weight, he had had two silver dollars fastened on each side of the case, making it nearly a pound in weight. This he carried in his hip pocket, and on the very day succeeding my meeting him, the poor fellow was jammed between a stump and the end of a log, catching him on the hip, and smashing the lower portion of his spinal column and his thigh bone into fragments. He was carried to West Branch, preparatory to taking him to the Bay City hospital, on which institution he had purchased a certificate from me, only the evening previous. But he got no farther than the West Branch station, where he breathed his last. The watch, on being removed from his pocket, was found to have been completely flattened, so that all the works were smashed to small fragments. This shows the awful violence of the blow he had received. Truly the kisses of a saw log are cruel!

I might relate very many such incidents, but having reserved space for one or two tragic incidents in regular narrative form, I will here briefly present some of the leading features of relief provided for the wounded woodsmen.

But before doing so I must insist that it is largely owing to carelessness on the part of the men, that so many serious accidents take place. Talking with Jerry D. Hunt, superintendent of the J. E. Potts Salt and Lumber Company, of Michigan, operating on the Au Sable river, he made the following terse remark: "It's saw-logs we're after out here," and he meant it, as the same company have just finished putting in 100,000,000 feet within the season of 1887-8. It is saw logs men are after in the woods, and in the rush, push and crush to get them, God help the sick or wounded!

This thought would induce a slight digression on the subject of the emulation or contention exhibited in every phase of woods life. Lumbering has been a staple industry with mankind since the earliest ages. King Solomon ran quite a

number of "lumber camps" on Mount Lebanon, and was certainly the first "lumber king" on record. The word even then was "Its saw logs we're after," and the beams and other "bill stuff" for that big temple on Mount Moriah had to be got out under greater difficulties than are experienced in Wisconsin or Michigan. Even in King Solomon's lumber camps the spirit of emulation among his "shanty boys" seemed to prevail, as the following text would indicate :

"A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes on thick trees."—Psalms lxxiv-5.

As it was then, in the days of the Psalmist, so it is to-day. The men in our "shanty camps" are ever on the strive. Gangs of sawyers come to the foreman at night, each man with his little wooden tally-book, and calls off the number of logs he and his partner have cut that day. As each speaks the others listen nervously, and with ill-concealed jealousy, to the men with the big figures. Two or three men in every camp, known as hustlers, lead in the various departments of work. Some as sawyers, top-loaders, swampers, choppers or teamsters, "push" the rest of the boys for all they are worth. It is not in the way of "driving" that this is done, but as leaders, and the spirit of emulation, found in every man, says: "I'm as good a man as he, and I'll do as much." This is where the "rush" comes in and the "battle of the saw log" is fought on the same principle as that for kingdom or crown.

This, while it is faultless in the character of the rivalry it exhibits, at the same time leaves no time nor help to nurse the sick and wounded men, and their name is legion, in camp. Consequently, the lumberman's hospital system comes in and picks up the wounded, while the battle against "King Pine" goes bravely on. The hospital systems of Michigan and Wisconsin would be much more complete could horse hospitals be established on the same principle, although all large camps have their veterinary surgeons permanently employed. But it is largely owing to the above noticed demand for "saw logs," that so many are hurt or made sick. Rivalry crowds the men and not the efforts of the "push" (foreman) to drive them.

They take unasked a "stint" and feel as much chagrined as though they owned the timber, if they fail in filling the same. That is, provided their employers use them well, and the writer is proud to record the fact that Wisconsin and Michigan lumber camps are in a large majority of instances well built, clean, warm and well provisioned. These are the leading factors in the success of lumbering a tract of pine, and lumbermen fully realize the truth of it, and act accordingly.

Still, this hurry and rush brings to the surface the "survival of the fittest," and the weakling or debauched fall out by the way. Consequently, the hospital business never fags, and as one goes out cured, another takes his place, with his broken fragments of humanity tied up in a dirty rag, just as he left the battle field. When he arrives at the haven of safety, on which he fortunately holds a ticket, he is in good hands. Men who have risked their professional reputation as being both kind-hearted and skillful, take charge of him. If at all possible, the first thing is a bath, then clean clothes, then into a soft, clean, comfortable bed, and under the watchful care of an experienced nurse, acting by the strict directions of a skillful surgeon, the man gets a fair start back to the realms of health again, and all for the tax of nine cents per week, for a year, which he assumes when he buys his ticket—not the price per week of a good cigar.

The writer can take the credit of being among the first to inaugurate the establishing of a woodsman's hospital. In 1872, he was associate editor of the East Saginaw Courier. The picture of destitution presented by the sick and wounded shanty boys, when brought in from the woods, was simply distressing in the extreme. There was no place for them to go, save the rough boarding house, where—if they had money—they were taken some kind of care of, but when their means were gone, they were "toted" off to the county house. With this picture of distress for a subject, he began to write and agitate in this interest, and after the publication of a few articles, showing the necessity for an hospital, the business men of East Saginaw took the matter up, and the result was the

establishment of what is known as St. Mary's hospital, in that city, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and where hundreds of "shanty boys" have since found a good home and kindly care from these charitable women.

The success of this enterprise induced a like action of a secular character in Bay City, in 1878, which was also highly meritorious. Big Rapids, Flint and Grand Rapids followed fast after, till all important towns now have hospitals for sick and injured woodsmen. At this writing there are woodsmen's hospitals at all the above places, and also at Alpena, Cheboygan, Oscoda, Marquette, Menominee, Manistique and several other places, of which the Northwestern Hospital Co., of Cheboygan, Bay City and Marquette, is the most important, but all more or less valuable. Certificates are sold to the men entitling the holder to care, board, lodging and medical treatment, for one year, and whenever sick or hurt, these tickets open for them a good home. The men fully appreciate this great blessing, and buy readily from the agents visiting the camps.

While on the subject of hospitals for woodsmen, it may here be stated that, tempted by the possible gain accruing from the sale of tickets to the shanty boys, unscrupulous men have started hospitals, and for a short time labored to build up a reputation, and then, after making a special effort to sell a large quantity of these tickets, have absconded, leaving their innocent agents to brave the brunt of the swindled victim's indignation, the cause of which was entirely separated from the agents. I have known two such instances as this to have occurred in Michigan, where the woodsmen have been badly swindled, and unless some preventative action is taken by the state, the swindle will be repeated. I believe every hospital company or proprietor should be placed under heavy bonds to the Commissioner of Insurance for the fulfillment of the contract entered into with the men in the woods. The hospital system of issuing certificates to the men is nothing more or less than insurance against sickness or accident, and should be treated the same as any other policy of insurance.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ENEMIES OF THE SHANTY BOY—THE “DENS AND DIVES” OF THE LUMBER WOODS—JIM CARR AND DAN DUNN—HOW JOHN MCTAVISH STARTED THE “BULL PEN” AT BLACK RIVER—A CHAPTER OF VILENESS.

“The path of the strange woman leads down to hell.”—BIBLE.

“The lumber dens of Michigan!”

How this beastly term has traveled in the past three years! What an exhaustless source for the talk of “cranks” and falsely informed fanatics, it has proved! How it has served to besmirk the honor of the state through both press and pulpit, in the description of supposititious crime!

There is a large class in this world continually on the hunt for vileness, at which to lift up holy hands in horror. Such has been the unearthing of the so-called dens of infamy in the Michigan and Wisconsin lumber woods. They have been exaggerated to such unconscionable size, that even sensible people were led to believe the monstrous stories told. As in every place where men and women dwell, from the earliest ages of time till to-day, there have ever been the vile and polluted of both sexes, and ever will be, long as human weaknesses and human passions run wild, will be found to furnish grist to the mills of the devils. The writer has had every opportunity to verify this statement in regard to houses of prostitution in the lumber woods, and while admitting the existence of such and that they are bad enough, they are not within a thousand fathoms in depth of vileness, as low as that of “Dutch Lenie,” of Detroit. The principle houses of this character were those kept by James Carr, at Harrison, Clare

county, Mich., and later at Meredith, and that of Dan Dunn, formerly of Roscommon and now of Seney, Mich. I will just touch upon the character of these two places, they being representatives of what are known as the "dens" of Michigan and Wisconsin. The notorious Jim Carr came to Harrison, Clare county, in 1878, and started a "house" of ill fame in the outskirts of town. He kept a bar, dance hall, and generally four or six very hard looking fennales. To this he added the business of buying time checks from the woodsmen, at about twenty-five per cent discount, and in a few years made a large amount of money, possibly \$30,000. He was found guilty of killing one of his women in 1886, but after being in states prison a few months, he received a new trial and was acquitted. He now carries on the same malodorous business at Meredith, Clare county, Mich.

Dan Dunn was bar tender for the well-known John Moloney, at Roscommon, from 1876 to 1880, and started "business" for himself, both at Roscommon, Mich., Prudenville and Houghton Lake. He also made money, and was and is still located at Seney, U. P., where he is very popular with the men in the woods. I never heard of any woman being detained in any of these places against their will, although in proximity to all large "lumbering plants" there are houses of this character, where liquor, women and dancing are the stock in trade. But these female inmates are invariably there of their own will and accord, and are generally the low down sweepings of larger cities, women who have lost all womanly shame and comeliness. What thus applies to Michigan, applies with equal force to Wisconsin. As nearly every one has heard of these "outrages," perpetrated on young and innocent girls, I will but give the language of Gov. Rush, of Wisconsin, as reported in a Chicago paper:

"The governor said he was convinced by the investigations that the situation was not near as bad as has been pictured. The two girls reported murdered in a den were still there leading lives of shame of their own free will. The young and innocent virgin about whose abduction so much stir was made, is twenty-nine years of age with a five years police court record

in Chicago. The girl who made such a miraculous escape turns out to have been a virago who quarreled with everybody and was driven away. The Governor said that undoubtedly the life in these dens was of the lowest and most degraded character and the state proposed to do all in its power to break them up. The greater number of the girls in these dens came from this city, Chicago, but were confirmed prostitutes before going up there.

It has to be said in the favor of some of the large lumbering companies, that the officials of the same, have done all in their power to suppress intemperance and debauchery, among the men they employ, by forbidding the sale of liquor within their lumbering precincts. But the United States license law makes the selling of liquor lawful, and frequently the work of repressing intemperance is rendered nugatory, from this very cause. D. A. Blodgett, now of Grand Rapids, but formerly of Hersey, Mich., so platted that latter town that no liquor could be sold by property holders or places rented for the same, but second holders of deeds got away with this restriction. Alger, Smith & Co., when platting the town of Black River, Alcona county, Mich., made the same provision against the sale of liquor, but it finally fell through in one ludicrous instance, related farther on. Where men can be found to drink, there will be a way found to sell, which, as the late lamented Lincoln used to say, "reminds me of a little story," which is strictly true save in names of interested parties :

THE BULL PEN.

When the Long Timber, Tamarack & Norway Co., of Michigan, (limited) platted the village, which was to form their headquarters and basis of operations on river De Noire, one of the strong features in the contemplated village charter was that no intoxicants were to be sold or disposed, within its charter bounds. As the company was presumed to own all the land, together with the remainder of the township, and were rich enough to build the town themselves, this wise provision for the benefit of their employes and themselves conjointly, was not in very great danger of being infringed upon. Accordingly,

operations began. These latter embraced a steam logging road with all its indispensable co-relatives, and the employment of some 600 men. For the first few years all went well. The absence of the inebriating cup was followed by the inseparable sequences of health, wealth in degree, and satisfaction to all connected with the L. T., T. & N. Co.

The nearest place where a "drink" could be had was forty miles away, and men once weaned from the pernicious habit did not care to undertake a "Sheridan's ride" on shank's mare for the mere sake of getting drunk, and so for five years every thing prospered, and the village of River De Noire grew to large proportions, with church, schoolhouse, stores, hotel, hospital and a contented population of working people. But an envious serpent crept into this Michigan arcadia—the relation of which gives local habitation and name to this o'er true tale.

One bright summer's evening the stage brought in among its promiscuous burden of humanity and other truck, a young Scotchman, lately from the celtic confines of Glengarry, Canada, who, for brevity sake, we will call John McTavish, simply because that was not his name. John was looking for work, and so informed the superintendent at the big store. He could "talk the three talks," English, French and Gaelic and being a young, strong, healthy specimen of humanity, he was quickly engaged as brakesman on the logging road. John was also shrewd and wise in his generation, and succeeded in so ingratiating himself into the good graces of the powers that be that he finally was intrusted with a large amount of authority, in a subordinate relation. And now comes the climax. One fatal day John being a trifle "previous," got caught under the wheels of a log train, and came out minus a leg. Great was the sorrow manifested over John's misfortune—a sorrow which took practical form in his being removed to the company's hospital, and the best medical and surgical skill procurable placed at his disposal, all free of expense to John, and careful nursing and attention, in the course of time, brought our hero back to health. But here the generosity of the L.

T., T. & N. Co. did not stop, for a handsome artificial leg was presented to John, while the question of what was going to be done with him was finally decided by giving him the position of town clerk, with his well fitted up office in the village, and duties merely nominal, while a good salary helped him to forget that he was no longer able to dance the reel of Tulloch-gorm. And so a year passed away. John was a fair scholar and gave every satisfaction in his new position. One day, comfortably ensconced in his office easy chair, he was listlessly looking over the plat of the village of River De Noire, when his attention was arrested by the fact that about four acres of tamarack swamp just within the village boundary, had not been platted, and was therefore still the property of the state of Michigan. A brilliant idea smote John right upon the organ of acquisitiveness and when the south bound stage started the next morning, John was a passenger. He was back in three days and apparently assiduously engaged in the onerous duties of his office. Some two weeks later the company superintendent in driving by the insignificant piece of tamarack swamp, was astonished at beholding a large frame structure in the course of erection, and trusty John McTavish earnestly engaged in directing a number of busy workers, who were rushing the building right along.

"Mack, what is all this going on here?" was the incredulous inquiry of the manager.

"Oh, sir, it's just a wee bit housie I'm getting built."

"A wee bit housie, and on the company's land, what in hades do you mean?"

"It's no the company's land, sir, but my ain. Here is the state grant for the land, bought an' paid for."

"The devil you say! Don't our grant and plat cover this ground, Mack?"

"No sir, it disen't, which ye'll learn if ye'll examine the plat carefully at the office. Ye see the swamp being a' water, it wasn't thought worth while to take it up, so I jest geed to Lansing and got the bit swampy."

"Well, I'll be ——! What in thunder are you going to do

with the house when finished?"

"Weel, sir, I have a United States license, and I thought I could make a few honest dollars selling a wee drap whusky to the men, and giving a daunce Saturday nights."

"Well, my fine fellow, if that's your game we'll soon put a stop to it and to you too, you miserable scoundrel. So don't you dare to drive another nail."

"I don't think ye can, sir. This is my land and this lumber is mine. The law will protect me, so gang ahead and try to stop me."

And so the company did, but failed in every move they made to oust John. He built his dance house and whisky shop, and had any amount of custom. To the writer's knowledge he was, within three years after opening his "ranch"—known far and wide as the "bull-pen"—offered \$5,000 for the "plant" by the notorious Jim Carr, of Harrison, Michigan. But he knew better than to take such figures, and within a few years was worth double that amount in cash. The company have had great reason to ever regret the inadvertance which left such a foothold for a common enemy, and the result has been drunkenness, followed by disaster ever since. The only hope is that the tidal wave of "local option," now sweeping over Michigan will wash away John McTavish and the "bull-pen."

In this connection a word to the good people who subscribe money to send half crazy "cranks" under the name of camp missionaries into the lumber woods to preach. What is wanted is preliminary work in the interests of sobriety, the value of the hard earned shanty boy's money, and the beauty of a home. Establish these fundamentals first, and religion will surely follow. But I say seriously, that every dollar expended in sending "martyrs" into the woods to preach to the boys, is simply nonsense in the eyes of God and intelligent, practical men.

Let me lift one little corner of the veil and show you how much respect these "camp missionaries" have bestowed upon them. One well meaning man, with lots of zeal but not according to knowledge, visited a certain Michigan camp, which shall

in this telling, be nameless. He gave the men an after supper address in the bunk camp, and told them how dirty they were, and how foul and polluted their habits and language were, and kept that strain up for half an hour, concluding by telling them he was "engaged in the Lord's work," and if they liked to take up a little collection and give it to him, the next morning before leaving camp, he would be much obliged. This was done by one of the "toughs" of the camp, and the "collection" was taken before the men went to bed. He gathered the "collection" in a pill box, and all hands contributed liberally to fill it with personal "live stock." The old gentleman was up bright and early and was at the breakfast table, bent over, busy eating with his neck very much exposed, when the "collector" in passing him emptied the contents of the pill box down the back of his neck, and quietly passed on to his seat at the table. It was a beastly trick I admit, but such is life in camp, and frequently very much lice-ence is permitted, when you don't happen to strike it just right. The wonder is that they didn't "put him up."

I have visited over 400 camps, and have yet to hear of or see one man who has expressed any benefit from the visit of the "camp missionary." No, what is wanted in the woods is plain, sensible talk from the text, "Man, be good to yourself." Added to this, books, papers, tracts, etc., will always do good. Any lumberman will be glad to send all such literature to his men in camp.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW THE SHANTY BOY EARNS HIS MONEY AND HOW HE SPENDS IT—SAVING
AT THE SPIGOT AND LETTING RUN AT THE BUNG.

“Good haul! Let’er roll!”

If there is a dollar in the world that calls for 100 cents, it is the dollar earned by the shanty boy! If there is a dollar in this world that represents a man’s life blood, it is the dollar of the shanty boy! If there is an honest dollar spent more foolishly than another, it is frequently the dollar of the shanty boy! And if there is a dollar that should be placed where it would do the earner more good than any other, it is the dollar earned in the woods. I say this from a full knowledge of the fact, for I have beheld this shanty boy’s dollar when earned and when spent.

“I have been twenty-eight years in the lumber woods, this winter,” said an old, gray haired man to me in camp one night, “and I hav’n’t five dollars to buy me an hospital ticket.

“In heaven’s name man, what have you done with your money?” I asked.

“Gave it to build the brick blocks of Saginaw and Bay City,” was the reply.

That’s the way it goes all through the story, and the life of the good-hearted shanty boy is spent in making other people rich, while he comes out in the end a pauper.

I have seen men in camp so mean and penurious that they would pull threads out of an old coffee sack to mend their worn out socks. Half sole a sock with a mit, and a mit with a

sock. Go to their work poorly clad, and suffer the worst pains and penalties the woods could inflict. Borrow, beg and steal tobacco to keep their "van" bill down, and all to have a big stake in the spring. And when camp breaks up, they go in to town. First the lad rigs himself out in a new suit of clothes and sports a cheap watch and ring, and possibly a pair of patent leather shoes. He then meets a "chum," and together they make for the low boarding house. Who so kind as the landlord when he sees the boys.

"Why, pardner, when did you get in? Throw your 'turkey' back of the bar and take 'suthin'. What'l ye have? D—m me, but I'm glad to see you! Shake!"

And all take a drink, two drinks, three drinks—drinks—drinks—drinks.

About eleven o'clock that night see the two lads coming down street, arm in arm, full'n'er a goose and happy as clams at high tide:

"Let'er roll! Let'er roll!"

And she rolls! The hard earned dollars roll away, till in ten days or two weeks at the farthest, all the boy's money is gone, His watch and ring is gone. The side is out of his new shoe. His new coat is torn down the back, and sick in body and soul, with a borrowed chew of tobacco in his mouth, he leans up against the wall of the brick block, he helped to build, watching for some acquaintance to pass, from whom he may borrow enough money to take him back to camp. He has no welcome now inside, and no free drinks. Other fresh comers from camp have taken his place, and he is now nobody. Its,

"Rise up Jack, and let John sit down,
For I know your outward bound."

And so it goes on, from year to year, till at last death calls the turn on the poor foolish shanty boy, and he passes in his checks.

And what a life of toil, accident and death is his?

I have sometimes imagined that all the malicious little demons, that were sent out in invisible form, to curse mankind,

when Pandora opened her box, find lodgment in a lumber camp. I have also imagined I was listening to the wicked conspiracies these evil agencies were concocting, to bruise, maim, and kill the men, battling with the saw log. Listen to the imps!

"Well, what are you going to do to-day?"

"Do you see that shanty boy with the axe on his shoulder, going to the cutting? I'm going to drive the bit of the axe into his foot to-day. What are you going to do?"

"O, I'm going to break the binding chain and crush the teamsters. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to throw down a dead limb and kill a sawyer. What will you do?"

"I'm going to let a log come back where the boys are 'decking up,' and break a leg. What will you do?"

"I'm going to make that gray horse 'caulk' the blacksmith. What will you do?"

"I'll burst a hole in the boiler, and scald the cook. What will you do?"

"I'll break a pevey stock, and roll the log back over the loaders. What will you do?"

"I'll jam the saw in the tree, and cut the sawyer's hand badly. What will you do?"

And so the conversation may be supposed to be continued by the invisible agencies of evil to injure the poor laborer.

It may all sound silly to the outside reader, but the woodsman knows that when he goes out in the morning, well and hearty, he may be brought in before night mutilated for life, or a corpse!

Such is the "battle of the saw log," and such is the way of accident and death by which the money is earned.

It is good instruction in the avoidance of intemperance that the men in the woods want.

Temperance advocacy in camp, is striking at the very fountain head, in presenting a preventative for the evil. I have made it a rule to give a lecture in every camp I have visited, on the foregoing point, and long afterwards I have met men in

Bay City or East Saginaw, sober, who have taken me by the hand and said with a happy laugh:

"Chummy, I hav'n't blown in a dollar yet, an' I'm in town a week."

Said one to me last fall: "You talked in our camp two years ago, and I have taken your advice, got me a wife, and have a nice little home nearly paid for."

Boys, be good to yourselves, and the fact is as true as taxes, that any honest, sober man can have a home in Michigan within five years, if he is only good to himself.

As this book is intended more particularly for men in camp, all the foregoing lecture is given them with the sincere wish that by its means some of the crying evils attendant upon life in the woods, may be happily avoided, and the dollar, earned so hard, may be put to a better use than merely to gratify a moment's desire for a passing enjoyment, in either intemperance or debauchery. As the remainder of this work will be principally devoted to tales of camp life, I cannot better close this chapter, than by advising the shanty boy to make a personal application of the contents of the same.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ROMANCE OF THE FOREST—MY TRAMP TO THE AU GRES RIVER—JACK DRISCOLL, ALIAS "SILVER JACK"—HISTORY OF A NOTED SHANTY BOY—"THE LONE PINE TREE"—TRAGIC HISTORY OF CHARLIE MONROE—A CHAPTER OF INTEREST.

"They lived and loved, as this tale will tell
And in death were divided not."

Can any romance come out of a shanty camp?

What sentiment can be contained in a saw log?

Where can the "sensational" be found in the pine woods?

In reply to these interrogations, I will but say that volumes could be written, and material enough gathered in the lumber woods for fifty such books as this, and not touch one side of the subject. So far as plot or incident may be concerned, my greatest wonder is that this fruitful field for romance and literary venture has not long ago been preempted by the able writers of the day, as the scope and exhaustless character of the same is simply boundless in extent and variety.

I have eaten my dinner in camp, cooked by a German count, who now is in his own country and on his own estate, with an American wife. The incident is related in the sketch contained in chapter twenty, entitled "She followed her heart." I have slept in the same bed with the second best swordsman in the British army, and one who was with Prince Napoleon in Zululand when the latter was slain. I have sat in the "van," and listened to the story of the camp book keeper, who had been Lieutenant Colonel of the celebrated New York 7th regiment through the late war. I have met with ex-preachers, ex-law-

yers, ex-artists, ex-business men of all descriptions in the woods, who were the representatives of failure and ruin, but still were clinging to the remnants of a hopeless life. In nine-tenths of these cases I found that these men were the victims of intemperance, and were striving to hide from their own worst enemy. Still, the classification is really wonderful, and every camp has its romantic singularities. Therefore, if there is any one place more than another rich in variety of character, it is found in the lumber woods.

From the material I have gleaned from actual shanty life, I have in this work endeavored to weave a few specimen tales, which in the hands of a better writer, would form the ground work for highly interesting reading. The incidents from which these woods sketches are created, are all founded on actual fact, and if I have dressed them up in garments of rhetorical or romantic language, it is but to make the underlying facts a little more presentable.

Among the many acquaintances I made while in the woods, I want to introduce one to the reader, whose name is well-known throughout all the lumbering regions of Michigan and Wisconsin. I refer to Jack Driscoll, better known as "Silver Jack." This man was a strange mixture of good and bad. He was physically a handsome woodsman. Tall, strongly built, and hair, mustache and eyebrows the color of flax. As a woodsman his record was first class, but when he got into town and had a few drinks, he was simply hades let out for noon, and his police record would mark him as a "tough" of the first water. He came to Saginaw from Lindsay, Ontario, in 1869, and went to work in the woods. In 1872 he was arrested in East Saginaw charged with highway robbery, and sentenced to five years in state prison. After serving his time he returned to East Saginaw, and went into the saloon business. In 1881, he was again arrested for highway robbery, in "holding a man up" for three dollars on Lapeer street, East Saginaw. His previous record of crime told against him heavily on his trial, and on conviction he received the full extent of the law, in a sentence of fifteen years in state prison, which

he is now serving. I have made him the hero in the following sketch of the "Lone Pine Tree," and speak of him as I found him. He was certainly a hard customer to deal with, but there are plenty much worse, who get off scott free. Silver Jack certainly suffers severely for his last crime, five years for each dollar he got.

It was in the fall of 1882, that I first made the acquaintance of Silver Jack. I was about to make a trip from West Branch, Ogemaw county, Mich., to the An Gres river, and was not very sure of my route after I should leave what is known as the "Rifle river bridge," about fifteen miles east of West Branch. From there I had some forty miles of a tramp, before reaching my destination. While taking dinner at the Rifle river bridge, I noticed a fine built woodsman at the table, with the peculiarity of lint-colored hair, eye-brows and mustache. Inquiring who he was, I learned he was the notorious "Silver Jack," the hero of more fights and startling escapades than any other man in Michigan. The knowledge further imparted, that Jack was bound for the same camp as myself, did not add to my sense of serene security. His reputation was not of the best, so far as I had heard it spoken of, and the possibility of his "going through" me, had a strongly repressing influence upon my proceeding farther that day.

However, some of the boys in the house had informed Jack of my intended route, and without very much ceremony, he made himself acquainted with me, by inviting me to take a drink. This I good naturedly declined, but not to be behind him in courtesy, I offered him a cigar, which he graciously accepted. The ice being thus broken, we soon became interested in each other, and I found to my surprise that this terrible "shanty camp bully," was a very pleasant and conversable sort of a man, who had possibly been more sinned against than sinning.

We accordingly took the "tote" road together for a fifteen mile tramp, and I will freely confess that I never before found time pass away so agreeably as on this memorable journey with "Silver Jack."

The sun was fast declining in the west, when we reached the last three miles separating us from our destined camp, with a cold November wind whistling through the interminable avenues of the Norway pines, as we came upon the Au Gres river, many miles from its outlet into Saginaw Bay. The steep banks were marked by the old "rollways," where the past season's logs had been precipitated into the waters of the snow fed river, now dwindled down to a modest stream. The prospect about us was not extremely inviting. The axe of the woodsman and the incendiary torch of the "fire fiend," had left on either side but little else than death and destruction, productive of the most sombre feelings, especially when contemplated upon an empty stomach. A snow storm—the first of the season—had covered the dreary landscape with a snowy shroud, through which the frost bitten ferns, dead brambles, and blackened stumps, pushed their shapeless forms, while a lowering, leaden sky added to the gloom. The fire scorched ruins of an old logging camp, stood near by, to, if possible, make the general desolation still more desolate. If a picture is ever wanted of perfect death and despair, in an earthly form, it can be found in all its ghastly perfection, in a Michigan pine woods, where the fire has gone through, and if there be added, the charred and blackened remains of a lumber camp, partially hidden in snow, the scene will present an aspect, fully equal to any ever delineated by Dore, in his Dante. Such then was the prospect which met our gaze, in the fast lengthening afternoon shadows, as Jack and I halted by the banks of the Au Gres river, a view anything but cheering in character. And yet, amid all the desolation and death, serving to form the picture before me, stood one instance of vigorous life, in the shape of a magnificent white pine tree, standing alone, like a sentinel guarding the bivouac of the dead.

The fire fiend had spared it, and the axe of the woodsman had passed it by!

"Jack, how is it that this fine pine tree has not been lumbered?" I asked. "Is it punky?"

"No sir, that's one of the finest sticks on the river, and would

scale a good 8,000 feet. But no man who knows its story, will ever put an axe inter it, and you see that though the fire has been through here lots of times, it still stands thar as fresh and green as when I first saw it fourteen years ago, when I fust set foot in that are old camp you see yander. I tell yer it would be a bad haul fer any man ter hurt that tree. He would "go up" in a hurry, yes and by thunder he would stay up, or my name isn't Jack Driscoll."

"Why, Jack, what is the secret of the tree's preservation? Is there a story connected with it?"

"Story? Well I should rise to remark! That are tree is knowd far and near as Lover's Rest, or the Lone Pine of the Au Gres, and if ye'd like ter fill yer pipe and take a bit of a sit down here, before we strike the camp 'tote' road, I don't mind tellin' ye the yarn, for it's a sorrowful one, and no one knows it better than me."

We seated ourselves on a fire blackened log, and amid surroundings which added a wierdness and glamour to the tale, I listened to the story of

THE LONE PINE OF THE AU GRES.

"It wos in the winter of '66," Jack began, "when I, a lump of a boy of twenty, first struck the Au Gres river. I'm no slouch yet pard, in the woods, but work tells on one who has followed shanty life for twenty years, and will gen'ally leave a man a good deal like that old Norway stump yonder, kind o' dead and blackened, 'specially if he takes his share o' 'Saginaw angle foot.' Well, thar war a jolly camp full of us that thar winter, counting about eighty men in all—thar's the remains of the old bunk camp, over yander. We had a young chap called Charlie Monroe, for camp 'push,' an' we were a puttin' in for John McGraw, of Bay City. The pine war the best 'cork' an' 'white,' you ever saw. Well, you jest can bet that winter's work war a good one. We had a short haul, an' on our log road the sleighing was fust rate, so that by the middle o' March, we had over fifteen millions banked, right along whar we are now a sittin'. The river war brim full of logs for

half a mile, and we looked ahead to an early break up of camp.

"It seems only like yes'erday as I sit here and think of that are winter's work.

"We had a wild, rollickin' crew, all young men, full of life and day's work. Two fiddlers kept things lively in camp, and we had a boss cook, with good 'chuck,' considering them war the times when a man war supposed to be satisfied with a piece of frozen bread, and a chunk of cold fat pork, washed down with a drink of river water. Our wages war wages in them days, and it wos woth while a lookin' at a winter's 'stake' when spring came.

"But our foreman war the daisey ov a boy! Poor Charley Monroe! Youn wos a short life and a merry one while it lasted.

"There wos a pretty considerable heavy snow fall that winter, and the prospects war good for a early flood, so that the 'drive' would start in very soon in the spring. B'ar and deer meat war plenty, and, though we had to 'tote' from the mouth of the river, whar Alabaster is now, the winter flew so fast, that early spring war upon us before we knowed it.

"But it's about Charlie Monroe, our foreman, I war goin' to tell ye, chummy. He wos a lala from 'way back, you bet. Why, thar wa'nt anythin' in woods work Charlie didn't know. About twenty-six, five foot ten in his shoe paces, straight as a young Norway, and han'some as a full-blooded hoss, was Charlie.

"Thar wos somethin' about him that made every man in camp love him, an' I tell ye we had some tough blisters among us from Saginaw an' Bay City. Charlie war none of yer "bull punchers," that stand an' yell an' swar, and drive, from mornin' till night, no siree! Charlie wa'nt, but one of them chaps who always said: 'Boys, I guess we'd better take hold right here,' an' you bet the boys would jest 'hump' themselves, when Charlie yelled, 'get thar!'"

"Say, Jack," I interrupted, "Is this yarn a long one? If so hadn't we better take the rest of it in camp?"

"O, if yer don't care to hear it, pard, I can quit a tootin' my

horn right here, now!"

"All right, Jack, let her roll!"

Jack meditatively sucked his long expired pipe, for a few moments, and having apparently refreshed his memory by the exercise, he continued :

"There war wot them literare fellers would call a romance about Charlie's past hist'ry, some pints of which I got from a 'tote' teamster, what knowed Charlie in Bay City. It seems as how his ol' man war well to do in York state, an' had a large lumber yard in Albany. Charlie war rather tough and kinder broke the old man up, till at last things ended in a high old row, an' the ol' man divided the house with Charlie, ginin' him the outside for his share.

"Well, Charlie came to Michigan, and went right inter the woods, whar in a few winters, he war able to take hold of anythin', an' he soon got a camp to run. He swore off whisky, an' seemed to have a pride in lettin' folkses see he could be a man once more.

"Old John McGraw—God bless him, for he war the poor man's friend—got holt on Charlie, an' when I went to work for him out yer, he had ran camp three winters. Of course thar wos a woman mixed up in Charlie's story. He had fell in love with a Bay City gal, named Allie Farnham, whose folks war poor but 'spectable. I never seed her in my life but once, but she wos a beauty, pard, an' jes' as good as she war pretty."

"Her folks war down on Charlie, an' wouldn't let her keep company with him, but that same summer, afore Charlie came to the woods, they had slipped off an' got married, so that when little more than a month old bride, they had to separate.

"Camp wa'nt the nicest place in the world for a wife in them days, though the wives of the foreman, cook and scaler, are often in camp with their husbands now, so Charlie didn't have his wife out with him. But the arrangement war that she wos to come out to the Au Gres by stage, an' then ride inter camp on one of the 'tote' teams, when we began 'breakin' out the jam in the spring, an' lookin' forward to this, Charlie

had coaxed the cook to bring his wife out to camp. No woman but a wife dead in love with her husband, would have tried such a thing, for the thirty odd miles 'tween this an' Au Gres, war over roads that war a terror, now I tell ye.

"Well, as I war a sayin' winter rolled away fast, an' our crew war fat an' sassy. The spring thaw began to set in, an' all the little creeks an' streams flowin' inter the Au Gres river war a hustling down thar water fast, an' it was, hour by hour, a raisin' in the river, so that the 'drive' war upon us long before we war a lookin' for it.

"Charlie hung off as long as he could, for we had about two millions more we wanted to put in, an' the logs war mostly all skidded. Besides our log road war in prime order, an' with twelve teams a haulin', we war more than snakin them in.

"Well pard, as I said, the water wos on us before we war anythin' like ready, an' I tell ye, these here banks wos a brimmin' full. It war somethin' grand to look at, you jes' bet! Did ye ever see the break up of a 'rollway' on one of these rivers, guve'nor?"

"I have not yet, Jack, but I intend to see one this spring."

"Then you never saw a 'drive' come down?"

"Never experienced that pleasure yet."

"Pleasure? Pleasure be hanged! All day up ter yer middle in water, with the ice a floatin' 'round yer. Birlin' a log, with the slush and water churning out through the holes in yer drivin' boots. Wrappin' yerself in yer blanket, an' tryin' to get a little sleep on the bank in yer frozen clothes. Gettin' up before day, all stiff an' frozen, to eat a piece of cold pork an' bread, an' then grab yer pike lever, an' jump on a log. That's the pleasure, for about sixty days, found in river drivin' in spring."

"Well Jack, if that's the size of it, I would rather not have any, but go on with your story."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STORY OF THE LONE PINE TREE CONTINUED—TRAGEDY IN THE
WOODS—SAD ENDING OF A LOVE STORY.

“Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were bless'd.”

“Lem’e see, whar was I? O yes, when the water was a risin’. Well, everythin’ war at sixes an’ sevens in camp. The blacksmith hadn’t the pike levers ready, an’ the ropes and snatch blocks, for breakin’ out the jam, hadn’t got in from the front yet.

“Charlie Monroe war terrible worked up, not expectin’ the ‘drive’ to be on him so soon. I tell ye, pard, it war a sight ter see, an’ enough to make a stout man weakin. If thar’s lots of snow this winter, yer don’t want ter miss seein’ a ‘jam’ break up. Take yer chance on some big lumberin’ river, an’ ye’ll see a sight ye’ll not forget for the balance of yer life time. Why if ye havn’t seed it, I can’t give yer any idear of what it’s like. Jes’ inagine that thar river a piled full of logs, sixteen or eighteen tier deep, for a couple o’ miles. The water a foamin’, and spurtin’, an’ rollin’ like mad, over, under an’ about the solid mass o’ timber. Logs tumblin’ pell mell over each other, poundin’ a base drum solo to the deafenin’ roar of the water! Men on either bank yellin’ like mad! The foreman, an’ his best hands, are out on the center, fast’nin’ on the ‘breaking out’ cable, stretched across the river, an’ hooked on ter the

jam log. The teamsters a yellin' an' swarin' at thir hosses, till at last she begins ter give, an' the foreman yells :

" 'Here she comes! The jam is broke! Watch out!'

"Logs, in solid masses, five deep, go plunging an' a rollin' down, end over end, sideways, lengthways, every way, snappin' crashin', poundin' each other, with a roll an' a roar, that only heavy timber can make in a river run mad. That's 'breakin' out the jam,' pard, an' don't ye forget it! Talk about a Saginaw whisky drunk, why it's nothin' to a breakin' out drunk. Thar's whar ye can get reelin' full, with wild excitement, an' never have ter smell a cork!"

"Well done, Jack! Your description is a picture in itself, but forge ahead with your story."

"Right ye are, chummy, an' beg pardin for flyin' off the handle that way, but I tell ye it warms up my heart when I think of them days. Do ye know that's the reason why log drivers go on ter the river year arter year? It's the wild excitement keeps them warm, and helps them to stay in the water 'mong the floatin' ice all day. Thar's a wickery about the cussed thing, we can't get away from.

"Well, it war a bright Sunday mornin', when what I'm a goin' to tell ye took place. It had rained more or less durin' the past week, all up north an' down our way, an' the water war a commin' down with a vengeance. We didn't sleep much that night, an' by break o' day, all hands wos down here on the river bank. I tell ye it wor a sight to see! The top logs had begun to float, an' had already formed little jams, that kinder served to back up the water.

" 'We must break that are jam some way, boys,' shouted Charlie.

"We wan't obleged to work, it bein' Sunday, an' for the first time in camp, the men paid no attention to the foreman's hint to go to work. Besides it wos all a man's life war worth to face the music of that thar roarin' river.

" 'Boys, them are logs must be started down! Double pay to the men who will foller me!' an taken' hold of a pike lever, Charlie wos in a minute out on top of the jam.

"Well ye know, pard, it wouldn't do to see the boy out thar all alone, an' whar one man goes, 'nother ort ter foller. I war only a boy, but I had a man's pluck, so I grabbed a pike, and yellin' 'foller yer leader!' was soon outside with Charlie. Six more of the boys follored us, all good men. Poor fellers, how well I remember them! There war Pat Donoughue, Steve Riddley, Josh Ballette, Sandy McPherson, Mike Eagan, an' a Injin we called B'armeat. The 'face' of the rollway was jes' a little below here, an' the logs war all up stream, for nearly three miles—for there was several camps puttin' in, along here besides we. Well, the eight on us chaps got down on the 'face,' to start the jam logs, but as none on us had on 'spikes,' it war skittish work. I remember as well as though it war yes'erday, how we stood, heavin' on the jam log, with a young Niagara falls a pourin' over us, an' log arter log a jumpin' down, almost on top o' us. It war a dare devil thing to do, but we was jes' crazy with excitement, an' would have stormed the mouth o' hell, if we had been told ter. But 'break the jam!' was the word, an' break it we war bound ter, so we heaved on the jam log, which if we got her loose, would let the whole darned pile down. Every man 'cept me war a good river driver, so that it didn't take long to heave out that jam log.

"'Here she comes boys, watch out!' shouted Charlie, an' in a minute the whole darned solid mass began to move. Down it came, kinder slow at fust, but fast enough to keep us a jumpin' from log ter log, to get ashore.

But we war too late, an with a roar an' a rush, the whole shootin' gallery was upon us, an' the last I remembered was a hearin' the boys on shore yellin':

"'Watch out! She's on yer!'

"When a man's under water, with a thousand saw logs a rollin' over him, seconds are like ages. How long I war down I don't rightly know, but I war fully conscious of the close call I war havin'. Everything I ever did in my past life, good or bad, seemed ter come right up afore me, with the swiftness and clearness of a lightenin' flash. The fear of death seemed

to be lost sight of entirely, an' my only sorrow war that I had lost a good pike lever. I remember wonderin' how the boys would divide up the truck in my 'turkey,' an' who would take my bunk. All this time—how long or short I can't tell—I war tumbled about in every direction, now striking my head agin a log, now being bumped by one. Part of the time a scrapin' agin the bottom ov the river, an' agin a comin' up to the surface, in the boilin' mad waters.

"How I didn't drownd, I'll never tell ye, for I don't know, but I finally found myself in a sort o' eddy, a floatin' quietly among a lot o' logs, to one of which I war clinging frantically, till I fully recovered my presence o' mind and made for the shore,

"In a few minutes I had got back my breath, an' on lookin' down the river, I saw the camp boys among the whirlin' logs, an' kinder thought they wer' a lookin' for us. I had landed fully a harf mile below the camp, down by that thar clump of cedar ye see yander, an' though the main jam had passed, the river still roared with the flood, an' rushed along for all it was worth, filled with logs. Probably not more than ten minutes had passed since the jam had broke, an' in that thar time fully twenty millions of logs had been swept down.

"Presently I heard a shout lower down, which rose above the thunderin' row the river war a makin'. I wos yet too weak to walk, or even stand, but raisin' myself on my elbow, I saw six of the lads a comin' towards me, bearin' suthin' on a litter made of cedar boughs. It wasn't long afore they reached me, an' they halted long enough to let me see the dead body ov poor Charlie Monroe.

"'Is he dead, boys?'

"'I should say he was, Jack,' said Larry Cox, 'every bone in him's broke!'

"Leanin' on an arm of a boy on each side of me, we made our way to camp, whar we placed the man we all so dearly loved, on a table in the cook camp. Why sir, when we examined him, I don't believe thar wor a whole bone in his body, an' cuts an' wounds all over him enough to kill fifty men, only

cur'us enough, his face wan't teched, an' he lay thar jes' as tho' he'd fell asleep. We laid him out as decently as we could, and then went into the bunk camp to smoke and think.

"About noon the rest ov the boys got back, arter a useless search for the other six, and I may here tell yer, neither hide nor hair o' one ov 'em war ever seed, from that day ter this. They had been ground ter powder! I alone out of the eight had escaped to tell the story, an' strange to say, only a trifle hurt.

"But the worst was yet till come. It war Sunday in camp, and the sorrerfullest Sunday I ever put in in my life. The day lagged along, till the horn went for supper, but none ov us had much appertite for 'chuck,' although the cook an' his kind wife had tried to get up sum'thin' extra for the boys. But the shock war a hard one on us all, for we had got through the winter without any one bein' hurt in camp, an' now all to once seven of our best men had passed in their checks! Still, 'though we didn't then know it, the worst was yet to come.

"Along about nine er'clock the 'tote' sleighs came in, bringin' the ropes an' other truck for breakin' out the jam, which, if we had had 'em in the mornin' would have saved seven lives. But worse than all, there war a passenger aboard Bill Corbette's sleigh—a woman—who was none other than Charlie Monroe's wife!

"When we found out from the tote teamster who she war, we all made a break for the barn like a passel of cowards, but I tell yer pard, I wouldn't have faced that thar woman, to tell her the story of Charlie's death, for John McGraw's big mill. Then it wos that the cook's wife came in handy, and a good, kind woman she war. When the poor little wife inquired the fust thing, whar her Charlie wor, that thar cook's wife jes' took her in her arms an' led her past whar the dead war lyin', an' brought her inter the little bed-room at the end of the cook camp.

How that cook's wife told her the story, I dun know, but presently the whole camp rang with her screams, the dread-

fulest ye ever heard, so that us fellers buried our heads in the hay, so's we wouldn't hear them orful cries.

"'By Judas Priest, boys, I can't stan this,' siz Joe Dusenberry, a big feller from Maine, with the tears a streaming down his face, 'I can't stan' this. Let's go over an' try an' do somethin'.'

"Off Joe started, an' we all follored in Injin file. But what a sight did we see! The poor young woman war a clinging to the body of her dead husband, an' a screechin':

"'O Charlie, Charlie come back to me!'

"It wor awful, pard!

"We couldn't of course do anythin' but look on, but pard, I never want to look on sich a sight again!

"The young wife war close til her confinement, an' that night in that thar old camp you see thar, ther' war a dead baby an' a dead mother along of the dead father! Her last words war: 'bury me with Charlie.'

"We held a camp consultation that same night, with the scaler for chairman, an' it war decided for the time to bury the bodies all together, under this very pine tree, which cur'us enough, Charlie had marked for cuttin' the very day before. See here is the marks of his scorin' axe yet. But here it still stands, and will stand, for all the camp boys on the Au Gres knows the lone pine tree, an' no one will ever put an axe nor a saw inter it.

"That summer, the ol' man, Charlie's father, sent up and had the bodies removed to Albany, where he gave them a fine big funeral, but I orfen use'ter think he might have been a little kinder when Charlie war alive. Do you know Dan Cullighan, of Roscommon, pard?"

"I do not, Jack."

"Well, Dan made a purty song on the death of Charlie Monroe. Almost every camp in Michigan has some chap what knows it."

"Why, Jack, I've heard it a dozen of times, but never knew the full story before."

"Well, that's all thar is of it, an' it has given me the horrors

to tell it to-night. Howsomever, we are not far from Sandy McIntyre's camp, so le's peg out an' get through now we are well rested."

I have striven to give the foregoing story as near in the dialect and style, as told me by "Silver Jack." If the endeavor to imitate the language of the woodsman has robbed the tale of some of its pathetic features, for the reader, I will regret it very mnch. As told to me in the phraseology of the camp, it certainly affected me strongly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SHANTY BOY'S LOVE STORY—HOW FRED FULLGRAFT NEARLY LOST HIS BRIDE—THE TREACHERY OF THE TOTE TEAMSTER—ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL—ONE FOR THE BOYS.

"Say darling, say, when I am far away,
Sometimes you may think of me, dear;
Bright sunny days will soon fade away,
Remember what I say to be true dear,"

"I cannot see Katie, how you could ever have taken a notion to me?"

"A notion, Fred? You certainly do not pay a very valuable compliment to the highest gift a woman can give a man, in the first love of her young heart, when you style that gift a 'notion.'"

"Well dear, don't be vexed. You know what I mean, and that is that a sweet little girl like you, beautiful, educated, and holding socially the position you do in society, could ever have responded to the love of a rough shanty boy, save with the contempt it would seem to merit."

"Now Fred dear, are you really mean enough to fish for compliments, or have you forgotten that self disparagement is the worst kind of flattery? I cannot believe that of you, and I know the heart of the true gentleman may be found oftener beating beneath the suit of 'Mackinaws,' than under broad cloth. I love you Fred dear, because you are my ideal of a man, and you know as Burns says :

'The king may make a belted knight,
But a man's a man for all that.' "

"My own darling Kate." * * *

"Now Fred behave! See how you have mussed my collar, and I do declare you have broken one of my earrings. See, it is fastened in your whiskers. Why sir, you are as rough as a bear. A pretty life you will lead me at this rate."

"My darling, I couldn't help it, but you shall have a new pair of earrings, the best in town. Why Kate, I could just eat you,"

"You horrid monster! There—there—now do be good."

"Well my pretty one I will, if you will only say when we can tie up to each other. I can furnish a pleasant home here, and have bought the Wix cottage you so much admired—bought and paid for as a pretty cage for my Katie bird. Now when will it be, love?"

"Why, what an awful hurry you are in Fred. I have a good notion not to say one word about it, if only to punish you for being so impatient, but dear I love you too well for that, and will willingly be yours by the expiration of say six weeks, to give me time to get ready. Say the 25th of July. Will that be too soon, Fred?"

"Too soon Kate? Why its an age to wait. You fill me with joy, however by your sweet consent, and I only wish I were a gentleman worthy of you."

"Hush Fred, and do not annoy me by insinuating, that because you wear a red sash and spikes in your boots, and work honestly on the river for your living, that you are less a gentleman in my eyes."

"Thank you for your good opinion, Kate, but the red sash and spiked boots are not the usual rig of what is called a gentleman, nor is going up on the jam and coming down on the drive the usual occupation he follows."

"Stop Fred, stop!"—and a very pretty hand was placed over his mouth—"stay till I give you my ideal of a gentleman. It is not the sanctimonious, well fed, well clad money getter, who will not shave on Sunday morning because of the sinfulness of the act, but who will pass the whole week shaving poor men's noses at fifty per cent. Nor is the woman a lady who is so good that she would not have a shoe blacked in her house on the Sabbath, but who can pass a full week blacking her neighbors' characters. The true gentleman is the one who can look his fellow in the face and say, 'I never injured you.' Who can :

'Have a dollar to lend, another to spend,
And one for the rainy day.'"

"Whew, Kate, what a sermon! Why you can beat a 'camp missionary' all hollow. I see there will be no great necessity for me to go to church when we are married. However, gentleman or not, it is enough for me to know I have won the heart of the sweetest girl in all Michigan, and to her—heaven helping me—I shall always be a gentleman."

"I know it dear, and am willing to risk my life's happiness upon what Fred Fullgraft says." * * * *

The rumpling and jewelry destroying process was again repeated, mingled with all the little silly nothings found in the language of love. But pshaw! dear reader, you have been there yourself, and it is useless to scent the rose or paint the rainbow, to simply recall to your memory love's young dream.

"Kate dear, there is to be a grand picnic here on the fourth, as you know, and I would like to have you go with me. We have not appeared in public very often together, and I hardly know yet how your people will take your engagement with the poor river driver."

"Now Fred, how often have I to check this spirit of self dis-

paragement you seem to indulge in so much? I am my own mistress and can follow the bent of my own inclinations. Besides my sister and her husband both like you, and although you work for him on the Au Sable river, he thinks there is no one like Fred Fullgraff, I have heard him say that repeatedly. But I shall be happy to go with you on the fourth dear, and will be ready as early as you like."

"Good girl; say eight o'clock that morning. I shall be on deck without fail, rest assured."

"I know I can depend upon my own brave shanty boy, and you will find me waiting and anticipating a day of blissful enjoyment."

"Wouldn't break my word to you, Katie, for ten sections of the best pine in Michigan."

"If you did, Fred, my confidence would be so badly shattered that I much doubt whether it could again be restored. But dear, I believe as firmly in you as I trust my own soul."

"Why, Kate dear, don't be so serious about such a trifling thing. I have never yet deceived you in thought or word, and wouldn't care to begin with a fourth of July picnic."

"I know it dear, but trifles are frequently the fine points on which life's joys and sorrows rest, and ever since the subject of this picnic has come up, a dark foreboding has come over me, as though it were a premonition of coming evil."

"Pshaw! darling, let me drive it away with a kiss."

* * * * *

Just a word or two, dear reader, of introduction to the loving couple upon whose privacy we have so uncereimoniously intruded:

The hero of this sketch—hero is the proper word, isn't it?—was to the careless observer nothing more than a mere shanty boy. That is he was one of the pioneer army of civilization, who in the great "battle of the saw log," find employment during the winter months in separating said logs from the parent tree, and in spring rafting them down some one of the many streams tributary to Saginaw Bay. But Fred. Fullgraff was no rough, swearing, drinking shanty man. He was physically—yes and

morally—the peer of any man in Michigan, famed as she is for stalwart sons and beautiful daughters.

Kate Merryville was a girl well fitted to become a mate for the honest son of toil upon whom she had bestowed the wealth of her heart's affections. Born, reared and educated upon the northwestern shore of Lake Huron, its life imparting breezes had, for twenty summers, played at hide and seek with the luxuriant meshes of her nut brown curls, and left the bloom of the peach upon cheeks as fair as beauty could desire, denoting that life in its full flow, was coursing through her veins in every pulsation of a heart free from guile.

And the bright summer days glided by joyously for the two lovers, re-enacting upon the shores of Huron the old story of Eden's garden.

By this time the fact of their betrothal and marriage day, had spread throughout the confines of the little lake port village. In public they had repeatedly appeared, and whether at church or on some evening at the "bowery dance," they were the observed of all observers. The rough lumbermen congratulated Fred upon winning the belle of the lake shore, and swore heartily that the coming wedding should be one long to be remembered in Northern Michigan.

The girl friends of Kate—after the first flush of surprise had passed—pressed about her to say what a fortunate girl she was, in becoming the betrothed of the best behaved and handsomest young man in five counties. To be sure, the natural feminine essence of envy, mingled with all these good wishes, but that was to be expected when remembering that Fred Fullgraft was no common "river driver," but one of those choice specimens of masculine humanity, designed by nature to attract the fancy of a woman.

With the men the same was in a great measure the case, and more than one heart felt a keen pang of regret, as the voice of common gossip fully confirmed the fact that Kate Merryville and Fred Fullgraft were to be shortly wedded.

But this sketch would be very incomplete, without the presence of the conventional villian being seen. This convenient

"scape goat" for all the crosses and blunders lovers are subjected to, was found in the person of one Richard Baxter, who had long professed a sneaking regard for the charming Miss Merryville, although the gentleman labored under the disadvantage of being anything but a man that ladies die to look upon. In fact, if it must be told, Dick Baxter was as homely as a pine knot, besides being possessed of a soul so small that it could travel about in a mosquito's eye for ten thousand years, and never make the insect wink once. But Dick's father was well fixed, having a large supply store, beside keeping the postoffice, of which latter princely reward for American patriotism, Dick was the custodian, making him, in shanty boy parlance, "no slouch on a saw log."

It wanted but one short week to usher in the anniversary of the nation's birth. In the lake shore village of D—(the reader may locate this town where the incident will best fit) the occasion was to be observed by a grand procession, oration and picnic, followed in the evening by an exhibition of "fireworks" and a ball. Never before in the history of the village, had such a gigantic celebration been attempted, and all the lads and lasses were on tip toe of expectation.

Mr. Richard Baxter had earnestly pressed his services upon Miss Merryville, as her escort upon the auspicious occasion, but had been politely informed, that the lady was engaged, an item of information which did not in the least operate like oil on the troubled waters of Mr. Dick's solicitude, and he departed, vowing general vengeance.

A damper however had fallen upon the anticipated pleasure, in the form of copious torrents of rain, which without intermission had fallen for the previous ten days, flooding the hearts of the pleasure seeking patriots with vexatious regrets, and the tributary branches of the lumbering rivers with an abundance of water, by which the "hung up" logs could be brought down.

And right on this latter watery fact hangs the plot and purpose of this narration.

Fred Fullgraft was a noted river driver, and had all that

spring been at work on the north branch of the Au Sable, for Pack, Woods & Co., of Oscoda. The indications were that the "rear" would be brought down, through the unlooked for rise in the river, and Fred, with a strong crew of river drivers, was sent up, to get out the hung up logs. It was a great disappointment to Fred to realize that it would be impossible for him to be present at the picnic on the fourth at D—, as he would be many miles away on that date. Still, knowing Kate to be a sensible girl, who would be better pleased to see her intended attending to well paid work, in preference to pleasure at the sacrifice of his employer's interest, he wrote her as follows :

AU SABLE RIVER CAMP, June 28th, 188—

MY OWN DARLING KATE:

I find it impossible to be with you for the fun on the "fourth," as I shall have to be on the drive. Neither of us, dear, are rich enough to sacrifice my time just now, as wages are large, and I want all I can get to make my sweet wife—soon to be—comfortable and happy. Do me the favor to stay away from the picnic that day, as I cannot be with you, and the thought of your being there with some other person, would make me very uncomfortable. I know this sounds very selfish but dear, I am making a sacrifice for you, and I know you will make this little one for me.

Your lonesome lover,
FRED.

This warm effusion Fred gave to the tote teamster, with strict injunctions to see it put in the post office at D—, and then returned fully satisfied to his work on the river.

The "drive" was a successful one, and the logs were boomed at the mouth of the Au Sable in safety. Fred had finished his job in good style and hurried to the postoffice to get at least one letter from his absent Kate. Keen was his disappointment, and great his surprise, to find but one letter awaiting him, and that in a strange hand. Tearing it open, the missive was as follows :

D—, July 5th, 188—

MR. FRED FULLGRAFT:

DEAR SIR—Your girl has gone back on you bad. She

was at the picnic yesterday with your old rival Dick Baxter, and danced with him all afternoon at the National bowery. She flirted awfully, and every one is talking about it. You better wake up, old man, or your name is Dennis.

From your friend, X X.

Not even stopping to change his clothing, Fred rushed to a livery stable, and ordered the fleetest team in the barn, and within ten minutes was on the way to D—. With the horses covered with foam he arrived, and throwing the lines to the hostler, he hurried down the street to where Miss Merryville resided, but he had not proceeded but a short distance before he saw coming toward him, leaning on the arm of the hated Dick Baxter, his betrothed.

"What does all this mean, Kate?"

"To what 'this' do you allude, Mr. Fullgraft?"

"O, its Mr. Fullgraft, now is it? You false, miserable, lying jade. I've got through with you, rest assured of that!"

"Mr. Fullgraft, how dare you address such insulting language to me? None but a cowardly cur would speak to a woman in that manner," and the indignant girl burst into tears.

"I speak to you that way because you richly deserve it. I heard of your cutting up with this miserable pup here, on the 'fourth,' and I'm glad I met you just to tell you what I think of you."

"Come sir," interposed the redoubtable Dick, "this lady is under my protection, and I won't let her be insulted with impunity. No—sir—re—sir!"

The words were hardly out of Dick's mouth, before he was twenty feet from Fred, in which twenty feet he had turned six somersaults and landed on his latter end, with his nose spouting a sanguine stream, and he yelling "murder! fire! thieves! police!" as loud as his cracked voice would allow him.

"You can now go and console your very handsome beau, Miss Merryville," said Fred, as he turned on his heel. "Good by forever, Kate!" and pushing his way through the crowd that had quickly collected, he sauntered down the street singing:

"Now all you bold shanty boys, wherever you be,
Beware of false women take warning by me;
If ever you meet one with a dark chestnut curl,
Just think of Jack Haggerty and his Flat River girl."

That night Fred Fullgraft got blazing, fighting drunk. Licked four men, and finally got a first class "banging" himself. It was the first drunk of his life, and it was a royal old "toot," rest assured.

And thus they parted !

* * * * *

Two years had passed away. The winter's snows of December were deep upon the ground. In the center of a heavy tract of pine, Fred Fullgraft had built his camps to lumber the same. There were several hundred miles between him and the girl he at once loved and hated.

But Fullgraft was a sadly changed man. "Cross, cranky, and hard to please," was the word among the men working for him. Poor Fred ! He had sought surcease of sorrow in life's great curse, intemperance, and was fast going to the devil, and only that he was a first class woodsman, he could not have held his situation over the large camp, where we find him, one hour.

The men had eaten their supper and were seated around the big stove in the "bunk camp," when a man entered with a "turkey" over his shoulder, which he slung into a corner, and approached the stove.

"Evenin' pards ! Whar's the foreman ?"

"In the 'van,' I guess," replied one of the men.

After warming himself, the stranger proceeded to the office. When he saw who the foreman was, he started back and exclaimed :

"Why sir, isn't yer name Fred Fullgraft ?"

"Yes, what do you want ?"

"I didn't know you war foreman here."

Why, what difference is that to you ? Haloo ! Ar'n't you Tom Tallbut, who was toting for me two years ago on the Au Sable ?"

"Yes, Mr. Fullgraft, an' I'm mighty glad to have came acrost yer, not so much becuse you may give me a job, but becuse I've som'thin' heavy on my mind to tell yer," said the man, sitting down on an empty nail keg.

"Well, Tom old boy, out with it!"

You remember a ginin' me a letter to post for yer that June we war up on the north branch, Fred, for a lady in D—?"

"Yes, what of that letter? You posted it as I told you, of course?"

"Well Fred, I may as well own up fust as last, I didn't."

"What?"

"I never posted it, Fred. Yer see I war a ridin' 'long with Dick Baxter that ther' same day, who war out a shootin' 'bout four miles from D—, when I war drivin' in, an' me an' him got a talkin' 'bout Miss Merryville, an' I told him I had a letter from you for her, an' he axed to see it. Well Fred, to make a long story short, he offered me ten dollars ter keep the letter tell arter the fourth, an' I didn't think a few days could make much difference, so I took the money an' kept the letter ever since. I got inter camp pretty full, you remember, an' you gin me the 'bounce' an' that made me mad. But when I hearn tell of the trouble 'tween you an' Miss Merryville, I kinder suspicioned that ere letter war the reason for it, an' that darned Dick Baxter had played me for a 'sucker.' So I made up my mind ter tell yer all about it, the fust time I seed yer. Hope you won't bear any spite, Fred, an' kinder look it over. Here's the letter—Holy smoke! Fred don't look so orful!"

Fred took his old letter mechanically, his face changing from red to white and from white to red, while the glare in his eyes was something frightful to behold.

The man shrunk cowed and terror stricken before him.

"Forgive you? Forgive you? Christ may forgive you, but I never can. You have ruined two lives, you rotten hound, and I'm going to kill you!" And grasping the trembling wretch by the throat, Fred struck his fist into his face repeatedly, and dashed him on the floor, where he would have certainly trampled the life out of him, had not the yells of the

half-strangled man brought the crew from the camp, who with difficulty separated the avenger from his victim. As it was, two weeks passed before the teamster left his bunk.

* * * * *

It was Christmas eve, in the little village of D—. The Union church was dressed in evergreens, in memory of the glad occasion. A large audience participated in the services, among whom was Kate Merryville, and to all it was evident that a great sorrow was eating away the girl's life.

In a quiet corner she sits, observing the exercises of the Sunday school children, upon whom the eyes of the whole congregation are fixed. A low, soft voice whispers in her ear one word:

“Katie!”

Turning quickly she is face to face with the only man she ever loved!

“Katie, in the name of Him whose advent is commemorated here to-night, let me tell you my story.”

At first she hesitated, but the icy incrustation about her heart, melted into tenderness at that loved voice. She realized in her inmost soul the spirit of awakened love and pity, as she beheld the great tears coursing down his cheeks, and she felt that the tears of a manly man are something awfully sacred.

He spoke not a word farther, but silently handed her the discolored letter, which with a trembling hand she opened and read. As she read, the smile came to her lips and the glad lovelight to her eyes.

“Katie, can you forgive me?”

“Yes dear Fred, I can, even as I have to be forgiven, for I—to indulge a petty spirit of revenge at your presumed slight—accepted the escort of the villian Baxter that day to the picnic, and took especial pains to show everyone present how little I cared for you.”

“Kate dear, the evening is pleasant outside, what say you to a stroll?”

"Willingly Fred, for your coming has brought the only peace to my heart this wide, wide world could give."

"Dearest, for us there is to-night peace and good will, and two hearts, long sundered, are again united, never more to separate. I feel that good will so strong to all men, even to Dick Baxter and Tom Tallbut, that as I have drank in of the spirit of your sweet forgiveness, so can I forgive, Come dear!" and they went out into the sweet, bright starlight of that Christmas eve,

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

3

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SHANTY BOY IN THE WAR—THE ARMY OF THE "SAW LOG" AT THE
FRONT—A VISIT TO A LUMBER CAMP OF OLD VETS—WE DROP INTO
POETRY—"DENNIS MCCALL"—"THE BURIAL OF GRANT"—A SHORT
CHAPTER FOR OLD SOLDIERS.

"Hurrah! hurrah! We'll sound the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes us free!
And so we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
When we were marching through Georgia."

It is a well known fact that the shanty boys from the lumbering regions of Michigan and Wisconsin were well represented in the union army from the beginning to the close of the late war. From swinging the axe and the saw, the swinging of the sabre and the handling of the rifle was the work of the shanty boys by thousands. The fact that the war opened up a new condition of life, filled with danger and excitement, was in perfect harmony with the disposition of the dashing, rollicking woodsman, and apart from his patriotic incentives, the induce-

ments offered by the war as food for a strong spirit of daring adventure, was all that was necessary to cause him to don the blue. He fought well, and when the war was over, what was left of him laid down the musket, and again assumed the axe and pevey hook.

Very many of these "old vets" have I met in woods, again enlisted in the battle of the saw log, and a night in camp, where several of these old soldiers are located, is fully equal to visiting the "camp fire" of some army post of the G. A. R.

One of these camps comes to my mind as I write, where the foreman had been a captain and the scaler a lieutenant in the army. In this camp were some half dozen old comrades, who had served in the same corps with the foreman, and from battling at his side for human freedom and the perpetuity of our national life, had again enlisted in the war against King Pine. It was a real pleasure for me to make this camp in the course of my perigrinations through the woods, and especially so when I could pass a Sunday with the boys. Then would the "book of memory" be opened, and tales of foughten field and cheerful bivouac be given to the listeners. Not from the lips of moribund and mutilated men, came these stories and descriptions of "dire adventure by flood and field," but from men still in the prime of life who in the first proud blush of their young manhood, had gone forth to do and dare for their country. I remember distinctly on one of my visits being snow bound in this camp—which I may say was located in proximity to Hubbard Lake, Mich. The storm was of such wild intensity that for two days no work could be done, save taking care of the horses and what little choring was necessary about camp. But time passed rapidly and pleasantly in that "bunk camp," where gathered about a roaring fire we laughed at the efforts of the Storm King, to discommode us. Song and story followed fast upon the heels of each other, and a genuine "camp fire" was kept burning, around which the "old vets"

"Fought their battles o'er again,
And thrice they slayed the slain."

Had I at that time any thought of ever putting into its

present form my recollections of shanty life, I could have gathered up a large amount of material at that "snow bound camp fire," which if not as artistically woven together as that of Longfellow, would at least have formed the most interesting portions of these compilations. One little incident as related by the cook—formerly a sargeant in the 21st Michigan infantry—fastened itself so firmly upon my recollection, owing to its being a blending of the sublime and the ridiculous, that I have taken the liberty of here presenting it in rudely measured verse, as a little spice of variety, to a "camp fire" in the woods. That was a camp fire long to be remembered. The old soldiers only numbered eight in a camp of sixty men, but they held the position against all comers, during that snow bound siege, and so let their gallant song and story find here perpetuation in this episode of Michigan's brave Twenty-first regiment, with its gallant Colonel, W. B. McCreery, now of Flint, Mich.

DENNIS MC CALL.*

Our woods "camp fire" bright burns to-night,
The laugh and the jest floats free;
Here gathered are heroes of many a fight—
Who marched to the front in their youth's strong might—
And bravely battled for union and right—
Till traitors were forced to flee.
Here comrades of old meet face to face,
And tell of the days long gone;
When bivouac, march and battle had place,
Where the daring deeds still each other chase—
O'er memory's page—with rapid pace,
Each seeming the bravest one.
Here heroes awake—by fame unsung—
Who moulder 'neath southern sod—
They answer roll call these ranks among;
As their story is told by some veteran's tongue;
In some deed which has to their memory clung,
Though their souls have long dwelt with God.
But my tale to you of a hero to-night,

*This narrative poem was composed by me for the veterans' reunion held at Flint, Mich., Oct. 5th, 1885.

THE SHANTY BOY.

Is one which has never been told;
 For he won not his fame in bloody fight;
 Nor was ranked as a man of dauntless might;
 And yet as a "brave" you will read him aright,
 As his story I to you unfold.

I.

All the world has heard of the Twenty-first,
 Of Michigan's volunteers—
 Perchance some old "vet" will this story get,
 And read it 'mid laughter and tears.
 And among all of Michigan's gallant sons,
 For pure cussedness they were the worst,
 But in battle they had no peer in the fray.
 McCreery's old Twenty-first.
 Now the reason of this it will not be amiss,
 At this stage of our tale to tell;
 It would make you laugh when the roll read of
 All the Irish names that fell;
 There was Pat and Mike and Barney and Ike,
 And Larry and Dan and Ted,
 With Dennis McCall the worst of them all,
 In a Michigan shanty camp bred.

II.

Thus you clearly see that the Twenty-first,
 Was well charged with Irish blood;
 But this Dennis McCall was chief of them all,
 For tricks that were laughably good.
 I should also relate that this regiment great,
 Was terribly fond of its "budge,"
 And to keep a full can each would scheme and plan,
 Nor any effort begrudge.
 Till with fighting fame they had also the name,
 Of a drinking rollicking crowd;
 And McCreery swore that "budge" no more,
 Should be in the camp allowed.
 So sad to say from that awful day,
 The whole Twenty-first went dry;
 With never a drop their longing to stop,
 For a snifter of Saginaw rye!

III.

In vain did each man devise and plan,
 Not a drink could be brought into camp;
 For the sentry's round covered every ground,
 With a ceaseless, vigilant tramp.

'Twas in Fort Meggs they garrisoned were—
 General Howard held chief command—
 And the one armed hero did then and there,
 Take the Twenty-first firm in hand;
 The man who prayed and fought so well,
 By the "Johnnie Rebs" bitterly cursed—
 Had vowed a vow to stop the row,
 In the drinking Twenty-first.
 So for a whole week all faint and weak,
 The boys went "spitting wool;"
 Not a scheme could they work to pull out a cork,
 For a "nipper" their thirst to cool.

IV.

And Pat and Mike and Dan and Ike,
 Heaved many a weary sigh;
 As they saw in their dreams the lakelets and streams,
 They had punished of Saginaw rye;
 And their sore distress it never grew less—
 On the future they dared not think—
 With barrels of rye in the village close by—
 But never a drop to drink!
 But now comes forth my man of true worth,
 In Dennis McCall the brave—
 High engraved be his name on the shaft of fame—
 As the man who a corps did save!
 Not Curtius of old nor Wallace the bold;
 Nor even immortal Bill Tell;
 Nor Jim Bludso—whose ghost you all know,
 Smoked up from the Prairie Belle;
 Not all who have given their lives for men—
 Von Winkleried like in their trust—
 Could with private McCall be compared at all,
 When he rescued the Twenty-first.

V.

And what was the task you here all would ask,
 That in Dennis a hero we scan?
 Have patience I pray and in singing this lay,
 You'll admire this brave Michigan man.
 It's well known no coward could fool Gen. Howard,
 Still Dennis was bolder than he;
 For he vanquished the thirst of the dry Twenty-first,
 And gave them a grand jubilee.
 Near a village close by to the fort standing nigh,
 Was a fountain of spring water clear,
 And at noon of that sun a detail of one,

To this fountain a straight course did steer;
 But swift past the fountain the detail went;
 Up the street of that lonely town;
 Nor stayed he his tread as he rapidly sped,
 Till the principle rum shop he found.

VI.

Behind its door post that detail was lost,
 Soon emerging again he appears—
 Nor blanched was his cheek nor limbs trembling weak—
 As its threshold triumphant he clears;
 Nor followed his route with wild battle shout;
 Neither cavalry charge, shot nor shell.
 But a crimson nosed bar tender fiercely looked out,
 And told him to go to h—ll!
 Now this detail of one had his work well done—
 For after assuaging his thirst—
 He had finished the game by charging the same,
 To the boys of the Twenty-first.
 And again to the spring which did purlingly sing,
 On the backward trail softly went he;
 Nor blanched was his face as he slackened his pace,
 And rapidly bent his knee.

VI.

Then he said as he rose from the bubbling brook:
 "Watther's good in its place I know,
 But whinever I'm dhry, let Dennis come nigh,
 Where the beantiful whisky does flow."
 Yes, 'twas Dennis so grand with a pail in each hand,
 Who had boldly marched through the fort gate;
 Both pails he had filled with "copper distilled,"
 When lo! Howard met him—sad fate!
 "Halt soldier!" he cried, "what's that that you hide,
 So suspiciously forming a lump?
 Set down your two pails and lift your coat tails,
 I'll soon learn the cause of this hump;
 What's this in this bottle I thus gently throttle?"
 "Arrah sor, sure 'tis aisy to see
 It's some leniment I'm takin' to Corporal Fagan
 For he's got a bad sthrain an his knee.

VIII.

Then Howard laughed loud as he poured the stuff out,
 From the bottle upon the dry ground;
 "That's whisky my man for smell it I can,
 And such tricks to detect I am bound;

But still as you're green 'twould be rather mean,
 To punish you for this offense;
 Your buckets resume and return to your room,
 Nor again attempt such a pretense;
 The water I see in your pails—it is free—
 But for liquor I make no excuses;
 What this bottle full cost is now to you lost—
 Though you're saved from vile whisky's abuses;
 From whisky refrain—your pails they contain,
 Nature's beverage for great and for small;
 I advise you my man this to drink when you can"—
 "I will sor!" said Dennis McCall.

IX.

Being thus fully empowered by General Howard,
 Dennis picked up his pails and departed,
 With countenance meek, his tongue in his cheek,
 And general deportment light hearted;
 For both pails were well filled with "Kentucky distilled"—
 Which the general had taken for water—
 While the sneaking black bottle that Howard did throttle,
 Dennis filled at the spring for a starter.
 So bold Dennis McCall outwitting them all—
 From the general down the sentry—
 Did the Twenty-first save from a thirst threatened grave;
 In Fame's book let his deed have fair entry!

X.

Can we tell the delight that reigned that same night,
 Or the honors to Dennis free granted?
 Suffice it to say that from that same day,
 He was favored with whate'er he wanted;
 And that night in Fort Meggs as each man crossed his legs—
 With a "tot" in the pail placed before him—
 While song, story and jest followed hard on each toast—
 As the Twenty-first emptied its jorum—
 It was Dennis forever from twilight till "taps,"
 Till each man rolled to bed rather glorious;
 But the meat in the nut for these Michigan chaps,
 Was that Dennis o'er Howard was victorious.

XI.

Fancy Howard's surprise when he opened his eyes,
 The next morning to learn from his orderly—
 The Twenty-first Michigan last night to a man,
 Had each one been "drunk and disorderly."

THE SHANTY BOY,

How they got at the rum to his mind did not come,
 Nor will it unless through this story—
 Though Howard oft led the same regiment 'tis said—
 To victories covered with glory.
 And around each "camp fire" when the toast rises higher—
 And the deeds of brave men are related—
 Don't fail to recall bold Dennis McCall,
 Or how he shrewd Howard checkmated.
 Does this tale reach the ear of some veteran near,
 Who followed the Twenty-first's flag?
 When Bill McCreery led them on bold and cheery,
 Till their banner was shot to a rag;
 Can that soldier forget brave Dennis the pet,
 Of the regiment—from colonel to drummer—
 Never warrior more true was clad in the blue,
 Than Dennis who seems here a "bummer."

XII.

When in their line of blue the Twenty first true,
 Stonewell Jackson's fierce riders resisted;
 Their flag it was grasped from the dead hand it clasped,
 And was taken ere any had missed it;
 It was then that McCall in sight of them all—
 Charged the cavalry man holding the standard;
 One quick bayonet thrust down he came in the dust,
 And to hades the trooper's soul wandered.
 All that terrible day did the Blue and the Gray,
 Strive fiercely—nor either would weaken,
 Till Dennis rushed out with a wild Irish shout,
 Waving boldly the flag he had taken.
 Ah! the charge they then made swept the rebel brigade,
 And victory was ours clean and clever;
 While the shout from our lines shook the shot shattered pines;
 With "Dennis—bold Dennis forever!"

XIII.

He has passed from our gaze for in the three days,
 Of Fredricksburg's terrible story;
 Poor Dennis he fell—as his comrades tell—
 In the "front" clothed in honor and glory.
 They laid him to rest with the flag on his breast—
 Where the brave heart had ceased its life beating—
 But his memory will live in the tale we here give,
 By each "camp fire" when veterans are meeting;
 Nor yet at their worst class the brave Twenty-first,
 Nay, rather remember their glory;

For their deeds will live long in story and song,
 When Columbia is aged and hoary!
 But your patience I try I can see in your eye,
 That to longer impose would be risky;
 So this pledge let it pass—though in water filled glass—
 Here's to Dennis McCall and his whisky!

By a singular coincidence, I found myself in this same camp when General Grant was buried. Many of the men were soldiers under the departed hero, and I shall long remember the night around the camp fire in that little shanty on Hubbard lake, where the old vets, one after another, told some stirring tale of the "silent man on horse back," who had so oft led them to victory. With these recollections still impressed upon me, I may be pardoned if I here present in verse, a slight tribute to the grand soldier, dedicating the lines to the old veterans he has left behind him.

THE BURIAL OF GRANT.*

In sombre weeds a stricken nation weeps;
 The minute guns sob forth with startling sound,
 The muffled drum in mournful rythm beats;
 The tolling bells take up the funereal round:
 Joining in one united loud lament—
 Heavenward in woe a people's grief is sent!

To-day this nation's heart—as but the heart,
 Of one—sore smitten by a heavy grief—
 Weeps tears of anguish bitter thus to part,
 From him so long our soldier, statesman, chief;
 Who wrote his name 'mid histories of men,
 In Glory's alphabet, with Fame's celestial pen!

Hail to the chief!—whose treasured dust to-day,
 Entombed in every patriot's heart is found—
 Followed by thousands—yonder borne away,
 To rest in honor's consecrated ground;
 Where ages yet unborn our sons shall gathered be,
 To hail the name of GRANT as watchword of the free.

High on Fame's roll 'mid those—a nation's boast—
 Who lived and died to honor Freedom's name;

*This poem first appeared in the *Wolverine Citizen*, of Flint, Mich., where I had the privilege of publishing it August 8th, 1885.

THE SHANTY BOY.

Stands his to-day supreme amid the host,
 Who grace the column of eternal fame,
 On which Columbia—with a tear dimmed gaze,
 Reads the fair record heralding their praise.

Another name is carved on column grand;
 Another stone in Glory's temple fair;
 Another brow flower wreathed by loving hand—
 Of nation loyal—through her people there;
 And o'er that dust to-day—hand grasping hand—
 The Blue and Gray behold as brothers stand!

"Let us have peace!"—he spoke—at his behest,
 The trembling angel poised her fluttering wings,
 And waved them o'er a land in mourning dressed—
 Where fratricidal war in wrath still clings—
 Peace hovered o'er the blood stained fields again,
 And vanquished War fled with his horrid train.

"Give them their horses from each troop or gun;
 They'll want them for spring plowing"—spoke the chief—
 The vanquished home he sent—from victory won—
 Thus pouring balm on captive foemen's grief;
 Is this forgotten?—note his bier to-day,
 On either side marches the Blue and Gray!

In order thus to live eternal—men must die;
 Forth from the tomb the fairest record shines;
 The falling clods that on the coffin lie,
 Give back a rhythm of celestial lines,
 And story of the dead to living tell—
 Where they the sum of life have measured well.

And thus of thee—hero of sword and pen—
 Shall fame impartial loud thy triumphs sound—
 Endorsed by one outspoken, grand Amen!
 Still echoing through all ages shall be found;
 Immortal thus thy name and fame shall be,
 Till time be merged into eternity!

* * * *

To-day around thy bier a nation weeps;
 To-day are honors thine—which had no place,
 Within thy modest brain—that tranquil sleeps,
 Unmindful of the tributes which thee grace—
 Columbia mourns her hero here laid low,
 Whose first surrender was to Death's last blow.

Nor is he dead!—such men as Grant ne'er die—
Death's triumph is o'er men who fail to live—
Who nameless—fameless—pass away and fly—
Into oblivion's shades—nor record give;
Marking their lives with actions good or brave;
Leaving no name immortal o'er the grave.

Not 'mid combating hosts to grandly shine;
Not high in realms of thought to wield the pen;
Not great as statesmen—famed in poet's line—
Or sculptured story—men may live 'mid men,
But as a lover of his fellows—he
Lives first and best who sets the bondsman free!

And this was Grant!—the fairest wreath to day,
Of flower-wove honors resting on his bier—
Is—that this man of unassuming sway,
Loved well his fellow men while with us here;
To-day his soul in yonder bless'd abode,
Has learned this love for man was love for God!

We bid thee no farewell our hero loved—
Ever with us thou art in memory still—
Thy sterling worth to all is fully proved,
Thy life—our lives cojoined—will ever fill!
Sleep sweetly hero! Affection guards thy tomb;
A nation's heart shall ever be thy home!

CHAPTER XX.

THE ROMANCE OF THE FOREST CONTINUED—THE STORY OF AN ELOPEMENT AND WHAT CAME OF IT—THE GERMAN COUNT AND THE SHANTY COOK—HOW A BRAVE GIRL FOLLOWED HER HEART—A REAL ROMANCE OF THREE LANDS.

“Misfortune nursed me as her child,
And loved me fondly, too;
I would have had a broken heart,
Had it not been for you.
Kind words were whispered softly sweet,
But glad I could not be,
Until I found that you had been
A faithful friend to me.

I was fortunate enough in the winter of 1883, to come across a rather startling incident in the Michigan lumber woods, holding within it the true elements of romance. It was a veritable love story from beginning to end, and from the material I gathered, I have produced the following little sketch, dressed up in what may be termed the garments of fiction, founded upon fact. I might however add that all the characters introduced, are taken from life, and that the plot of the story is real. Consequently all I have endeavored to do, is to present it in story form, and have entitled it,

SHE FOLLOWED HER HEART.

It was nine o'clock on New Years eve, 187— in the beautiful city of Toronto, Ont. A sleety storm had left the streets comparatively deserted, and those who braved the blast, did so well

protected by the furs and heavy clothing indigenous to the winter weather of the Dominion.

Gathering her garments around her more closely, as she faced the biting blast, a female figure made its way along one of the most aristocratic thoroughfares of the city, and finally paused before a palatial residence, which was conspicuous for its gloom, where all others, on either side of the street, were ablaze with light, indicative of the holiday season.

After a few moments of hesitancy, she passed into the alley leading to the rear of the mansion, and was lost to sight.

In a spacious apartment, in the same building, containing in one, a library study and sitting room, sat a portly and dignified gentleman of mature years. His surroundings betokened wealth and refinement, but upon an otherwise noble face, indicating strong force of character, rested a cloud of sadness and anxiety.

The table before him was covered with a litter of books and papers, upon which the reflection from the astral lamp, and the smouldering fire in the antique grate, cast a dim light. The old man reclined musingly in a high, leather backed easy chair, bearing upon his countenance the shadow of a great grief, strongly at variance with the festive season.

The door silently opened, and the wanderer of the street entered. Her outer garments had been removed, and the face and figure of the girl were strikingly beautiful. A glance at the two occupants of the room, would suffice to show the relationship existing between them to be that of father and daughter. Her entrance had been so silent and unobtrusive that the gentleman was not aware of her presence, till gliding swiftly to his side, the girl knelt, and in a broken voice murmured:

"Father, I have come to beg for your forgiveness."

Starting back in amaze he turned his eyes upon the kneeling suppliant, and the hard lines upon his still handsome face grew harder. His lips were firmly compressed and a cold, stony glare from his eyes rested upon her.

"What! You here? You have dared to—"

"Father forgive me, as you would hope to be yourself forgiven," and the delicate hands—where shone a plain circlet of gold—were clasped in supplication, while the great round tears chased each other down her cheeks.

The old man arose to his feet, and with hands repellingly outstretched and averted face replied:

"No! Emphatically no! You have severed every tie binding you to me as a daughter, so begone from my sight!"

"But dear father—"

"No more! You have chosen your path in life, and your headstrong folly has marked out your future. You have made a bed of thorns, therefore lie down upon it, you who once were the idol of my heart."

"Spare me father! See I kneel to you and plead the love of a father for his child."

"Mention it not! You have desecrated the holy sentiment of filial love, you ingrate! Hence! ere I so far forget myself as to spurn you with my foot!"

"O father have some mercy!" and the girl fell groveling at his feet.

"You plead in vain Lillian. God knows the intensity of fatherly love with which I once loved you, but you have framed the life out of that holy feeling, and like an adder you have turned and stung me."

"'Tis not so father, for I have never ceased to love you."

"Love me? Do not profane the term! Behold the fruit of your love! Your mother in yonder room, lies prostrated with broken hearted grief. In me you see a dishonored father, whose soul you have filled with bitter hatred toward his child—once enshrined as his idol. May you yet drink deep of the same cup of bitterness you have pressed to our lips!"

"O, father curse me not! My only crime is that I have but followed the promptings of my heart, in marrying the man I love."

"Love? Do not again insult the name of an holy sentiment by associating it with the impulse of a lewd passion. You, the petted child of luxury, to willfully cast yourself away upon

a wretched German adventurer, and call it love? Truly such love were sublime, that found its affinity in a saloon waiter—a scum—a refugee from some Dutch beer garden—a—”

“Hold sir!”—and the girl sprang to her feet, with the fire of indignation shining through the misty veil of her tears, “you may heap insult and degradation upon me, your child, but on my husband, never!”

“Your impudent boldness, Lillian, is only on a par with the fact of your brazen presence in this home you have destroyed. Depart, before I call the servants to ignominiously thrust you into the street—where you more properly belong than here. Begone!”

“May I not see my mother, sir?”

“No! Your presence would but add poignancy to the cruel torture you have entailed upon her, by your unfilial disobedience. She views your conduct, with me, as beyond all pardon. Therefore begone to your beggar husband, if he indeed be such in the eyes of the law, and starve with him, till I beg you again to enter these doors. Go!” and the long, white finger of the obdurate father pointed to the door.

“I leave you father, and God helping me, I shall never again look upon your face, as a suppliant. May God in his reckoning with you, show more mercy than you have bestowed upon me, this bitter New Year’s eve. Farewell!” And she turned from her father and passed out into the storm and darkness.

The scene, as above briefly outlined, will serve to introduce to the reader two of the principal actors in the sketch of life, we are delineating. The Hon. George W——, was one of the retired merchant princes of the Dominion. He had also filled high political positions of trust with honor. With social place and financial prosperity, had grown those peculiar aristocratic ideas of rank so prevalent in the land over the border, and which is but a borrowed reflex of English station and caste, which we over here are also fondly anxious to simulate and adopt.

Lillian, his daughter and only child, was a beautiful girl, in that rare and exquisite style of beauty which makes the Cana-

dian girl of education and refinement, such a choice gem of female loveliness. Added to her personal charms of superlative beauty of person, were the gifts and graces of education, serving to make her the petted idol, not only of a doting father and mother, but also of a select coterie of exclusive people, where wealth held the key to the golden portals.

And yet beneath that zone of costly silk and velvet, beat a heart, a true woman heart, as susceptible to the dart of the blind god Cupid, as was ever that of the humblest spinning maiden who at her wheel cooed her love song.

The previous summer Lillian had met her fate! It is not the intention of this sketch to do aught to encourage disobedience to parents, or to magnify foolish actions into romantic virtues, but rather to show that true love is a great leveler, and that its possessor will make any sacrifice, for the one beloved.

Strange as it may sound, the fate that met Lillian W—— came in the form of a young German employe, in a fashionable restaurant. It was a case of mutual love at first sight, and although all her pride of position and class distinction within her arose in arms and fought fiercely against such a humiliating surrender, still the woman's heart triumphed over all social distinctions. How this condition of things was conveyed to the young man, who modestly waited upon her with ices and sherbet, during the "heated season"—in which in place of summering at Burlington or Niagara-on-the-Lake, Lillian had remained at home—would be difficult to tell, but such nevertheless was the case, and the fair haired and humble stranger from the Rhine, was a success, where many others of "high degree" had failed. Despairing of the approbation of her parents, Lillian, in an ill advised moment, permitted her heart to overcome her head, and an elopement was the result, accompanied of course with the usual consequences of such unwise action, viz.: being forbidden entrance to her parent's house, in short, in being entirely cast off and disowned, at least by her father. Her mother, a warm, loving, affectionate woman, was in this case helpless. Naturally of a

delicate constitution, the shock of Lillian's folly came with such crushing force upon the mother, as to place her at death's door, where she hung hovering, and would not be comforted because her loved child was not.

The conclusion of a few weeks of passionate love, following upon her ill advised marriage, served to bring Lillian to her senses. Not because her affection for her husband, Emil Bruske, was less, but on the contrary, she had realized the fact, that in the humble waiter she had loved well enough to sacrifice home and friends for, she found, not only her equal socially, but in many things her superior. He was a man of education, a fine linguist, a magnificent musician, and no despicable artist. His story told her—after the marriage and not before—was indeed a surprise. He was the only heir to a German Countship, representing one of the oldest families in the rich Rhine valley. Upon the close of his last year in the university at Bonn, he had become entangled in a foolish students' conspiracy, which had forced him to leave the country, with an attender and large reward attached to his person. Fear of the British influence in Canada, had forced him to assume a fictitious name, and want of funds, an occupation, where he met with Lillian. His final purpose was to go to the United States, where he thought to find friends, but as his crime—that of slaying an official in the riot, which had followed upon the discovery of the conspiracy—was an extraditable one, he still kept up his fictitious character.

When Lillian learned all this, and that she was in fact the Countess von Bruske, she endeavored to convey the information by letter to her parents, but her letters remained unanswered, or were returned to her unopened. Finally, she determined upon a personal interview with her father as above related, and with what result the reader knows. When she went out into the darkness of that New Years eve, she went out into the obscurity of a new life, never before dreamed of, and into the ranks of the toiling masses of the work world, where she and the man of her choice had sought to hide themselves from the knowledge of the world.

And so four years passed away, since that wild, stormy night, when the discarded daughter was turned out into the darkness and storm of the street. She was neither sought after, nor did she seek. She simply was dropped out of the list of actors upon the exclusive stage of life she had previously adorned.

In the palatial mansion of the Hon. George W——, sorrow had found a permanent abiding place. In a sumptuous bed chamber, a dying woman lay. The lace edged pillows upon which she rested, were not whiter than her face, and on which her abundant hair floated, streaked deeply with gray. The hour of her departure from the sorrows of this weary world seemed to be fast approaching.

By her side sat her husband.

It was the father and mother of the discarded daughter, aged and lonely. The loved child, the light of their heart was gone.

"George dear, I shall soon leave you. I am dying husband."

"Annie, my darling wife, do not say so! You are all that is left me in the world."

"I cannot stay my husband, my heart is broken for my child. She was my all in the world save you! O Lillie, Lillie!" And the dying woman turned her face to the wall and bitterly wept.

With no outward indication of feeling, the man of iron nerve and despotic will, sat with folded arms, and gazed upon his dying wife.

The apartment exhibited every semblance of luxury, and wealth presented itself in every feature of the surroundings. But the skeleton of sorrow was there, and the vulture of remorse was gnawing at his heartstrings.

Four years had passed since that father had said to a weeping child, "Go!" With her going had gone out the lamp of his joy and delight. Now he was brought face to face with the consequences of his imperious pride. The last ray of his sunshine was about to be quenched in the darkness of death, and the loved wife of his youth was to leave him.

He knew full well the disease that was severing the cords binding his heart to hers, and the cry of this weeping Rachel for her absent child pierced his inmost soul.

Hitherto all pleading had been in vain. The very name of the disobedient child was forbidden in the house, and at last the mother, who yearned in hopeless silence, with a mother's love, for her lost one had lain down to die.

"Annie, my wife, I yield! Lillian shall be found and restored to you, if money and skill can find her. I will join in the search myself, and I but ask that you will try to live for my sake, and God helping me she shall be restored to you."

The weeping woman, with a glad cry, turned and threw herself into her husband's arms, and in one moment two long separated souls were once more united.

"George, give me back my child and I shall bless you as long as we both shall live."

"I will my wife. From this moment she is freely forgiven. God grant it be not too late!"

And he kept his word. Every possible effort was put forth to obtain a knowledge of the whereabouts of the fugitives. The press of the states and Canada, was enlisted to its utmost. Detectives of known ability, were placed upon the trail. The past record of the young German was traced back, and followed up, till it ended with a grand estate and a widowed mother on the Rhine, who was also mourning the loss of her beautiful boy.

And thus two more years passed away in fruitless search, and still no knowledge was had of the wanderers, save that they had been traced to the Saginaw valley and there lost sight of.

Hope—that springs eternal in the human breast—had served to strengthen and sustain two weeping mothers, strangers to each other, but made one by the sisterhood of sorrow, in a common bereavement.

* * * * *

But bless me dear reader, when I started in to tell you this little story, I fully intended to write a "camp sketch." In

place of doing so, here have I been dragging you all over Canada, over the sea and through America, hunting after a runaway couple. Let us quit all this nonsense right here, and get back into the lumber woods of Michigan.

One of the best conducted camps is—or was—located upon the Rifle river, about fourteen miles from where the Michigan Central railroad junction, known as Alger, is placed. This camp of 150 men, was at the time we write, operated by a wealthy firm of Detroit business men, well known to a majority of the readers of this sketch. The special features of this camp were good food, good beds, cleanliness and order. The large gang of men were not overly worked, and were well fed and taken care of, so that it was simply wonderful the amount of work Peter McDonald, the “push,” managed to get out of his crew, without any apparent effort.

The cook camp was the strong feature of the plant, being in charge of a young man and his wife, who seemed to thoroughly understand their profession. Business frequently brought the writer to this locality, and always with a feeling of thankfulness, for he knew he would be well taken care of, while in McDonald’s camp. Especially was the attraction strong, in the sweet little girl and boy; the children of the cook and his wife—who were known in camp by the name of Godfrey. They were a strange couple, and it was some time before I succeeded in getting inside the little circle of exclusiveness surrounding them. Finally, I did so, largely through my kindness to the children, in bringing them books and candy, when I knew I was to visit their camp. The man and woman were young people, and while always plainly dressed, were invariably neat and tidy in the persons of themselves and children. The wife was a very handsome woman, and the man a good specimen of a woods cook, while the children—growing up like wild flowers in the woods—were perfect pictures of beautiful childhood, and were being well instructed by their mother.

Their apartments in the cook camp, were partitioned off from the rest of the building, and when I was finally permitted

to enter its sacred precincts, I was astonished to behold a perfect little palace. Not such with luxurious furniture, but with cut paper, common pictures, a little cabinet organ, a guitar, violin, and chintz curtains neatly made, all so tastefully arranged as to impart an air of actual luxury to the little room. Having been over all Canada, and well acquainted with a number of people, I found myself made more than welcome, in my being able to impart to Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey considerable intelligence about Dominion affairs—for I had soon learned the cook's wife was a Canadian, which accounted for the interest she took in that country. They were a strange couple I again repeat, having no association whatever with the men in camp, save in the providing the best prepared meals I ever saw put on a table in the woods. The woman never appeared at meal times, and the tables were served by Godfrey, and the chore boys.

It was in the November of 1883, when the approach of "Thanksgiving" was universally hailed with pleasure by every one. Even the men in the woods were expecting something extra good on that special occasion.

I happened to be in McDonald's camp on the day previous to this "Thanksgiving" in question. After the breakfast dishes had been committed to the care of the chore boys, Godfrey remarked to his wife:

"As to-morrow is Thanksgiving dear, I think I will try and find some 'wild mutton' for the boys, and perhaps a turkey or two. I will be back long before dinner, and the boys will attend to all that is necessary."

"Very well love. Take care of yourself, and don't be long away."

It was refreshing the affection these two people had for each other, and which breathed in every word and action.

I was playing with the little boy and girl in front of the cook camp, and trying to persuade myself that my business imperatively demanded that I should remain in this camp for at least one day longer.

The sound of wheels approaching arrested my attention.

The men were all at work in the woods, and the camp was nearly deserted, save for the mechanics at work in the blacksmith and tinker shops.

The carriage—for such it proved to be—came rapidly driving along the “tote road,” and on closer inspection was found to contain but the driver, and a portly old gentleman muffled in furs, and whom I at first took to be the owner of the camp, in from Detroit.

The sound of the approaching wheels had arrested the attention of the stragglers about camp, and among the rest the wife of the cook, the mother of the two beautiful children I was amusing myself with.

A loud shriek from the woman, fell upon my ear as the carriage drove up, and with an agile bound the old gentleman alighted, and in a moment caught the fainting woman in his arms, exclaiming:

“Lillian my darling child, I have at last found you. Thanks be to the good God!”

“Father, O father! Thank God!” And they were fast clasped in each other’s arms. Before my dazed surprise had time to resolve itself into proper form, the cook, with a couple of fat turkeys over his shoulder appeared upon the scene.

“Father my husband! Emil dear, my father!”

“My son, give me your hand! All is forgiven, and now thank God I can return to the mourning one, and tell her the dead is alive, the lost found.

“And these two dear little ones are yours, Lillian? I need not ask, for they are miniatures of yourself, and I shall have four to take home with me. Truly I am rewarded for all the hopeless search of these years.” And the old man gathered the little ones in his arms.

“But father, how did you ever find us out in these woods?”

“No thanks to you, Lillian,” he laughingly replied. “But I remember how we parted dear, and so I beg my children to return home with me, forgiving and being forgiven.”

“Father, my mother still lives?”

“Yes, my child, and will recover all her health and happiness

when you are restored to her. Now how many minutes will it take you to pack?"

"Not long father, but much as I am anxious to go, we must wait till to-morrow, and close our woods life on Thanksgiving day."

The following day was "Thanksgiving," in more senses than one. The foreman gave the men a full holiday, and several of them came into the cook camp, and helped to get up a dinner the like of which had never before been seen in camp. The evening concluded with a "stag dance," and general jollification, while the guests of the camp were the cook, his wife, her father and the writer.

It is useless here telling all the ways in which the lost ones were traced, from place to place, by the earnest seeking father. Suffice it to say it was his to at last find and take his daughter to his arms, and shortly after to gather them all in the home so long desolate.

The sequel to the above sketch may be briefly related as follows: In an old German mansion on the shore of the Rhine, might soon after have been seen two aged ladies, seated on either side of a fair young matron, while beautiful children gambol in joy through the flower filled garden. It is the Countess von Bruske, her mother and mother-in-law. Arm in arm, an elderly and a young gentleman are walking and talking, each in the other pleased and content. The government attender upon Count von Bruske, had been removed, and restored to his home, mother and position in society, where he properly belongs, his American experience as cook in a lumber camp does him much good. This he is telling the father of his wife, and the result is found in the good he and his beautiful American wife are enabled to accomplish among the poor and needy dependent upon them.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUNDAY IN CAMP—HOW THE DAY OF REST IS PASSED—THE SHANTY BOY
IN HIS OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH—A WORD FOR THE RICH LUM-
BERMAN—BOYS BE GOOD TO YOURSELVES—A CAMP LECTURE.

“Of all the days within the week,
I dearly love hut one day;
And that’s the day that comes between,
Saturday and Monday.”

Our various presentations of “shanty boy” life in these pages, would lack some proper coloring were we to omit a short description of “Sunday in camp.” If the workingman’s day of rest is of special value anywhere, it is certainly so in a lumber camp, both to man and beast. I know two solitary jobbers in the woods, who hold in such strict observance the sanctity of Sunday in their camp, that they will not allow a stroke of work to be done that can possibly be avoided. Still, such is the lonely exception, and so far as I know, Sunday is generally a day of general camp fitting and repairing. The blacksmith and “tinker” are usually busy most of the day. The “hoss doctor” takes Sunday to look after the equine stock, and see what horses are fit for use. The foreman usually finds Sunday his busiest day, as he has a hundred and one things to look after, and especially in the way of supplies for the cook camp and barn, while on that day the scaler foots up the tally and van books. Still, very much of the day is used for rest. The horn for breakfast is an hour later in blowing, and if the cook be a man who seeks to “stand in with the boys,” he will make some extra provision for Sunday’s dinner. In

the "bunk camp" a general cleaning up takes place. Where there is no woman to do the men's washing, Sunday is "wash day," and boilers, "cooking" the crop on the underclothing, are seen in all directions, inside and out of camp. The men not thus engaged are seen in dishabille, with the ever present tobacco pipe. The trade in the "van" is very brisk, after breakfast time especially, and as a general thing prices in the woods, for things the men require, are but a trifle more than the same can be bought for outside. The various nationalities represented in the camp, gather into little groups, and hold their gossip with each other in their mother tongues. Those who can read are stretched in their bunks with a rather ancient newspaper or a dime novel. Those who cannot read are frequently at a loss for subjects for conversation, for there is an awful sameness in the woods.

I listened to a short dialogue one Sunday between two old chums from the "owld dart" who were sitting smoking.

"Oim sayin' Martin!"

"Phwat?"

"There's foine petaties in New Yark."

"So oim towld."

They then sat and smoked in perfect silence full ten minutes.

Take still another pair discussing the late war struggle in Egypt.

"I'm axin' ye Tim, phwat the divil will they do at all at all wid that black nagur, Arraby Pasha? Shure them d—d British can never conquer him, I dun know?"

"Faix den, O'Farrell, I do be knowin' two lads in the place I kem from, cud soon get away wid him."

"Blud'anowns, an' who war they den?"

"It war jest arrah Bejabers an' arrah Begob!"

"Oh, go til blazes wid ye! Gim me a match."

If there is a place near camp where liquor can be had—and there usually is, together with the other kindred vice—even if it be a tramp of ten miles to it, a gang after breakfast will start away to "take it in." Still, in thus slightly referring to the evil of

intemperance and prostitution again, I must say that these "dives" are kept at as great a distance from camp as possible, and the "outrages" referred to in another chapter, are all the outcome of foolish exaggeration. Just take the fact into consideration that the pine woods are owned by decent, respectable citizens. The lumber is made under the supervision of foremen and scalers who are decent and respectable. The shanty boys are not brutes, and consequently such outrages could not exist as stockades, blood-hounds, and female abuse such as is charged. Such an institution could not live an hour. God knows plenty of evil exists in both town and country which needs suppression, but this magnifying an evil into the distorted proportions it has been by people who have a zeal, but not according to knowledge, is a crying insult and disgrace to state and people alike. Drunkenness and kindred evils exist, and do exist in all lumbering localities, but it is voluntary on the part of the men and women engaged therein.

The Sunday visit to a neighboring camp is another break in the monotony of shanty life, and interchange of visits between the men is a well established recreation. As a general thing, the camps are well provisioned, for the owners have long ago realized that the better they keep their men, the better the work will be done. The men who are the kindest and most considerate to their employes, are the men who represent what are termed the "Lumber Barons." I am personally acquainted with most of these gentlemen—at least those in Michigan—and feel disposed right here to take a portion of this Sunday chapter in speaking a good word for this much abused class, and would ask, is it a crime to get rich? If a man happens to be gifted with brains, by which he can aspire to the generalship of trade, and the combinations he makes upon the commercial chess board, eventuate in a check-mate to the king of "bad luck," is he of necessity a criminal? It is high time this red handed spirit of anarchial nonsense was relegated to the chaos from which it emanated, and that men rich in worldly wealth had fair play, and proper appreciation in the discussion of this great problem of riches vs. pov-

erty. It is a startling fact that few, if any, advocates are found for the wealthy. The pulpit has its text of "how hardly can a rich man," etc. The press either maintains a significant silence, or damns the wealthy with faint praise. The "stump" or rostrum resounds with invective and misconstruction regarding the motives of the "rich man." If he does a good deed it is attributed to a sinister motive. If the successful business man seeks to gratify a natural and laudable ambition, by invoking political preferment, he is at once robbed of all necessary requisites for power and place save the "bar'l." In short, his every action is misconstrued and maligned, simply because he is a "rich man." It would seem to be impossible to convince the world that ever since man began to make history, two-thirds of the race have lived between the hand and the mouth, and that it will always remain so is established by the well-known words of one who left on record the fact, "the poor ye have always with you." What would the world do without the rich? Even in the very idiosyncrasies of their boundless wealth, they are the alms-givers to the masses. Their follies find work, food and clothing for the masses, and their separation from the work-a-day world of toil, serves but to make a place for another. The spirit of envy clothes itself in the garments of reform, and blares its trumpet against the "rich man," while, as an echo to every blast the world shouts, amen!

If there is a thing the "rich man" does, which can be twisted and distorted into a matter of oppression or tyranny, it is howled from Dan to Beersheba; but his good deeds are mentioned no louder than the squeal of a mouse. We are frequently led to forget that the age of feudalism has passed away. If the "rich man" sins against law and order to-day, he has to take the consequences the same as the poor man, with but the possible difference that his lawyers are a little better remunerated for trying to save him. I would not insist that such is invariably the case, but a glance at Sing Sing, Joliet, Jackson, or any of the great prisons of our land, will show the "rich man" gone wrong tolerably well represented in the "stripes."

But this line of argument was not what this chapter started in to discuss. It is not the evil, but rather the good, in the character of such that should grace this page, as showing what "rich men" have done or are doing for our land to-day. And, in commenting upon this subject, no better class of "rich men" can be selected, as exemplars in doing good, than the much-abused "lumber barons" and "pine kings" of this country. Let us see what some of this class have done in the several communities where their riches were gathered.

Jesse Hoyt, late of New York, made one of the handsomest cities in Michigan—East Saginaw—out of a miserable swamp, the whole of which could have once been bought for fifty dollars. He has bestowed upon it a fine park, a library, and library building and site that will be the pride and ornament of northern Michigan. This was entirely a spontaneous act on the part of the late Mr. Hoyt, and not the result of political or business pressure.

Charles H. Hackley, a rich lumberman of Muskegon, has donated \$100,000 for a free public library in that city, where the firm of Hackley & Hume gathered their wealth.

Henry W. Sage—a New York state man—has presented West Bay City with a handsome gift of a public library.

Russell A. Alger, ex-governor of Michigan, is noted far and wide for his beautiful and appropriate gifts of charity. A short time ago a widow in Alpena brought action against the railroad company, of which Gen. Alger is president, for the destruction of her little home by sparks from a locomotive, laying damages at \$150. Gen. Alger wrote to the widow a letter, enclosing a check for \$200, and expressing the hope that she might win her suit against the company. His daily life is filled in with glittering gems of such deeds, which will serve to open up the "needle's eye" for the soul of Alger, just exactly the width of the wide open pearly gates.

And thus we might dwell on features showing that hewing fortunes out of pine does not necessitate the closing up of the ducts through which pour the milk of human kindness in the heart of the "lumber baron." Few, if any, of this class in

Michigan or Wisconsin, but who have built up a local reputation for unostentatious acts of kindness, which seem to say to the critical angel who records the actions of the good :

“Write me, I pray thee then,
As one who loves his fellow men.”

Let justice prevail though the heavens fall, when the discussion turns upon the character of the “rich man.”

After dinner in camp on Sunday is usually the time when the real rest of the day takes place. The “jobbing” and washing is over. The men, with clean clothes on, are resting in their bunks. The teamster has finished repairing his harness, and the “chore boy” has brought in the daily supply of wood. The mending, darning, grinding, cobbling and whittling are through with, and nothing now remains but to rest up until the horn goes for supper.

But the shanty door opens and in walks an hospital agent. Then all is life and activity. He is usually looked upon as a “ministering angel,” although sometimes a “fallen” one. If he can “talk,” he gives the men a “camp lecture” of a practical character, and if he is newly in from the “front” he has all the late gossip to impart. Usually the agent visits from three to four camps on Sunday and it is his busiest day, and worth all the rest of the week’s business, as the men have more time to be interviewed. Of late years, every description of peddling has been transacted in camp. Jewelry, clothing, boots, medicines, books, etc., till at last it has grown to such proportions that employers have instructed their foremen to refuse admission to all, save hospital agents.

The Sunday afternoon lecture in camp is a great institution, and I believe I was among the first to introduce this feature in camp life. As an illustration it may not be out of place here to give the heads of one of these “camp talks,” that I found to be very popular with the men. The subject is:

BOYS BE GOOD TO YOURSELVES.

FIRST—The man is not good to himself who does not save his money!

- (a) You have come out here to make a stake.
- (b) Your dollar is a hard earned one.
- (c) There is a home for you if you save your money.
- (d) Some sweet little woman is waiting for you.
- (e) Some others—male and female—are also waiting.
- (f) Who will get your "stake" in the spring?
- (g) Will you give your hard earned money to those who toil not neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them? Or will you save it until you can sing:

"A house well filled,
 A wife well willed,
 A farm well tilled,
 Is mine!"

SECOND—A man is not good to himself who does not take care of his health.

- (a) Health is strength, strength is work, work is money, money is a home for the shanty boy.
- (b) Days' work are the "dollars of the daddies."
- (c) The healthy man is full of days work, and a winter's labor is a silver mine inside the shanty boy.
- (d) Take care of your health and the dollars will take care of themselves.

Finally brethren:

First—Don't blow in a dollar when you go out next spring.

Second—Stay right here in camp, and don't spend precious time hunting round for a dollar more a month. A setting hen gathers no moss, and a rolling stone never gets fat. Selah!

Third—Put your winter's "stake" in the bank, and then go to work again earning more.

Six years of honest labor in Michigan will give the saving shanty boy a home. No collection.

Responses from the audience :

"Good haul!"

"Your happy right, chummy!"

"Well ye said it, ol' man!"

"That's my lay out an' don't ye forget it!"

"Well done ol' boy, gim me a ticket."

CHAPTER XXII.

LUMBERING TOWNS AND THEIR TEMPTATIONS—THE SHANTY BOY IN TOWN
—BAY CITY IN 1870—THE "CATACOMBS"—THE MORAL ASPECT OF SAME
DESCRIBED—"DIVES"—"PRETTY WAITER GIRLS"—DEPRAVED CONDI-
TION OF SAGINAW VALLEY TOWNS—THE "RED RIBBON" CRUSADE
—REFORMATION BY IT PRODUCED—THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THEN
AND NOW.

"We fought—we drank!
We danced and drank and fought and drank!
We fought—and drank!
Bold shanty boys were we!"

These pages would be very incomplete were they to close without some brief reference to the moral aspect of society in the lumbering towns of the Saginaw valley during the period included, from 1868 to 1875. It would only be foolishness to strive to ignore the fact that this period was characterized by a very sad condition of moral perception on the part of the large majority of men engaged in the lumber business, either as workingmen or employers. At the conclusion of '75 however, this same class of men, banded themselves together against a common foe, and for the suppression of an evil, which was fast converting the working world of Northwestern Michigan, into a mass of frenzied inebriates, and harlots of the vilest character. Previous to entering more fully upon this portion of our task, it would be well to give a brief description of one of the Saginaw river towns, taking Bay City as a sample, presuming that all lumbering towns are of a like character, and having to pass through a chaotic condition, in

which laxity and looseness among nearly all classes is the rule.

In the years prior to the panic of 1873, wages for men in the woods, were high, being from \$35 to \$45 per month, where at this writing—1888—they are from \$20 to \$25. The consequence of this invariably was, that when the camps broke up in the spring, the men had each from two to four hundred dollars of a "stake," the major part of which was usually spent in the river towns, in profligacy and intemperance. The fact of there being such a demand for the gratification of the baser human passions, naturally created facilities for supplying the same, to such an extent that whole blocks in both Bay City and the Saginaws, were occupied alone by grog shops and brothels. While at that time there was a constitutional law, prohibiting the sale of intoxicants in Michigan, it had become a dead letter upon the statute books, and any and every one who wished could and did sell liquor. Of course, where public opinion was morally strong enough to sustain the law, the liquor traffic was carried on surreptitiously, but in lumbering towns the repression of liquor selling was totally impracticable. The result was, as might be supposed, a thorough disregard for all law bearing upon the traffic, and drunkenness, each spring and fall, took for a time, full possession of all places where men gathered for or from the woods. Of necessity these "brothels" and "dives" were located as far from the respectable portions of the towns as possible, although gradually encroaching upon the best business blocks. Bay City had her Water street, and the well known "Catacombs" at Third street bridge, but in East Saginaw the "social evil" had "pitted" the whole city, as though with a moral small-pox, so that hardly a street was free from representative houses of either intemperance or licentiousness. The "Catacombs" at Bay City will be well remembered by many who read this chapter, although its glory has long since departed. This was probably one of the hardest spots in the way of a crime center in all Michigan, and had an unenviable reputation, rivaling that of the worst portions of the "Five Points" of either New

York or Buffalo. The building known as the "Catacombs," was three stories in height, on the right hand side of Third street bridge, located directly where the lake steamers landed. It took its name from the basement of the building being composed of a number of dark apartments, abutting upon the street above. Here were found every facility for drunkenness, debauchery and gambling, all or singly, associated with deeds of robbery and even murder. Here, in the darkness made visible by the flare and glare of dirty lamps, day and night alike, were found congregated the lowest and most degraded of both sexes. Here the most horrible and obscene orgies were carried on with perfect impunity—for woe to the officer who alone would attempt a "raid" upon the "Catacombs," it was virtually as much as his life was worth. The second story of the building was occupied by saloons, a trifle more respectable than that in the pit beneath. It fronted upon Water street, and carried an air of outside decency. But within the vileness was simply unspeakable! Here every convenience was afforded for fleecing the shanty boy, with liquors of every description, from the best Hennessey brandy to the fatal black bottle, drugged for the final drink, to be given the poor fool who would then be thrown upon the street penniless. "Pretty waiter girls" were in attendance, every one of whom was a prostitute of the most depraved and unscrupulous class, with her apartments in the same building, where her fascinated dupe would soon unload his winter's "stake." In the third story was a variety theatre, where the plays presented were of the character suited to the vilest and most depraved taste, and the "wine room" attached to it was the receptacle of rotten moral corruption, impossible to even here hint at. Here the men from the woods passed a few days of wild debauch. It only required a part of a week to "clean out" the "biggest stake" that struck the town, for these blood suckers, male and female, made but short work with the shanty boy. I cannot tell who first started the "Catacombs," but in '69 they were in full blast. The several proprietors up to '75, were, as near as I can rememb'r, Bill Fuller, Joe Sutherland, Dan Brown,

and "Scotty." Of these Sutherland became rich, but finally died in the poor house. The fate of the others I know nothing about. One very pretty girl by the name of Polly Dickson, was a great drawing card in this "den," as a "waiter girl." She died a wreck lately, of typhoid fever. Accordingly, this place was the head center of sin in Bay City, yes and sinners—else than shanty boys—were nightly found there. Men, moving in what was termed the better classes of society, could be found, night after night, in the "varieties" of the "catacombs." Each kept the other's counsel, and laughed and winked and drank together, over the memories of the previous night's orgies. Nearly every one drank in those days, and the moral tone of society in the cities of the Saginaw valley, was frozen down low in the bulb. Within a radius of 300 feet from the "Catacombs" could be counted forty saloons of the lowest character, with from three to ten "pretty waiter girls" in each, and of which the "den" we are describing, known as the "Catacombs," constituted the "hub." The horrors and atrocities nightly chronicled from this pit of iniquity, were of such an astounding nature that the good men and women of Bay City, were simply paralyzed, and rendered perfectly helpless to stem the torrent of wickedness. Business men looked on and laughed, where they did not take part in the "saturnalia" nightly enacted. The police felt it to be the better part of valor to wink at the crime perpetrated under their very noses. The elections of the city were largely governed by this "Catacombs" influence, and the tools of vileness and unblushing crime, were placed in positions of power and trust in city and county. The chief of police was hand and glove with the miscreants, and the poor victim of outrage and robbery, had no redress whatever. It may be here stated that this same official is now serving a long sentence in state prison for robbery.

This then, briefly outlined, was the condition of things at the time we mention, and the damning influence thus exerted, was felt, more or less, in every shanty camp in Michigan. Even the deluded victims of this terrible den of thieves, could sit in

the "bunk camp" after a hard day's work, and wish for spring, to come, so that they could renew the scenes from which they had barely escaped with life. When the "break up" of camp came, they with a thousand others, well stocked with money, filled the cars with a drunken, crazy mass of newly liberated humanity. In those days it was a serious thing to be a passenger on a train north to Bay City. It was a common occurrence to stand a man on his head in the car, and shake all he had in his pockets on the floor, or where he refused to drink, to hold his mouth open and pour the liquor down his throat. The conductor of such a train had to be a man of nerve, and the brakeman one of watchful, courageous care, as these boys would rather fight than eat, and "horse play" was the rule. By the time Bay City would be reached, most of the crowd would be helplessly drunk, and there were always "runners" waiting for any such, and the "shanty boy" would be trundled off to the low boarding house "groggery," where he was permitted to sober up just enough to start in again. Usually a week would use up a hundred dollars, and frequently in much less time, the boy and his winter stake was parted. I do not wish to imply that this state of affairs was usually the case, but any one cognizant of the above facts will bear me out when I say that I have not here exaggerated in the least. I repeat the assertion that everybody seemed in those days to drink. Saloons and "cribs" stood for blocks, side by side, on the principle business streets, and Bay City and East Saginaw had between them 1,400 prostitutes.

It was time that a reformatory wave should sweep over these places, to wash away the accumulation of vileness, which fattened upon the festering body of human life in every degree and phase. And at last it came! The "red ribbon" crusade was at home when it struck the Saginaw valley. Men of every class of society, who had been bitten by intemperance, saw in the "dare to do right" watchword, a direct appeal to their slumbering manhood. When the awakening did come, it came with a rush and a persistency that would take no denial. It was a direct move of the masses, and had it been left alone

when it was in full bloom, the future fruit would have been much better. Well meaning people claimed to see in the movement a religious awakening, and strove to turn its reformatory character into the avenues of the church. In this a great and fatal mistake was made. The movement was purely of a mental and moral character, in the man himself rising superior to a degrading habit. It was the power of manhood fighting a personal foe, and resting content with the immediate victory gained over appetite and desire. Had it been left at this point to take care of itself, the country would still have had its "red ribbon" clubs. But they have melted away before the effort so persistently and indiscreetly made to turn them into "revival meetings." But possibly this is an uncalled for digression, and certainly is only the opinion of one, who had some active part in that great reformation. Still the reasons for the rapid declension and final demise of the "red ribbon" movement can be easily understood.

But while this work continued, great good was accomplished. The men who were gathered from the very jaws of death, became instrumental in the saving of others, and the leaders were those, long given up by their friends as forever lost. The revolution—for such it was—in Bay City, swept over the place with a force irresistible. Churches and their occupants stood astonished and at first gave but little countenance to the movement. Soon however, they too were swept into the rushing torrent, and found a substantial reformation in all the strength of its manhood, although but a few months old. No building could contain the audiences that came to hear men unlearned and illiterate, tell the awful story of their degradation and subsequent rescue, in language at once eloquent and convincing. Thousands put on the "red ribbon." Clubs were formed, and nightly meetings held in churches and theatres. Reformed men went from place to place, telling their story, and urging their hearers to "dare to do right." Saloons were deserted, and the former frequenters of the same, were found in the club rooms, "clothed and in their right minds."

Among the multitude brought to benefit by the movement,

were very many men from the woods. Hundreds of the shanty boys donned the "red ribbon," a majority of whom have kept their pledge inviolate. The "Catacombs" felt the spell, and stood astonished to see the boys of the "red sashed brigade" march soberly by the well known doors, and enter the club room, only a half a block distant, to listen to and tell their struggles to overcome their desire for rum. Never before was there such a blending of the sublime and the ridiculous, as was beheld in these club meetings. Laughter and tears stood hand in hand together! Tragedy and comedy united to tell the story of this moral redemption! Voices joined in singing Moody and Sankey's songs—voices that had never before been used, save in the profane and the lewd, so far as song went. It was certainly a wonderful work, that inaugurated by Dr. Reynolds and continued by his disciples. The lawyer, doctor, merchant, judge, clerk, mechanic and laborer, all joined hands together against a common foe. Press and pulpit united in words of advice and encouragement for the lately rescued. Good men and women, who had never in their lives been habituated to liquor, put on the "red ribbon," and took the reformed man by the hand as a brother.

Of course, the whole revolution was filled with excitement from beginning to end. So are all the movements of the masses, for either good or evil. But there was also an enthusiasm about it, that was contagious, and served not only to fire endeavor, but also to cement the masses of the people more firmly together. The "Washingtonian" reformation of 1845, was in some features similar to that of the "red ribbon," but the beneficial results of the latter have proven more lasting. It has died out, so far as public demonstration is concerned, but tens of thousands are to-day in the blessed enjoyment of the fruits of that great upheaval of the drinking men of the land, against rum.

The inevitable consequences of this great agitation were almost immediately perceptible, and by 1878, at least half of the Bay City saloons had gone out of business, while all the low "dives" had been forced to shut up shop. Law and order

again resumed legitimate rule. Bad men were hurled from office and good substituted in their place. The beautiful cities of the Saginaw valley—so long under the tyranny of intemperance and harlotry—began to realize their high position among the sister cities of the land. Improvements—private and public—flourished. Business men, separated from the “social drink,” had more time to give to trade, and as a consequence, made more money. Mechanics soon began to get for themselves homes. Laborers were in greater demand, and the sober man “called the turn” on the drinking one. Fully 6,000 drinking men in the two cities of Saginaw, and 2,900 in Bay alone, had taken the “red ribbon” pledge, a large percentage of whom were working men. The direct consequences of the restoration of such a mass of labor to its legitimate belongings, cannot be over estimated, nor can the amount of money—diverted from its proper use by intemperance and again restored to its proper channel—be fully measured or calculated. Suffice it to say, that in this great reaction of public sentiment relative to the drinking usages of society, the days of all such dens of infamy as the “Catacombs” of Bay City, and the “White Row” of East Saginaw, were numbered and swept away in the “cold water” inundation, never again to be restored to their previous condition of unblushing vileness, and unconscionable perpetration of hideous crime.

As I have previously stated elsewhere, such debauchery and intemperance will always be found to prevail, just so long as debased human passions continue. But public sentiment has wonderfully changed in the direction of catering to these passions in a bold publicity, or the establishment of temples to vice, where respectable trade congregates.

In conclusion I only wish to add to this chapter the statement, that in taking the cities of the Saginaw river as specimens of the evil of intemperance, I do not wish to make them greater sinners in this respect than such places as Muskegon, Big Rapids, Manistee, Ludington, Alpena, Port Huron, or any other lumbering town. All were more or less alike in this particular, and all these places were alike conspicuous for the

startling results of the "red ribbon" reformation. The edges of civilization ever show a wild unsettled character, which is sure to subside when such localities obtain a final business permanency. So has the experience of all the above mentioned places testified to, and what we have here related are but the echoes of a past, never again to be re-enacted.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CHAPTER ON TEMPERANCE—THE TRUE WAY TO REFORM—WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?—THE STORY OF HENRY REDMOND—A RED RIBBON SKETCH.

"Let the lower lights be burning,
Send a beam across the wave.
Some poor fainting struggling seaman,
You may rescue you may save."

The author is fully aware that to here introduce the question of temperance, in a work presumed to be exclusively devoted to lumber interests, may be termed an unwarrantable digression. But when we remember that the discussion of what we shall eat or drink enters largely into every phase and feature of our living, I may be pardoned if I ask to here make room for a little sketch, the materials for which came under my own personal observation, and all the features of which are true save in the substitution of fictitious names and localities. The underlying intention in the following story is therefore simply to show, what a helping hand will do to lift up a fallen fellow creature, and also to establish the principle that "moral suasion" is the only true way to win men from the pernicious

habit of over indulgence in intoxicants. I may here also add that I have never yet met a man engaged in the liquor trade, who did not fully agree that drunkards should be redeemed, if at all possible, nor have I ever found one who was opposed to the saving of such.

Let me further add, that I have no intention whatever of sweepingly consigning all who are engaged in the liquor business, to the condition and position of the keeper of some low "dive" where the unfortunate inebriate is robbed. I have met with plenty of men kind hearted and honorable, engaged in the liquor trade, and who could never be induced to become the low down, unscrupulous runner of a "joint" where order and decency are strangers. The garments in this chapter are cut and fitted for another class entirely. Consequently, in presenting the little sketch which forms this chapter, I have no apology to offer to any class or condition in painting truth, save in saying I wish I could have pictured the incident here set forth much better than I have, and showed the man wounded on the "Jericho road" and the "good Samaritan" who met him there, under their true name and location. As it is, many will recognize the leading characters in the story, as both are at this writing prominent in one of Michigan's principal cities. With this brief introduction, permit me to switch away from logs and lumber, and, dressed in the form of a Christmas sketch, present

BROUGHT UP FROM THE DEPTHS.

"Mamma, to-night is Christmas eve, do you think Santa Claus will come and see Pet and me."

"I do not know, dear. We are very poor, and Santa Claus does not often visit the homes of poor people."

"Well, I'm going to hang up Pet's stocking and mine any way. Dear old Santa Claus may come and put something nice in them, just as he used to when we lived up town, for we've been real good children all this long, long year, hav'n't we mamma?"

The mother thus addressed turned her head from the coarse

sewing she was engaged upon, toward the little trundle bed where reposed her baby girl, termed Pet, by the affectionate child at her side. The tear unconsciously rolled down her pale cheek, as she reflected upon the bitter struggle she had to find for them the commonest necessities of life, apart from the luxuries incident to childhood's merry Christmas, and which but a few short years previous had been hers to bestow upon them, and drawing the little boy to her breast, she bitterly wept.

It was certainly anything but an inviting home to which the reader is here introduced, consisting of but one room, in the basement of a rough tenement house, filled from top to base with the vile, the poverty smitten and the depraved. And yet the apartment was scrupulously clean, while the few poor articles it contained were arranged with neatness. But gaunt penury was perceptible in every feature. Even the handful of coals smouldering in the grate were totally inadequate to resist the vigor of the bitter cold without, which had festooned the edges of the door and the solitary window with the frosty velvet of winter's chilly weaving, totally obscuring the little sign "Plain Sewing."

She was still a young woman, with the shadowy evidences of a former beauty, seriously marred by a present sorrow and suffering. In short, she was one of God's poor, committed to the stewardship of some one, who had cruelly neglected the trust. On the table lay the material for "rough" sewing, and

"A woman sat there in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread."

At her side stood the little boy, keeping his mother company, with his childish prattle, as her deft fingers flew rapidly in fastening the buttons on a number of slop made pantaloons, piled upon the table before her. He was a frail, delicate little fellow of possibly seven. Fair haired and beautiful of face, marked however by the absence of that merry, light hearted glee, characteristic of happy childhood. He stood holding a stocking that would have matched the sleeve of "Joseph's

coat," for variegated colors, darned as it was with various shades, and still a rag. He was a study as he stood there with the stocking drawn upon his arm, and his fingers thrust through a gaping hole in the toe.

"But mamma, you must mend this hole or if Santa Claus did put anything in my stocking it would run out. See there!"

"Yes dear, mamma will mend it for you, and perhaps you will get something in it. But Georgie you must go to bed now dear, for mamma must take her work to the store and she will bring home some nice things for breakfast.

"Now go, that's a dear, and when you say your prayers ask God to bless papa."

"I never do forget that mamma," and the little fellow knelt down to ask the God of the poor and forsaken to bless the man, who had proven a curse both to himself and the innocent sufferers dependent upon him.

While the mother wraps about her a well worn shawl and folds up her bundle of work, preparatory to taking it to her employer's store, we will more fully introduce her to the reader.

Eight years previous to the opening of our story, a happy bridal party graced the sumptuous parlors of one of the principal residences of—well, a leading Michigan city. The only daughter of one of the wealthiest lumbermen of Michigan, was being wedded to a young lawyer of the same city, and one who had already made his mark, as a man with untold successful possibilities in a near future within him.

The beautiful bride—Grace Contine—was in every way fitted to become the companion of Henry Redmond, the man to whom she had newly plighted her troth. Few, if any, in the brilliant assembly gathered to witness the nuptials of these two young and popular society people, could have surmised, in the wildest flight of evil imagining, that with the passing of eight short years, wealth, position, affluence and honor, should have all taken to themselves wings and fled away, to give place to poverty, shame and friendless isolation.

But such is life—at least such is life where we labor to make it such. With all the rich dower of talent and opportunity,, garnishing life's pathway, for Henry Redmond, all became finally supplanted by the demon of appetite, which even in his early college career, had grown with his physical growth, so that when he would have cast off the incubus resting upon him, he found he was no longer his own master. From bad to worse he quickly passed. The confidence of friends, oft betrayed, was at last finally lost. The wealth he had received with his beautiful bride was quickly squandered. His business dwindled down from a lucrative practice, to pleading the merits of a dog fight in a justice court.

Finally even this last resource was lost to him, as no one was mean enough to employ the bloated and slovenly drunkard, walking the streets of the city, where he once was honored and respected. In this parody upon Henry Redmond, the seeker would have looked in vain for the man of former days, whose clarion voice, laden with persuasive eloquence, had once thrilled bench, bar, jury and audience alike.

But the wife he had wedded was a true woman, and had become his for better or for worse. It had proven all worse for her, and no prospect of betterment. The bright hopes and ambitious aspirations she had once cherished, were long prostrate and lifeless. Still, she bent her back to bear each additional burden of shame and pain, which had proven her heritage, and for her children and wifely duty, had clung to the man she still loved.

Yes, it is curious how some women will cleave to a worthless wretch of a husband, when even a long suffering and merciful God seems to have cast him off.

Temperance lecturers and moralists have so many of such instances to relate, that all the above sounds trite and threadbare. And still, captious reader, the world is full of just such positive and negative folly, in men who throw life and its hopes away, and women who stay by and suffer, with the moral suicide.

And thus we find in Grace Redmond one of these women.

Behold her in the hovel where we have met her, on the night in question, with her world cold, dark and cheerless, hope withering fled, God's face averted, lover and friend put far from her. The father who had doted upon her had died and left a business so involved by the criminal conduct of his son-in-law, that it was worse than nothing, and to sustain her life, for her children's sake, she had been finally forced to the humble employment we have found her engaged in.

Through the snow drifted streets she hurriedly passed, carrying the package of coarse garments which constituted her past week's labor.

The storm was incisively keen and cutting. Her thoughts—like ghosts arising from hope's graveyard in her soul—wove a mournful though silent requiem to the wail of the biting blast. Her dead father—ruined by his spendthrift son-in-law—her husband, last seen by her a week ago, in a condition of maudlin inebriety, and her lonely, squalid home, filled with but little else save poverty and despair. Truly the prospect to this woman was a black and cheerless one!

And yet dear reader, this woman was only one of the innumerable "sisterhood of pain," who from the foot of Christ's cross, down the journey of time to the present hour, are sprinkling with tears of soul wrung agony, the pathway of life, and still maintaining their hold upon the promises of God! Blessed woman:

"Not she with traitorous kiss a Savior stung;
Not she blasphemed him with unholy tongue;
She—when apostles faltered—dared be brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave."

But this chapter started in to tell a story and not to preach a sermon.

She has at last arrived at one of these mammoth establishments, where clothing is advertised "so cheap" that the inference is ever present, that the material must have been stolen, as well as are the bodies and souls of the women slaves who make the articles.

She timidly advances to the rear of the building, running

the gauntlet of the dozen of sneering, leering clerks on her way. Placing her bundle on the counter before a thin, cadaverous looking man, with ferret eyes and a beak like a parrot, she hesitatingly remarks:

"I have brought my week's work, Mr. Agate. I am a little late, but I really could not help it. I hurried as fast as I could, through the storm."

"Too late to settle with you to-night, Mrs. Redmond. Can only give you credit for the work if it passes," replied Mr. Agate, carelessly tossing to and fro the garments representing a week of weary toil. "You should have been here three hours ago. Hand me your book."

"But sir, cannot I be paid to-night?" exclaimed the woman, her pale face turning if possible a shade whiter.

"No'm you can't! Cashier's gone home."

"But I really cannot do without it, Mr. Agate."

"Guess you'll have to this time ma'am. Should have been on time. Sharp's the word in this institution."

"O sir, I do want the money so much to-night. I have neither firing nor food in my house, and am dependent upon receiving my pay, in order to obtain these absolute necessities." And the tears coursed each other down the wan cheeks as she imploringly looked at the "thing" behind the counter.

"Well, you can't get a cent now till the 26th at 2 o'clock. I can assure you of that. You women have to be made to understand that business is business."

"But Mr. Agate, consider for a moment my helpless condition, and in God's name be merciful, you—"

"I won't hear anything more, madam, and I don't want you working up a scene here. If this thing goes any farther, you won't have another stitch of work from Velvetine & Co.,"

It is certainly difficult to here persuade the reader that the above scene could be real in a land of blessed Christian charity, and we are glad to believe it is rare. But the truth was, that this Mr. Agate, was, in his peculiar way, getting even with Grace Redmond, for a ten year old well deserved snub, he had received from her, and he rejoiced in the opportunity

of placing his malicious foot upon her neck. This she full well knew, and that this man was her bitter enemy as much as he dared be.

"Do you suppose sir, I could see Mr. Velvetine if I went to his house?"

"Guess not; he's going to the Odd fellows' charity ball to-night. Better call at the time I stated, and we will settle with you in full. We won't have any more work for you after that, Mrs. Redmond."

"But sir, this is a matter of life and death, and I must have money to-night or my children will perish."

"Now just look here! I say you won't, and that's flat! I will not break in upon the rules, for all your whining, and I have no more time to waste over you. Hand me your book if you want credit for these goods, if not I shall have to wish you a good evening, and a very merry Christmas, Mrs. Redmond."

"My God! What shall I do, what shall I do!"

"O, I guess you won't starve for aday. Here's your book, with your work all credited correctly. It foots up \$2.50 for the week, and you have done extremely well, Mrs. Redmond," sneered the wretch, as he carelessly tossed the work of those cold blue fingers, interlaced in agony together, to one side. "Remember 2 o'clock sharp, day after to-morrow, Mrs. Redmond. Good evening ma'am."

The broken hearted woman turned slowly away in a tumult of soul torture, that threatened to leave her as hopeless in God, as she was in man!

It is such a moment of horror as this, that sees men rush to suicide and women plunge into the yawning gulf of shame.

* * * * *

On the afternoon of that same day, just as the city hall clock chimed the hour of three, Henry Redmond, the drunken lawyer, was slowly sauntering by the court house. Time evidently hung heavily upon hands—for of all hard labor, that of killing time is the hardest. As he slowly passed the building which had oft resounded with his eloquence, he was met face

to face by a gentleman, with whom in past years he had been on terms of equality and intimacy. But with the vanishing of all that was good in Redmond, had also passed away this former friendship, and with a hurried nod the lawyer—for such he was—was rapidly moving on without further recognition of his former associate—for he too with all else, had been forced to abandon the moral suicide.

But as Richard Fordyce passed Redmond by, a something in the haggard face of the latter arrested his attention. What that something was would be hard to define, possibly it may have been the invisible beckoning of Redmond's better angel, still clinging to the moral wreck.

Mr. Fordyce halted hesitatingly for a moment, and attracted by the nameless influence spoken of, he returned to the liquor logged wreck upon the sea of life, and gently touching him upon the ragged shoulder said :

“Mr. Redmond !”

The man thus accosted quickly turned. Poor fellow, it had been long since he had thus been designated.

“Mr. Redmond, I would have a word with you.”

“I am at your service, Mr. Fordyce.”

“Henry Redmond, are you fully determined to go to the devil ?”

“Not necessary in the least, sir. I have shaken hands with that personage long ago !”

“But Redmond, cannot you make a final effort to escape, and be a man once more ? My heart bleeds for you, Harry.”

The tears in Fordyce's eyes were witnesses to the fact stated.

“It's but little use to try, I'm down in the depths too low, Dick.”

“It is of use to try, Harry,” and unconsciously the two men made use of the terms of their former intimacy. “I am glad to see you sober now. Why not try to so continue ?”

“I have not tasted liquor of any kind for over a week, Dick, and though I die, I shall not touch it again.”

“Harry, how often have I heard you say the same thing,

only to sink lower with each succeeding fall. I wish to God I could believe you."

"O, I didn't expect you to do so, Dick, when I stated the fact, which is a fact nevertheless. I am determined to die sober, even if I have lived so long drunk."

"Why man, if you really mean this—and something seems to tell me you do—why talk about dying? You know that if you are in earnest you can escape."

"I mean it, Fordyce!"

"Harry, give me your hand and look me square in the face. In the great and holy name of God, are you in earnest this time?"

"In simple, awful earnest sir!"

"When did you make this resolve, Harry?"

"A week ago to-night, I decided to end this life—if life it can be called—and following that conclusion, I went down to the river to throw this rubbish into its cleansing waters. But a vision of my wife and children came to me, and I could not do the cowardly deed while they seemed to be gazing upon me with pleading eyes. So I turned away from death with a firm resolve to never more"—and the sentence ended with a broken sob, which gave birth to a tear, carried by pitying angels to lay at the feet of a pleading Christ.

"O Fordyce," he continued, "if I could only find one friend to believe a little in me, and help me in this last effort, I might possibly escape. But that is useless."

"It is not useless, Harry, I believe in you, and God helping me, I will help you. Why man, I would rather behold those tears than receive a ten thousand dollar retainer. But come with me to my office. I want to talk business to you."

"Now Harry," he continued, after entering his office, "to show you I can repose confidence in you, I am going to make you a proposition. A highly important criminal case has been placed in my hands. We think we can secure a verdict, but it will require an earnest effort with the jury, such as I know you to be capable of making. You can be of great service to us in the case, and I tell you this freely, to make you clearly

realize your independence. It will be a grand opportunity for your return to your profession. Will you take it?"

"O Dick, you cannot mean it?"

"Mean it? I certainly do. Will you take the case with me?"

"How can I Richard, look at these rags! And then I haven't touched a law book in over two years."

"Pshaw, man, you didn't suppose I was asking you to do this for the fun of the thing?"

"N-o—I presume not."

"Well, Harry old boy, that's partially the way I propose to show you that I have invested a large amount of confidence in you within the past half hour. Here are two fifty dollar bills, and I want you to go immediately and clothe yourself decently, and in keeping with the place where—by the blessing of God—I shall yet see you standing."

"O Fordyce, do you really trust me like this?"

"I do Harry my boy, on one simple condition, and that is, that after you have passed the afternoon as you wish, you will come with me to the "red ribbon" meeting this evening, and sign the pledge."

"I will Dick!" and covering his face with his hands, Redmond sobbed forth his gratitude, as though the fountains of the great deep within him were broken up.

"Harry, so as you are true to yourself, so will I stand by you till you regain the height from which you have fallen. Now, good bye for the present, and meet me at seven o'clock this evening here. God bless you, old fellow, you cannot tell how happy I feel. Hope for better days, Harry. Good by!" And with a hearty hand shake the good Samaritan parted from the man he had found on the "Jericho road."

Dear reader, whom think ye was neighbor to him who fell among thieves?

* * * * *

It was ten o'clock on Christmas eve, as Henry Redmond opened the door of the basement that constituted the home of his wife and children. The storm had passed, and through

the clear night sky the stars shone as brightly as they did on yonder eve when angels sang of peace and good will to man.

By the last smouldering embers of the decaying fire, sat his wife, her head pillowed in her hands, and her body rocking in the voiceless anguish of despair. The children, forgetful of their sorrows, had long since been asleep, and she was alone with her hopeless misery.

The entrance of her husband aroused her for a moment, and she but glanced at him to but see him as he had last appeared to her, with his delapidated old overcoat and faded slouched hat. For the first time in her married life she received him in silence. Her soul had found its Gethsemane, and the chalice at her lips was very bitter!

He seated himself, and after a moment of silence, remarked: "Is that all the fire you have, Grace?"

"It is all!"

"Have you no supper you could give me?"

"None, the last crust went to feed the hungry children."

"Where is your bureau?" he asked, glancing around the cheerless apartment.

"It furnished us with food and coal for the past three days."

Another silent pause ensued, broken finally by a loud knock upon the door, to which the woman responded.

"Does Mrs. Redmond live here?" asked a big, burly drayman, standing whip in hand at the entrance.

"That's my name sir!"

"Well, I have some goods here for you, ma'am, where will I put them?"

"You must be mistaken in the place. I have not ordered any goods."

"O, I guess its all right ma'am, if you're Mrs. Redmond, of 223 Hogan street east."

"That's my name, and this is the number, but there surely must be some mistake."

"You're all right my man, bring them in," said Redmond quietly.

The drayman responded by bringing in basket after basket,

and depositing them on the floor, while poor Grace stood petrified with astonishment. There was sugar, tea, coffee, a luscious ham, eggs, butter, bread, cake, apples, potatoes, celery, a roast of beef, a basket of coal, an abominably large turkey, a pitcher of milk, a jar of syrup, a can of oil, nuts, raisins, oysters, oranges, figs, and finally a whole barrel of flour. The sight was glorious, as the kind drayman emptied a quantity of coal on the fire. The children, aroused by the noise, tumbled out of bed in their ragged night dresses, and stood looking at the scene in open mouthed astonishment, till Georgie at last mustered up courage to approach the drayman and whisperingly ask:

"Please sir, are you Santa Claus?"

"Only his coachman, my little fellow," replied the man.

"Now my good man," said Redmond, "seeing you have done so well, please take the head out of that barrel."

The kind hearted drayman, who had cordially entered into the spirit of the whole proceedings, complied readily, and little Georgie, filled with curiosity to know what was in the barrel, at once climbed up, and bobbing his head over to look down, was in a moment covered with a mask of flour. He excitedly ran to his speechless mother and shouted:

"O mamma, its full to the top!"

The drayman departed as mysteriously as he came, and before the astonished woman could ask a question, another loud rap was heard.

"Does Mrs. Redmond live here ma'am?"

"Ye-s—sir."

"Lot of goods for her."

"Are you sure you have the right place, sir?"

"Guess so ma'am, 223 Hogan street, east?"

"Yes—this is the place."

"All right ma'am. I'll bring 'em in."

And so he did, bringing in bundle after bundle of dry goods. A nice soft mattress, two pairs of warm woolen blankets, sheets, pillows and comfortables. Then came dress goods, suited for the weather, and all made up. Hoods, jackets,

stockings, shoes, mittens and scarfs, ad infinitum.

The sight, when the man had completed his work was glorious. The fire had caught the infection, and was now blazing cheerfully, while the wife and little ones stood gazing in speechless astonishment. At last she found voice :

"Henry, what does all this mean?"

"Only a sample of better things and days to come dear."

"O Henry, can it be possible that all this is your doing?"

"I am only too heartily ashamed Grace, to acknowledge that by my folly I have made such a scene as this necessary, and once more Redmond's hands hid his face.

"Harry—husband—I fear to ask—but can it be possible that you—that you have—O Harry dear, keep me no longer in suspense. What is the meaning of all I see?"

For an answer Redmond opened his old ragged overcoat, and beneath it, glistening upon a spank and span new suit of broad cloth, shone a small "red ribbon." The enraptured wife recognized the sign, which spoke freedom for the captive, and redemption from suffering for the victims, and she, with a glad cry, rushed into the outstretched arms of the husband she had never ceased to love exclaiming :

"Henry darling! My own again. O God pardon my unbelief!"

* * * * *

It is needless to relate that Santa Claus that night visited Georgie and little Pet, or that nice new stockings without any holes in the toes, were filled with goodies. Or that the Christ-child, in his mission of love and peace, visited that humble domicile, or that the necessity for Mrs. Redmond calling "on the 26th, at 2 o'clock sharp," to receive her money from the courteous Mr. Agate, was at once and forever rendered unnecessary.

And O the big turkey! cooked by the hands of Mrs. Grace herself, of which Georgie and Pet, after eating all possible, broke the wish bone and were lost in seeking what to wish for. Or how, with her sighing and tears all turned to joy and laughter, Grace Redmond spread her table that day with

thanksgiving, and with her heart filled with singing, beamed her returned love upon her husband, so wondrously brought up from the depths!

For he had told her all. The confidence so long broken between them was again united, and love restored cemented the bond, never again to be severed.

It is needless to lengthen out this chapter, and we but add that with the next returning Christmas, Grace Redmond was the beautiful mistress of a charming home, filled with comfort and content. The firm of Fordyce & Redmond is well known in Michigan, although these names are here but borrowed for the sake of privacy.

It may be added however, that within two years, Mr. Agate was convicted of heavy stealing from the house of Velvetine & Co., and is to-day serving a long sentence in Jackson.

Henry Redmond kept his pledge inviolate, and has been the means of saving hundreds of others from the fate he so narrowly escaped. And so we leave him and his, with the simple advice to others like circumstanced to

“DARE TO DO RIGHT.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

A CHAPTER BORDERING UPON THE MYSTERIOUS—HOW I LEARNED THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF MR. GROVER AND WHAT THE SAME CONSISTED OF—A GHOSTLY YARN.

“There are things in earth and heaven
That are not dreamed of in your philosophy.”

It was along in the summer of 1886, that I was a passenger on board the steamer *City of Mackinaw*, of the D. & C. S. N. Co., bound from Detroit to the Fairy Isle of the straits. It was the height of the “outing season,” and the boat was literally crowded to the utmost, with tourists. Fortunately, I was the possessor of a whole state room, and while not wishing to play the role of the “railroad hog,” I, so far had not found what might prove a congenial occupant of the upper berth, which when we arrived at Port Huron was still vacant. Here however another influx of travelers came on board, among whom was a gentleman, his wife, two very pretty children and their nurse. The clerk and steward were at their wits end to accommodate the large surplus of scolding, agitated humanity, asking for berths, and alas asking in vain. Among the most disappointed of these, was the gentleman, whose family I have mentioned. They had just arrived at Port Huron in time to catch the boat, and the lady was suffering from the fatigue incident to a long journey from the interior of New York, as were also the children.

“Best I can do, sir, is cots in the saloon. Plenty of them, but no staterooms,” was the rejoinder of the steward to the final pleading of the gentleman.

"But my wife and the children what will they do? I will willingly pay ten times the price of a stateroom."

"Couldn't have one sir, if you bought the boat."

"Well, this is a sweet condition of things! Edith, I fear you will have to put up with a cot and make the children as comfortable as you can."

"But Fred dear, I cannot do without some place of privacy after our long journey, if only for the children's sake; Jane, take Freddie in your arms, poor child, Flossie, come here to mamma love. O dear!

I thought this a golden opportunity to play the "good Samaritan," and touching the gentleman on the arm I intimated that my stateroom was at the disposal of the lady and the children, and I would cheerfully vacate in their favor.

The offer was accepted with the utmost gratitude, and I had the satisfaction of seeing them all made comfortable in my vacated dormitory, while the gentleman—who introduced himself to me as Fred W. Grover, of Rochester, N. Y., now extensively engaged in lumbering in Wisconsin, and to whom I from the first seemed to be unconsciously attracted—and myself, seated ourselves on the after deck, with our pipes, while the majestic boat plowed her way through the blue placid waters of Lake Huron.

I do not know exactly how the conversation assumed the turn it did, but shortly after we had taken our seats, we found ourselves in full discussion of the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" case, a book at that time fully engrossing public attention. From this we drifted along through what might be termed the "ethics of murder," and suicide to the mere psychological relation of mind to matter, and the possibility of a dual existence and independent votation of what is popularly known as the "soul" or "spirit." It must not be supposed that the discussion of such a gruesome subject as "dopple ganging," transmigration, and kindred branches of the "Invisible in Man," between Mr. Grover and myself, indicated for a moment a morbidly inclined disposition on the part of either. On the contrary, Mr. G. was a man in the very zenith of health and phy-

sical perfection, while I—well, three square meals per day, and eight hours' uninterrupted sleep, should necessarily indicate an entire separation from either the nervous or the superstitious. And yet the conversation held that evening between Mr. Grover and myself, on the after deck of the *City of Mackinac*, has given me much subject matter for after thought, and left behind an impression which time will never efface.

The branch of the subject absorbing our attention at the moment, was the independent action of the soul and body, and Mr. Grover startled me with the interrogation: "You would not take me for a murderer sir, would you?"

"Why, Mr. Grover, you shock me with the bare supposition, certainly not!"

"Well sir, believe it or not as you please, still I was once an actual participant in as brutal and cold blooded a murder of a woman, I was devotedly attached to, and of a young man, my warmest friend, whom I charged with supplanting me in the affections of my affianced bride. But stop till I fill my pipe, I can always converse better when under the spell of our national idol, I will then constitute you my father confessor, and relate one of the most atrocious crimes ever committed by man."

Mr. Grover deliberately proceeded with the filling of his pipe, while I was plunged into a maze of cogitation as to whether I was in company with a lunatic or not.

"Our acquaintance sir has been brief, so much so that it seems like taking an unwarranted liberty with a stranger, to tell him a story so utterly at variance with all received theories that his clear reasoning powers will scout its reception and I will hardly blame him for looking upon what I have to tell, as but the ravings of a diseased imagination. In fact, I cannot fully comprehend the thing myself, which to me forms one of the strangest experiences of my life, and I compliment you sir by admitting that you are the first human being to whom I have confided the story in its entirety. I will have to call my story a 'confession,' and place it, for the sake of continuity in the form of a narrative.

"Ten years ago I was engaged as head book-keeper in a large mercantile establishment, in one of the interior cities of New York. For the previous seven years I had filled various positions of confidential trust, under the firm, rising from one to another, till reaching the very responsible place mentioned. The firm consisted of two partners, John Gilbraith, a shrewd, careful old Scotch gentleman, and Robert Southwick, with whom my story is more intimately connected. With the family of Mr. Southwick—consisting of a wife and two daughters—I had made my home for the preceding six happy years—having been left an orphan at a tender age, and indebted largely to strangers for early care and education.

"In this home, filled with every comfort and pleasing association the years glided imperceptibly and peacefully away. I was looked upon as one of the family, and treated accordingly. But toward the eldest daughter, Edith, did my heart's affections go out, in all the force and fevor of love's young dream, and I had every reason to believe that my affection was fully reciprocated on her part, and tacitly consented to by her parents—who looked upon me already in the light of a son."

"I do not propose sir, to make this narrative a mere love story, and I will therefore spare you the recital of the oft told tale, first learned in Eden's bowers. Suffice it to say, that in Edith Southwick was all that the most fastidious and captious could desire in woman. By the death of my parents I had been left a fair amount of wealth which on my reaching my majority, was placed in my possession, and I was soon to become a partner in the business. This business, I omitted to say, consisted largely in the manufacturing of powder, and the mills belonging to the firm were the largest in the country, situated about three miles from our city office.

The charge of the mills was in the hands of a young man, a few years my senior, named George Sinclair, a nephew of Mr. Gilbraith. Poor George! He was as fine a whole souled fellow as you would meet in a day's walk, and between him and myself a warm attachment subsisted. He was a frequent

visitor at the residence of Mr. Southwick, ostensibly to see me, but evidently drawn by the sweet, winning ways of Florence, sister to my Edith."

"Part of my duties consisted in visiting once a month the powder mills, to there receive a statement of work performed, and pay the employes.

"I remember distinctly driving out as usual at the close of the month of June, 1880, and meeting with George Sinclair, when, after the usual routine of the monthly business had been transacted, I threw myself down on a lounge in the office to rest. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, one of those languid, sleepy afternoons which characterize our American June, and I fell fast asleep. That is the last I remember sir, till I found myself wandering alone in a shadowy ravine, below where the mills were situated.

"Night was fast approaching, and I distinctly call to mind, that I thought it strange that I should be out there so late, with no possible business to lead me to such an unfrequented place, especially as I should be on my way home. Still, it was the close of a lovely day, and the umbrageous foliage of the evergreens in the dell where I was walking, gave a delightful shade, inviting in itself. The footpath I was following led along the margin of a brook, which flowed through the dell, on either side of which the rugged banks covered with cedars, rose high above. I could not remember ever before to have traversed the same pathway, and though I should have been on my way to the city, a curiosity to see whither it led, caused me to continue my walk.

"I had not proceeded far before I heard voices in conversation, evidently a man and a woman, and on turning a corner, embowered in shrubbery, I discovered the possessors of the voices, to be none other than George Sinclair and Edith Southwick. For a moment I was spell bound with astonishment at this unlooked for reconnoitre, and could not understand how Edith, whom I had left in the city, and George, busy in the mill office, could be here. My first impulse was to make myself known. They sat side by side on a flat rock, his

arm encircling her waist, and hers lovingly thrown about his neck. I could distinctly see them and also hear every word uttered. I could with difficulty credit the evidences of my senses, and after the first shock of surprise had in a measure subsided, I stealthily crept behind a convenient bush, immediately behind where the pair were seated, where I listened to the billing and cooing of this false friend and my perjured lover. I had come upon them in the very concoction of a plan, by which my attentions to Edith were in the future to be dispensed with and my place filled by my unsuspected rival. My blood boiled to frenzy's heat as I listened. I was but the sport of a deep, designing woman, aided by a false, unscrupulous knave, I had ever considered in the light of a bosom friend.

"'But George, love,' continued the woman I had fondly thought all my own, 'it will be quite a trial of nerve for me to undergo, in telling Fred his hopes are futile. He has long looked upon our union as a foregone conclusion, so much so that I had come to receive the denouement as a settled fact, till I saw you dear, and realized you had my heart in your keeping. And what else'—

"The sentence was broken by a warm exchange of kisses and embraces, at the sight of which I could with difficulty maintain my incognito.

"'Why Edith, my sweet pet,' replied my successful rival, 'you must be a woman of spirit, and let the fond fool know his fate at once. We cannot much longer keep up this clandestine way of meeting, and I long to call you mine before the eyes of the world.'

"'Well, as you will love, but though I hate to part with you, we must return to the office, where Fred will have had his nap out, and will be awake—'

"'Fred is fully awake now, in more senses than one, you infernal scoundrel!' I shouted, jumping from behind my concealment, and confronting the surprised and guilty pair.

"'I am fully awake to your black hearted falseness, Miss Southwick, and will save you the trouble and pain of giving

me my dismissal, as you promised this cur; I dismiss myself, and thus anticipate your action.'

"Ha ha ha! So you have been playing the eaves-dropper, Mr. Grover, have you? Well, you know the old proverb about listeners. But please remember this lady is under my protection and you will be careful how you address her. She is mine!"

"Scoundrel!" I roared, as with one bound I had him by the throat, 'blackguard and villain, you shall never live to boast of your cursed treachery!"

"The struggle between us was a desperate one. Sinclair was a robust man, but I was armed with the strength born of desperation. Murder was in my heart, and with a crushing blow I felled him to the earth. What might have further ensued is not difficult to tell, for my arm was lifted, poising a large stone to crush his head, when my hand was suddenly stayed, in the very act of hurling it upon my prostrate foe, while a voice exclaimed:

"'What is a' this? De ye want to be hang'et for murder, ye fool ye?"

"It was old Mr. Gilbraith, who stood between us, and as he spoke I had time to think.

"'What for a' are ye twa lads bickering aboot that ye mun strive til murder ether?"

"'Because of a false woman, Mr. Gilbraith! There she stands, let her gainsay the accusation if she can,' I replied.

"'Because of a woman ye silly boy? What laid Troy in ashes? What has ever ben' the cause o' ah' the sin an' misery in this woarld if no' a woman? By the time ye ha' reached the years I ha', ye'll ken that til' yer heart's content. Away hame we' ye both, an' I'll no' say a word o' this til Master Soothwick. So awa' we ye, an' let me hear o' na mare squabbling."

"'But Mr. Gilbraith, Miss Southwich has proven false to her troth pledged to me, and has taken this traitor to the place where I fondly trusted she had cherished my image."

"'Weel, weel, lad! Its a lady's preevelege to change her mind, an' dootless Edith has geud an' clear reasons for her

actions. Ye'll no' wun her love back by ony such ruffian play as this. So awa' we ye !'

"Thanks Mr. Gilbraith, for this timely prevention of a brutal murder," said Edith, and without one look or word to me, she took the path up the ravine. Pulling himself together, Sinclair rose from the ground, and with a scowl of defiance and hatred to me, and a nod to Mr. Gilbraith, he followed after Edith, leaving the old gentleman and myself alone.'

"Now, sir, all I am telling you was in the minutest detail, as clearly before me in place, word and action, just as much as is the fact that you and I are at this moment here telling and listening to this singular experience. You will therefore believe me when I say that no incident in my whole life, either before or since, impressed me more clearly or intelligently than this I am now relating."

"I am thoroughly convinced of the fact, Mr. Grover, but pray continue."

"Mr. Gilbraith stood facing me in the fast thickening gloom of the evening. I could see all the details of his looks and clothing, before he spoke again, even to his helping himself to a pinch of snuff from a silver mounted ram's horn box, he carried.

"'Weel Fred my lad, I trow ye are noo satisfied we what I tauld ye aboot weemen. Weel de I ken, by bitter experience, what they are, an' ye hae but ane thing left ye lad !'

"'What might that be sir ?'

"'Revenge my lad, sweet revenge.'

"'But how sir ?'

"'Weel there's mony ways beside braining a man we' a rock, an' I'll aid ye to some ane, far better than that, an' far more satisfying. I was stan'ing behind ye, ah' the time ye stood list'nin' till yon twa fools spooning, an' I kenned weel hoo it sat on yer stomach lad, to see yer lady love leaving ye for anither.'

"'To me sir, it is simply death, and I don't care much what now becomes of me, Mr. Gilbraith.'

"'It is hard Fred, an' yer no the man I think ye are if ye'll no hae ample satisfaction.'

“‘But again I ask how sir?’”

“‘Kill them baath lad, kill them baath!’”

“I started back in horrified surprise, for my passion had subsided into a hopeless grief by this time, and I could hardly credit my senses, to hear this language from Mr. Gilbraith, knowing him to be a most exemplary man, and a ruling elder in the leading Presbyterian church. Nevertheless, there he stood before me, calmly counseling a cruel murder.

“‘I certainly feel sir, as though such revenge would be gratifying, but I shrink from murder.’”

“‘Of course ye wul at first Fred, but when ye brood over the extent o’ yer injury ye’ll feel more like it, and ’od lad, I am willing to len’ ye a hawnd, for whisper: I hate them baath as bitterly as ye de.’”

“It was fast becoming dark, and the old man’s eyes fairly flashed as he lissed out the last sentence: ‘I bitterly hate them baath!’”

“I felt my own anger returning. The spirit breathed by the old man seemed to awaken afresh the evil within me, and a burning thirst for the blood of Sinclair and Edith fevered my tongue and burned my very soul.

“‘Sit ye doon Fred, sit ye doon, an’ we’ll talk the matter ah’ ower,’ said my tempter, and we seated ourselves side by side on the very same moss covered rock, where I had beheld my false friend and fickle love, exchanging vows.

“It is needless, sir, for me to give you in detail the conversation I held with Mr. Gilbraith, but if ever a demon was sent to tempt a man to the perpetration of one of the most atrocious crimes ever contemplated, that demon was clothed in the form and semblance of John Gilbraith! His plan for the destruction of Sinclair and Edith Southwick was simply to blow up the powder mill, with them in it!

“‘The powder mills!’ I exclaimed, ‘Great heavens! sir, that will involve the destruction of many other lives, besides thousands of dollars in property! You are surely not in earnest?’”

“‘Hoot hoot man! what signifies a wheen useless bodies about the mill, and oor firm is weel able to stan’ the loss o’ the

dollars.' Then with devilish ingenuity he proceeded to work out all the details of the horrible scheme, to the most minute particular. The destined victims were to be brought together at the office of the mill, and when secure within its walls a train, previously laid, was to be fired, and in a moment all would be over.

"As the old man wrought out the fine points in the plot, I seemed to joyfully drink in of his spirit. An all absorbing desire for revenge, permeated every pulsation of my heart, and I longed for the moment to come when by one fell swoop I could have full surcease of the burning desire for revenge consuming me.

"The details of the devilish scheme were simple. Edith Southwick was to be brought over to the mill by Gilbraith, who was to assume an interest in the success of her intrigue with Sinclair. Having full liberty about the mill, I was to lay a fuse to the principal magazine, leading to some safe and secluded place, where I was to be stationed, and at a preconcerted signal, I was to fire the fuse.

"We had 172,000 pounds of powder stored in the magazine!

"It was nine o'clock that evening before we had fully completed our plans. It had also grown very dark, and having no matches, I distinctly remember catching a fire fly and placing it on the dial of my watch to learn the time. We parted with a hearty hand shake, and the old man plunged into the thicket leading to the mill, leaving me alone to think over my share of the awful work. I was to lay the fuse that very night. The mills were located in a secluded ravine, far from any habitations. They consisted of several brick structures filled with machinery, driven by water power; over fifty men were employed, who lived in a row of cottages about a quarter of a mile from the mill. The explosion would kill everything, and not leave one brick upon another. Certainly my revenge would be complete, and I had great satisfaction in the contemplation of the project. I also remember that it struck me as strange that this could be John Gilbraith. What had he against Edith or Sinclair? This he would not tell me, but it

certainly had begat within him a fearful seeking after vengeance.

"I returned to the mill boarding house, where I found Sinclair had accompanied Edith to the city, and had not yet returned. I threw myself upon my bed without undressing and sleepless. I will not seek to give you an analysis of my feelings, as I lay waiting for the hour to come, when I was to lay the fuse. They were simply unspeakable! I had ceased to recognize myself. No thoughts of the innocent victims to be destroyed were mine! No care or calculation as to the amount of pecuniary loss entailed, troubled me. Nothing but an all absorbing wish for revenge filled my soul, and I fairly laughed to myself in hellish glee, as I in anticipation gloated over the deed of blood before me,

"All was hushed in repose as I arose from my bed. The time for the first act had come. Darkness lent security to my evil mission, and I cautiously made my way to the rear of the principal magazine, having with me a long coil of fuse. Entering the building I attached the fatal thread to one of the kegs, and by removing the heads from several others, I succeeded in piling up a large quantity of loose powder, where it would prove effective, and then, retreating, I led the fuse to a place where unobserved I could fire the spark of death.

"When all was completed, I returned to my room, entering by the window I had made my exit from. I passed unobserved by the watchman, flashing his safety lamp into every part of the works. All was done, and I but awaited the final moment of consummation!

"During the day I kept myself concealed in my room, till the hour set should arrive—which was four o'clock in the afternoon. From my window I could observe the workmen, in their list shoes, noiselessly moving about, without the least compunction of conscience on my part, in fact, that element in my moral composition seemed to have totally deserted me.

"About half an hour before the time appointed for the explosion, I beheld John Gilbraith accompanied by Edith Southwick, drive up to the office together. A new addition to my

contemplated crime struck me. Here was this old wretch, also in the toils with the rest. He was the only witness against me and I would fire the train ten minutes before the appointed hour! I looked at my watch. It only lacked fourteen minutes to four o'clock! My window opened upon a veranda, covered with heavily clustered vines, completely hiding all vision from without. I quietly passed through, and made my way to where the fuse lay extended. How innocent it looked, like a fishing line, but how far into eternity it reached for those whose moments were numbered! I again looked at my watch.

"It marked eleven minutes to four.

"Stooping down I struck a match. It fizzed, sputtered and expired. Another and still another, did the same. I had only brought six matches with me and four were already useless. Again I tried, and the fifth match burned with a steady flame. I applied it to the frayed end of the fuse, and watched its serpent like movement, till it had penetrated six inches into the fuse. All was well! The silence was alone broken by the distant murmur of the machinery in the mill. From where I stood was but a short distance to the office, and I could even hear the sound of voices, and the stamping of Gilbraith's old yellow pony, driving away the flies, as he stood hitched before the office door. How quiet everything seemed! I could distinctly hear the beating of my heart, and my own labored breathing. A bee came humming by and lighted on a dandelion right over where the deadly fuse was burning, and a gaudy winged butterfly brushed my face. Not a cloud obscured the sky, and the western sun, like a great golden globe, gazed down calmly upon a deed that could cause hell itself to blush!

"Turning, I rapidly made my way through a close thicket of "oak grubs," in the direction of the dell, where the sanguinary planning of this horrid deed had been concocted. I had five minutes to reach a place of safety, and fear lent rapidity to my footsteps. But ere I had reached the destined place the explosion followed.

"I heard an awful roar, and felt the ground move under me

as though I were in a boat. The clear sky above me turned black as night, and then all was over and I knew no more.

"When I recovered consciousness, I found myself lying unhurt at the bottom of the ravine. All around were scattered the debris of the explosion. The trees were limbless, as though swept by a fiery blast, and the air was heavy with the smell of sulphurous exhalations. When I had fully recovered, I began to look about me, to, if possible learn the extent of my work. From a mass of ruin near me, heavy groans issued, as though of mortal agony, and on further investigation I found two blackened and mutilated forms, clasped in each other's arms, and burned beyond the semblance of recognition. But I knew them and gathering some water in my hat from the brook, I dashed it in their faces and saw Edith and Sinclair.

"They were dying but still conscious. All the glorious beauty gone! All the manly strength vanished!

"With their sightless orbs turned in agony toward me, they lived long enough to hear me hiss in their ears the story of my work, and I turned away when I had drunk in their expiring sigh, to mingle with the gathering crowds who had begun to arrive on the scene of destruction.

"Examination showed that the disaster had been complete. Not a fragment of the mills had remained, and of all living I alone seemed to have escaped. The cries of agony, from the friends of the murdered employes, fell upon my ear, as I hurried away to hide myself from the horrible sights and sounds, which now began to awaken within me poignant emotions of remorse.

"But all was now too late! I leaned against a convenient rock, and meditated upon my crime. Regret and contrition were at work, and conscience had again resumed sway within me. Alas, too late! and I wrung my hands in anguish unavailing.

"A touch on my arm aroused me from my mental lethargy, and to my astonishment I beheld the form of John Gilbraith. He then escaped the slaughter? How could this be?

“ ‘Weel, Freddie my mon, ye did it ah’ weel, an’ though ye tried to send me fleeing we’ the rest, I’ll forg’e ye. Are ye satisfied noo lad ?’

“The face and form were certainly those of John Gilbraith, but the voice had a mockery in its tone I had never before heard, and in wonder I silently gazed at him.

“ ‘Ah ha my boy, you are mine now, for all eternity!’ he shrieked in my ear at the same time grasping me by the throat. His form seemed to dilate to the size of a giant. His eyes blazed, and in hissing tones his voice came burning hot, as he still exclaimed : ‘You are mine, body and soul, forever !’

“I felt that I was lost and realized that I was in the grasp of the enemy of God and man.

“My last remembrance was that of a wrench of untold mortal agony, and then I lost all consciousness.

* * * * *

“How long I remained in this oblivious condition I cannot say, but my first intimation of returning sense, was, that I was lying in bed listening to a confused murmur of voices, seeming to hold a dialogue in subdued tones, from which I was enabled to connect disjointed sentences.

“ ‘And you really think there are hopes for him, doctor ?’

“ ‘I certainly do Miss. Southwick. The crisis is now past, and if fever does not intervene the broken limb will be nothing.’

“ ‘Thank the good God for his great mercy, for I had almost despaired.’

“The latter voice was certainly that of Edith Southwick. Ah ! how well I knew its tones. Where was I ? Had I also died in the grasp of the demon, and with the rest was now in the spirit land ? All was dark about me and something cold and clammy was over my face. Footsteps were gently moving about the room, and I lay striving to realize whether I was in time or eternity. Again the soft footsteps moved towards me, and a gentle hand lifted the covering from off my eyes, while the same sweet well known voice murmured softly :

“ ‘My precious saved darling !’

"The voice preceded the action of a pair of warm lips gently pressed to mine. I opened my eyes and a flood of subdued light poured in upon me. Bending over me was the beauteous face and form of Edith Southwick! Surely I was in heaven, and this was her bless't forgiving spirit.

" 'Fred darling, do you know me, your own Edith?'

" 'Yes! I know you dear, but are we both in heaven?'

" 'Well yes love, I am at least in having you restored to me, but you are in your old room in papa's house dear, snatched from an awful death, and given back to me,' and again the dear lips sealed love's sweet solicitude on mine.

" 'But tell me dearie, what has happened? I cannot understand it? How have I been hurt?'

" 'Hush Fred, hush dear, you musn't talk too much. There was a fearful explosion at the mills, and for the past ten days you have been hovering between life and death.'

" 'But how was I caught, Edith? I know fully about the explosion for wasn't I—But I thought—Tell me dear, were you not killed? and are we not in heaven where we cannot be separated?'

" 'No Fred, you see I am not killed for don't you feel my arm about you, and surely that kiss is not a ghostly one?'

" 'But dear, I cannot understand. Is not George Sinclair killed?'

" 'O poor George, yes he was one of the victims, and Florence is breaking her heart. But I cannot see how you know, for you were taken up in a condition of unconsciousness, and have remained so ever since. Poor George's body has never been recovered, and you would hardly know where the mill once stood.'

" 'I do not understand you Edith. Do you mean to tell me that you and George Sinclair have not been false to me, and that in revenge I did not—O I cannot understand it! Where is Gilbraith?'

" 'Mr. Gilbraith was here about an hour ago darling, and has watched with us by your bedside, night and day. But Freddie, your mind is wandering a little, and so try and go to

sleep and get well dear, for my sake. There that's a good bye kiss.'

"'But Edith, you must not leave me till I know all, or I will surely lose my senses. Tell me dear the whole circumstances.'

"'Well love, we got the little we know from Dan, the office boy. He is the only one saved besides yourself. Dan was in the office when the explosion took place, and states that George was at work on the books, and you were sleeping on the couch in the inner room, and that is all poor Dan can tell us. We found him senseless in the top of that great willow tree by the brook, and you were found near by, behind a great rock, with your right leg broken, and blackened with smoke.

"'We brought you home, but had almost begun to despair—at least mamma and papa did, but I never gave up.'

"'And Edith dear, I hav'n't been guilty of this horrible calamity?'

"'Certainly not love. Don't be silly!'

"'And you have not been false to me?'

"'O Fred! For shame sir! How could that ever be, you foolish boy?'

"'God grant me my reason to understand all this dear, but it seems inexplicable.'

"'Never mind it now darling, take a drink of this sedative and go to sleep and you will wake up refreshed.'

"'One kiss of forgiveness Edith first, for Oh, dear, I have had an awful experience.'

"'Certainly love, if I have anything to forgive,' and again the dear loving lips were pressed close to mine. 'It has only been a dream dear, and all will be clear when you awaken again.'

"'Yes! a dream possibly, but Oh, what a dream!' I murmured as I felt the sense of drowsy sleep stealing over me. 'God in his mercy grant I may never have another such dream.'

* * * * *

"Now this is my story, sir, and you will admit that it is a strange one. What is your opinion?"

"I certainly think it a remarkable experience sir, and if the

German theory of the 'dopple ganger' or double going be true, then when your body was resting on the couch, previous to the explosion, your soul had separated from it, and independent of the reasoning powers of the brain, had formulated the monstrous absurdity, coincident with the fatal catastrophe which took place."

"Yes, another phase of the 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' theory, or else the soul, independent of the body, had during the ten previous days, prior to my recovering consciousness, gathered the disconnected impressions, serving to form the story of my supposititious guilt."

"It is a puzzle certainly, but bears out the inference that two active, separate natures exist in man, in which the invisible can receive and retain impressions of a character, such as you have been reciting."

"Yes, and that will account for the strange emotion we frequently feel, by the touching of some hidden key in memory, which like a flash restores an inkling of the past in our previous existence."

"I agree with you, Mr. Grover, but what about Edith—Oh, I beg pardon—"

"Edith? Well she is probably enjoying the comfort of the bed you so kindly provided for her, and our two little ones. God bless her slumbers!" And Mr. Grover raised his hat reverently as he looked toward the state room door.

To which I responded with a warm "Amen!"

CHAPTER XXV.

TELLS HOW A CITY MAIDEN WAS HOPELESSLY WOODED BY A YOUNG MICHIGAN LUMBERMAN—ONE GIRL WHO CHOSE FOR HERSELF—A RATHER PRETTY INCIDENT IN THE COURT OF LOVE.

“When a woman will she will,
You may depend on’t;
But when she won’t she won’t,
And that’s the end on’t.”

“John dear, do you suppose your logs are hopelessly “hung up?”

“Yes mother not a foot of them will float down the Flint this season.”

“My dear son, while it is extremely unfortunate, you must take courage and hope for the best.”

“I try to mother, but you know how I am involved. The dry weather has about killed off every thing on the farm as well as hung up my winter’s cut. I tell you mother, things look blue.”

“How much will you be involved dear?”

“About \$1,500 mother, but if the logs came down I would be more than that ahead. But these bank notes must be met when due and how that is to be done the Lord only knows, for I don’t.”

“That is exactly it my son, although you speak in a rather irreverent spirit. He knows, and sendeth the rain or the sunshine as pleaseth him.”

“Well, well, mother, I am not complaining, and will take my chances. Still I have to start my summer camp and get

in that other six millions. My credit is good but I hate to ask favors. Still I may renew the notes by giving a mortgage on my camp tools and horses."

"John dear, I'd rather you would raise the money on our home than on your woods property. You know how risky that is and I would be willing to help you that way."

"No mother, no more mortgages on the farm! This is your home. Father left it to you, and you have already helped me all that you should. I will get along some way. But I will have to leave next week for the woods, and start camp in that new piece of pine. I will be away two weeks."

"Well dear, you know best, but I received a letter to-day from the daughter of an old school mate, stating that she wants to visit Michigan, and asks to spend the summer with me here on the farm."

"Is it that Miss Thompson, of Buffalo, I have heard you speak so much about?"

"Yes John, and she offers to pay well for her board if I will accept of her. You will be away a great deal and I am lonesome, with only the girl Jane and William the hired man."

"O, I will be at home most of the time, but I don't like the idea of a stuck up miss, with more money than brains, coming here to laugh at our pine country, and bother us with her citified ways."

"I do not know her personally John, but Mrs. Graystock wrote me some time ago about her and praised her to the skies. Martha Graystock is not apt to say too many kind things about anyone, but she certainly goes into raptures over Jessie Thompson. However, your best plan John, is to leave the matter to me. She will not trouble you in the least."

"As you please mother, but I will keep clear of her, you may rest assured of that!"

"But John, I will expect you to meet her at Flint on Thursday, and this is Monday."

"All right mother, I have to get some extra help to get in the hay, so I will drive in early and kill two birds with one stone."

"Take care my son, you are not one of the birds. Mrs. Graystock writes me that Jessie Thompson is a very beautiful girl, as well as wealthy."

"O, she can't fool me mother! I am twenty-five you know, and have never seen the woman I could love better than you, you dear little mother."

"Thanks my son, but I do not expect to always reign mistress of the heart of my great big shanty boy. That would be asking too much."

"Well, we will see mother mine, but there is Jane calling supper and I am hungry as a horse."

The scene of the above dialogue is placed in Northwestern Michigan, in a cosy farm house upon the banks of the Flint river, and about twenty-five miles from the lovely city of the same name. The period of time need not be specified further than to state that the Flint was one of the leading lumbering rivers in Michigan and not less than eleven saw mills at Flint city, found employment for a vast number of men, and use for an immense amount of logs every year.

The mother and son here introduced to the reader, had labored early and late to keep the grasp of the law from taking possession of the little homestead of 140 acres heavily encumbered with a mortgage, and which had been left to burden the farm since the death of the husband and father. It was a hard task for the young mother left with a child of twelve, to battle alone. But she was a woman of nerve and had succeeded in finally paying in full the mortgage, and also educating her child, with the fond hope of making him a minister. But John Dennison, grown to manhood, preferred to be a soldier in the "army of the pine," to being one in that of the cross, and so was in every feature and experience a true woodsman. His winters had been spent for the past five years as a scaler, and latterly foreman in a camp, while during the summer he had worked the farm for his mother. It was a pretty farm, and the home was a picture of comfort, surrounded by lilacs and prairie roses, with the front facing upon the beautiful river. The rich, luxuriant orchard on the brow of the slop-

ing hill, at the rear of the house, vied in its brilliant June blossoming, with the dark green of the distant maples, where the cooling zephyrs, borne from the distant Huron, gathered up the scented fragrance filling the air with Nature's perfume.

John Dennison was entering upon his twenty-sixth year, the only son of his mother and she was a widow. It has been well said that the Wolverine state has no peer for stalwart men and winsome maidens, and John Dennison was no exception to the rule. Five feet ten inches and symmetrically built in proportion; muscles standing out upon his arms like bunches of whip cord, eyes dark gray, and brown hair clustering over a brow that gave token of far more intelligence than might be,

"To plow and mow and reap and sow
And be a farmer's boy."

Or in the winter's season to find his home amid the rude and rough associations of the lumber camp. For the previous three years John had reached out rather extensively in lumbering, and the dialogue with which this chapter opens, was illustrative of a phase in lumbering well known to many of our readers. In short, John's winter's work was "hung up" for lack of water in a stream tributary to the Flint river.

Of Mrs. Dennison, a word will suffice. She was simply a hard working, handsome, healthy, farmer's wife—or rather widow—for twelve years previous her husband had gone the way of all earth, leaving behind him little else save a partially improved farm, a heavy mortgage, and a young widow and boy of thirteen. But as stated, the widow—who in the face of many eligible offers was still such—was fully equal to the emergency, and at the time we write was the possessor of as fine a farm as the county could boast. The farm house gave every evidence of picturesque beauty in its umbrageous surroundings. The interior was far above the average in comfort, convenience and refinement, for Mrs. Dennison was a York state girl, who had a practical knowledge of farming and a cultivated taste for the beautiful. The house possessed a large kitchen, parlor, dining room and four bedrooms, around the

windows of which clustered honey suckles and climbing roses, while the veranda looked out on a handsome lawn ending upon the pretty river, down to the shore of which a path led, thickly embowered by arbor vitae, dividing it from the spacious kitchen garden. Home made carpets covered the floor, and sweet brier filled the fireplace in the parlor, where comfortable easy chairs and cheerful pictures gave a pleasant and cosy aspect to the room. Added were plenty of books, for John, though but a shanty boy, delighted in storing his mind with wholesome food. The country farm house to which the reader is thus introduced, was all embodied in the word home !

* * * * * *

“I beg your pardon, but are you Miss Thompson ?”

The question was asked hesitatingly by John Dennison of a young lady who had just stepped from off the cars at Flint station.

“Yes sir, and you are Mr. Dennison I presume ?”

The speaker was a bright brunette, a little above the average hight of woman, but beautifully formed, as was discernable in the close fitting traveling dress of gray in which she was garbed. She was certainly a beautiful girl about twenty-two years of age, with a freedom and vivacity in her every movement, born alone of innocence, social position and perfect health. Her eyes—black as night—had a depth and tenderness in them seldom associated with orbs of that hue, and as the two young people stood for an instant observing each other for the first time, it was evident that each mutually admired the other. As this is a veritable love story the author may be pardoned in thus being prolix and explicit in description.

“Mrs. Dennison wrote me that you would be sure to meet me at the station, and I was afraid we might fail to connect,” remarked the young lady, smiling sweetly and extending her hand. “Thanks ! so much for your consideration.”

“I had no knowledge of your coming Miss Thompson, till my mother told me on Monday last.”

“Why, Mrs. Dennison and I have been corresponding all

spring with reference to my visiting Michigan, Mr. Dennison. I sincerely trust I am not intruding."

"O dear no Miss, not in the least. Mother will be delighted, and I am sure that—that—well you see mother might have told me. I am happy indeed to meet you, and only hope our rough country ways will not be entirely distasteful to you."

"I think not, Mr. Dennison, but how far have we to drive?"

"It is quite a distance, Miss Thompson, but I have a comfortable carriage, and we will be home in time for tea. Let me have your checks please, and I will get your trunks. Have you had dinner?"

"I dined upon the cars, but I rather fear your country roads for a long drive."

"O, you will find we have excellent roads, and I have one of the best teams in Lapeer county. Have you many—trunks?"

"Only one moderately sized one, and a satchel sir. Here is my check."

"Only one? Well if you will take a seat in the waiting room a moment, I will be ready to start directly. My team is just around the corner."

John easily placed the little trunk in the back of his buggy, and on handing Miss Thompson in remarked :

"I certainly expected a city lady to have at least four trunks and five or six band boxes, but you travel light Miss Thompson."

It was a little impertinent on the part of John, so to speak, and evidently the lady so received it, for with a glance of her eye toward him she replied :

"Indeed? Well Mr. Dennison, you have at last the good fortune to meet one city girl without four trunks and five or six band boxes."

"O," thought John, "she's a Tartar! Thunder, what a look she gave me! I must certainly keep out of her way, for I feel that I shall positively dislike her. And still isn't she a beauty."

And Jessie Thompson also mused as John busied himself in

making the little trunk fast, "What a great handsome overgrown boor he is. I certainly realize that we are not destined to be friends, and that my stay at the Dennison farm will be a short one."

Both being thus unfavorably impressed, the long afternoon drive was not one of very warm sociality. Each seemed to be measuring the mental strength of the other, and each realized fully that they had at last met with antagonisms in each, which could be turned into positive admiration or negative dislike.

Still the drive impressed both with one well established fact, that each had met in the other a foe worthy of their steel, and the question was who would first surrender. Jessie Thompson was a girl brim full of vitality, fun and mischief, while John on the contrary was grave and sedate. Jessie had a laugh and a joke for every incident of the journey, while John confined himself to long dissertations on the grandeur, glory and growth of Michigan in general and Lapeer county in particular. To this Jessie opposed New York as a state and Buffalo as a city, concluding her elogium by the well known classic :

"O Buffalo gals are you coming out to-night,
To dance by the light of the moon !"

sung as only a Buffalo girl could sing it.

By the time they arrived at the farm, John was mystified and even shocked at the frivolity of the beautiful girl by his side, whom he committed to the kisses and embraces of his waiting mother, while he drove to the barn humming grimly:

"There was a criminal in a cart,
A going to be hanged;
Reprieve to him was granted,
The crowd and cart did stand;
To see if he would marry a wife,
Or otherwise choose to die;
'O why should I torment my life,
The victim did reply;
The bargain's bad in every part,
But the wife's the worst, drive on the cart.' "

Strange as it may sound, John Dennison was a woman hater, and the little innocent scheme in which his mother sought to find a daughter was likely to come to naught.

* * * * *

Two weeks had passed away at the farm house since Jessie Thompson's arrival. Whatever had been the result of her fascinating attractions with John, it was evident that Jessie had in that short time, thoroughly captivated the heart of Mrs. Dennison. Among the first to rise in the morning and the last to go to bed at night, she might be seen feeding the chickens, down at the spring house watching the process of making butter, or with sleeves rolled up on her shapely arms, busy moulding the yellow rolls for market. In the kitchen helping Jane with the cooking for the half dozen hungry men cutting the hay, in the dough of the bread trough, busy canning berries, making cake and pies, in all of which she soon excelled as an apt scholar under the tutelage of Mrs. Dennison. Or in her beautiful little boat on the river, sketching, rowing or fishing; or under a favorite beech tree, on the river bank, embowered about with cedar, she would sit and read or work by the hour, with the birds and chipmunks flitting and skipping around her. In her rambles it was a little singular how often—by accident of course—John would come suddenly upon her in these solitary escapades, and still more singular what a diffidence toward each other these two young people would exhibit in conversation, to shape and construe their short sentences. It was very evident that war had been silently declared between the aristocratic city lady and the young Michigan lumberman farmer, at least a war of sharp wit.

One evening while seated upon the veranda John remarked to his mother :

"I have my summer camp running in good shape, mother, and we are putting in pine at a great rate. I have now over sixty men at work."

"O, Mr. Dennison," interjected Jessie, "I would so love to see a lumber camp. Cannot we make up a party and drive out to where your men are working?"

"A camp is rather a rough place for a lady, Miss Thompson, (it was still Miss and Mr. between these two) but if you really desire to go, we could get up a couple of loads of young people, and go out to camp easy enough as the roads are good."

"That would be delightful! I will see some of the girls myself, and have them consent to go. My mind is made up to see a Michigan lumber camp before I return east."

John turned with surprise toward the girl: "Why, Miss Thompson, you are surely not thinking of leaving us?"

"Not necessarily right away, but you know, Mr. Dennison, I cannot stay here always."

"Oh certainly not, but we shall miss you very much."

"Indeed! I thought (archly) from the way you have 'miss'd' me ever since I have been here, that I could not be more missed in leaving."

"Not more 'miss'd' than 'mis'tered," I fancy, Miss Thompson." (sarcastically).

A deep sigh from Mrs. Dennison followed, for:

"The best laid plans of mice and—women—
Gang oft aglee."

But nevertheless it was evident that John was pleased with the idea of taking this proud, beautiful girl out into the woods, and the following day a number of the young people were invited to join in the contemplated excursion to John Dennison's lumber camp. The drive was an exceedingly pleasant one, and John and Jessie, seated together, seemed to be far more companionable than ever before. The girl was in ecstasies over the beauties of the forest through which the road led, and unconsciously won upon John by the admiration she exhibited. He, on his part, showed to the best advantage in vivid description of woods and river life, and Jessie found herself wondering at the natural gifts this handsome woodsman displayed, in word painting the life of a Michigan shanty boy.

The camp was reached in time for supper, and very much to the surprise of the uncouth shanty boys, the table was graced

by the presence of a group of beautiful girls, who seemed to be perfectly at home with the camp fare. The young men accompanying them, were known to most of the men in camp, and every effort was made to cause the visitors to feel at home. The intention was to drive back by moonlight, the distance being only twelve miles, so the evening was before them for enjoyment. John's camp was one of those built for comfort and cleanliness, and while in full keeping with the work the men were engaged in, had no repelling features whatever to annoy the sensibilities of the visitors.

"O, if we only had a fiddle what a glorious dance we could have in this dining room," exclaimed Minnie Gorman, a fairy little mischief, that all the young men for five miles 'round were in love with.

"I can furnish a mouth organ," said Fred Stoddard, at the same time producing the humble instrument.

"Good, good!" exclaimed several, and in a moment the long tables were placed against the wall.

"It's leap year, girls," cried Mollie Crawford, "so take your partners for a cotillion."

No sooner said than done. Two sets were formed. Fred Stoddard blew his level best, and Minnie Gorman "called off." The men gathered in from the "bunk camp" and ranged themselves about the wall.

"The dancers wild and wilder flew,
The piper loud and louder blew."

It was fun unadulterated, and the young people enjoyed it to the utmost. The big cook camp would easily hold eight set without crowding, but finally poor Fred gave out in the very midst of a dance. All at once the dulcet tones of a masterly played violin, was heard to take up the tune where Fred had broken down. Every one stood stock still with amazement.

"Go right along, friends. You shall not want for music," said Jessie, who was discovered with a violin at her shoulder deep in the mysteries and intricacies of "Fisher's Horn-pipe."

Now the author of this veracious narrative is fully aware, that he has injured our heroine in the estimation of many readers by the above revelation of her in the capacity of a fiddler in a lumber camp! The proprieties are certainly destroyed, but what could he do? Facts are stubborn things, and distorted statements only serve to mar them. The fact was that Jessie was an accomplished musician, on piano and guitar, but her favorite instrument was the violin, on which she was a superb performer. The cook had an old instrument which Jessie had used for the present occasion. Of course it was not to be expected that the company assembled in that cook camp would be able to fully appreciate classical music, but they certainly did enjoy the cotillions, jigs, reels, strathspeys and hornpipes rendered by Jessie, with such exquisite skill that the camp went perfectly wild with enthusiasm. The shanty boys mingled freely with the visitors, and danced with partners they never before had met or spoken to. Clog dancing, Scotch reels, French fours, Irish jigs and contra dances were all there indulged in to the fullest extent, attached to their original music. It was truly a "saturnalia," in which the pipe of the pied piper of Hamelin, would not have had a ghost of a show. Till at last, after the "Buffalo break down" all laughingly exhausted, sank on the rough benches, totally collapsed. Then the music changed from the wildly gay and humorous to the pathetic and sentimental, and the Flowers of the Forest, When the Swallows Homeward Fly, Last Rose of summer, Killarney, Home Sweet Home, Nearer my God to Thee, and Jesus Lover of my Soul, were all breathed forth by the wonderful girl, who stood modestly creating strains that caused the gushing tear to trickle down more than one bronzed cheek, and going down deep into the hearts of these children of the woods, in the form of a grateful benediction :

"He who hath no music in his soul,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

Poor John Dennison. That evening in camp, finished the

work the blind god had been laboring to accomplish for the previous two months. He had sat all the evening, to all outward observances fully enjoying the fun, but he was strangely silent during the homeward ride, and that night he tossed sleeplessly upon his bed and feebly fought against the inevitable. The fact was before him in all its stern reality that he loved Jessie Thompson with all the ardor of a warm, impulsive nature, hitherto by him deemed invulnerable but now prostrated before a force he had never before realized the strength of. Poor John, well could he say :

"O woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain coy and hard to please;
* * * * *
But seen too oft—familiar with thy face—
We first endure then pity then embrace."

And what about the thoughts and wishes of the girl in yonder little rose embowered bed room? Thanks dear reader for the interrogation, but those precincts are sacred, to the thorough exclusion of all "peeping Toms," and prying curiosity. So there!

The conduct of John Dennison, after that wonderful evening in camp, was strangely contradictory. He was seldom if ever in the house on an evening, but might be seen reclining under one of the fruit trees, dreamily smoking, with his great gray eyes apparently busy in counting the stars. At the same time Jessie and widow Dennison would be seated upon the vine covered veranda exchanging their little womanly confidences—though the bright black eyes would surreptitiously wander through the intercises of the vine openings to where the recumbent form of the sulky young shanty boy was extended upon the grass beneath the old apple tree. It was truly wonderful how the young city-bred girl—only daughter of one of Buffalo's richest and most aristocratic merchants—could have thus insinuated herself into the affections of the simple country mother. But still it was so, and the corresponding wonder was that Jessie could find such congenial companionship in this aged woman, so as to cause her to postpone her departure

from week to week, till now the dog woods, sumachs, and soft maples began to take on the gaudy colors of departing summer. Possibly it was because in Mrs. Dennison, Jessie had found a long dead mother's love restored, for which she yearned. Or perhaps it was because—Pshaw! we cannot read a woman's heart nor guess her reasons for doing the oddest kind of things, and we only say, that Jessie still lingered at the Dennison homestead. Did she herself know?

But it was now the last week of Jessie's stay, and on the following Monday she was to take her departure for her eastern city home.

"I will be very lonesome after you when you are gone dearie." And the old lady's knitting needles flew with fast increasing rapidity. "I never had a daughter, and but few confidential women associates, save the hired help on the farm, since I came here a young verdant girl, twenty-six years ago."

"I certainly regret leaving as much as you, Auntie Dennison, I assure you. This old house seems to me like home, and my summer here has been delightfully spent. It makes me sad to leave you all, but I will return to you again next summer."

"Next summer you dear child! You will be married and off to Europe next summer."

"No Auntie I think not. I have no idea of being married. I am yet heart whole and fancy free." (Ah! tell tale eyes, why glance with lightning flash to yonder lazy form under the apple tree smoking).

"How I wish we were rich Jessie!"

"Why Auntie?"

"Because you might be induced to stay with us, and my John and you—"

"O, Aunt Dennison hush!" said Jessie with a hysterical laugh which sounded more like a succession of sobs, "can you not see that Mr. Dennison has taken a dislike to me from the very first of our acquaintance? He has never been more than respectful, but since that unfortunate night when I played my violin in his camp, he has taken every pains to avoid me, and

shown in various ways his evident disapprobation of that foolish escapade."

"Why mercy me, Jessie darling! Don't you see that my John is dying for love of you child? A babe could see it, and the hopelessness of his love is breaking his great manly heart."

"Indeed!" said Jessie slowly rising, "Mr. Dennison succeeds excellently in hiding his feelings," and she swept into the house with a movement that savored strongly of resentment.

"O dear! what have I done," murmured the widow, "blisters on my foolish old tongue by dozens! Gone and told poor John's secret, that he imparted to me with such caution. What a stupid old fool I am, and now the dear child has gone away vexed."

Jessie had indeed retired to her room without the customary good night kiss, to the kind old lady, she so lovingly termed "Auntie." Her indignation was evidently of a serious character, as the next morning she, for the first time, failed to appear at the breakfast table, pleading a severe headache as the cause.

And hadn't she cause for indignation? She—the petted favorite of select society, to fall so low as to become the object of a "gee whoa haw buck" shanty boy's love! The presumption of some people! It was fully time she took her departure, but before doing so she would give this audacious, presuming young "hayseed" a piece of her mind. That she fully decided upon.

The week passed away without any further developments, and gave Miss Jessie no opportunity to satiate her indignation. John Dennison was sulkier than ever, and barely civil to Jessie. Things were very uncomfortable in the Dennison homestead. The Sunday before Jessie's departure, John drove his mother and her to church, but the only demonstration on his part was a most unnecessary flogging bestowed upon his horses, which brought upon the irate John a justly deserved reproof from his mother. After dinner—partaken of in painful silence—John went out for one of his lonely strolls, leaving the two

women alone in a constrained silence, broken only by an occasional "Miss Thompson," or a "Mrs. Dennison." Finally the old lady sank back in her chair, and throwing her apron over her face, burst into a paroxysm of tears.

"Mrs. Dennison, Auntie dear, why what is the matter?" exclaimed Jessie, rushing toward her.

"My dear child, I cannot endure the thought of your leaving me with the impression, that I have purposely offended you by what I said the other evening," sobbed forth the weeping woman.

Jessie's answer was to throw her arms about the neck of her grief wrung friend, and take the old head to her bosom.

"Hush, Auntie dear, you did not offend me by what you said. John is worthy the fondest affection of the best woman that ever breathed. and when he finds his mate he will make her a happy woman by manfully telling her his love."

And finally the girl succeeded in soothing the weeping woman back into a condition of outward tranquility at least.

The afternoon was fine, and Jessie felt as though she would like to visit for the last time some of her favorite haunts, as she was to leave on the following morning. Taking her gypsy hat, and throwing a shawl loosely over her shoulders, she strolled from place to place. Partially down the river bank, a large beech tree grew, surrounded with cedars. This was Jessie's favorite retreat and where she had spent many pleasant hours in maiden meditation. The path to this place was steep from the top of the bank down, thickly hidden by shrubbery, and Jessie decided to make it the conclusion of her stroll, by resting a few moments in her accustomed seat under the beech tree. Her light footfall was unheard as she approached, and looking over a huge old moss covered boulder she was very much surprised to see John Dennison in her favorite place, under the beech tree. At the same moment he raised his eyes and beheld Jessie, whose face at the recognition became in a moment suffused with

"Celestial rosy red, love's choicest hue."

"I sincerely trust I do not unfortunately intrude upon you, Mr. Dennison?" said Jessie, peeping from over the rock, retreat being impossible. John's face was pale as death, but his great gray eyes looked her full in the face :

"No, Miss Thompson," replied John, rising to leave, "It is I who intrude upon your favorite retreat." How well he was aware of the fact.

"Mr. Dennison !"

"At your service, Miss Thompson."

"What is the matter with you, may I ask, that for the past three weeks you have treated me with such scant courtesy."

"I was not aware that my conduct differed from my usual manner, Miss Thompson. If so I am sincerely sorry."

"Stuff and nonsense, sir !"

John's face turned fairly purple with the suppressed indignation, the reply invoked.

"You know very well, John Dennison, that you have treated me very unkindly for the past month, and now I am determined to know the reason why. Come, be a man and tell me how I have offended you."

"I am not offended, Miss Jessie. Why should a poor shanty boy be offended with a rich and aristocratic lady like Miss Thompson?"

"Now John, don't be sarcastically silly. Tell me all that you are harboring against me, so that I may beg forgiveness, and we part friends to-morrow."

"If I were to tell you my candid opinion of you, Miss Thompson, you might not feel that I was complimenting you very highly."

"Indeed ! Well, as I am curious to learn what impression I may have made upon Mr. John Dennison, I shall come down from this coign of vantage, and listen to the story, plain and unvarnished. Now sir, the accused would hear the indictment as read by the court."

"During the passage of the above badinage, Jessie had descended to where John was seated. She had never appeared to better advantage than as she stood before him, swinging

her gypsy hat by its blue ribbons, her cheeks flushed with the exercise of descending the rocky pathway. A saucy smile lighted up her face, filling with mischief the merry laughing black eyes. John's indignation had reached the boiling point, and began in fact to slop over.

"Miss Thompson, I am intruding, and with your permission will retire."

"Not till I hear that wonderful opinion you have formed of me, Mr. Dennison."

"Well, Miss Thompson, if you will have it, I am a man of few words, and I crystalize the whole into a sentence: You are a merciless, heartless flirt!"

"Ah indeed!" and the gypsy hat began to swing more violently. "Anything more?"

"Yes, plenty Miss! You are a cruel woman. You thought it would be glorious sport to wind your irresistible fascinations about a poor green country boy and break his heart."

"Yes? Anything further your honor?"

"O, you may laugh! Of course! It will be rare fun when you return to Buffalo, to tell how a country bumpkin in Michigan, fell in love with you. It will be great enjoyment for your toney gentlemen admirers, to listen to your funny story. Wish I had a dozen or so of 'em here now, I'd break their cursed necks, one after another."

"Don't be intense your honor!"

"Yes, you can stand there in all your glorious beauty, like a—like a—"

"Is 'serpent' the word you want sir?"

"Yes serpent! Beautiful to the eye but with death to the victim. But remember, Miss Thompson, that which may be pleasure to you is death to me."

"Positively? Well now do you know, I never thought I was so bad a girl as that. Any further naughtiness allotted to me, Mr. Dennison?" The gypsy hat was swinging by one ribbon now.

"Your cool, heartless audacity, madam, convinces me that I am correct in my conjectures of your character. Any woman

who could witness unmoved the tortures I have endured for these last two wretched months, is unworthy the name."

"You afford me much gratification, I assure you, Mr. Dennison. Anything further?"

"Anything further? Yes I have something further. You are cruel as the grave; you—you—O God grant me patience!" And John covered his face with his hands and sobbed convulsively.

"What is it the poet says about 'his eyes in fine frenzy rolling?' Do you remember the quotation, Mr. Dennison? It would be so appropriate for the present occasion."

John started to his feet, all the manhood within him at once aroused at this cruel taunt.

"I see your bosom heaving with suppressed emotion, you heartless girl, but it is no true womanly impulse that moves beneath that silken zone. Let me pass you, Miss Thompson, I only wish to the good God I had never set eyes upon you! And now that you have my opinion in full, I will only ask you to forgive my unmanly emotions which for a moment have overcome me. Remember it has to be a great joy or great grief which can wring tears from a man. Let me pass please!"

"You will please to remain just a moment, Mr. Dennison. You have freely given me your opinion of a lone, motherless girl—a trifle frivolous perhaps, but not intentionally wicked, and your language in conveying that opinion has been rather severe. Now sir, hear my opinion of you!"

John cowered beneath the flash of those wondrous eyes, as Jessie struck an attitude like some tragic queen, while the gypsy hat by its one blue string, gyrated violently.

"John Dennison, considering your intelligence and manhood, yes and the size of you"—John looked up with an awful woe begone visage—"you are, in my humble estimation sir, the biggest and blindest goose I ever saw in all my life! So there!"

At that moment the blue ribbon gave way, and the gypsy hat flew down into the top of a very conceited hemlock, where it coquetishly perched itself.

"Miss Thompson!"

"Mr. Dennison!"

The beautiful black eyes were swimming in a sea of tenderness, as they gazed fondly at him. John started to his feet as the glorious revelation burst upon his astonished vision.

"Miss Thompson—Jessie—in the name of God what do you mean? Surely it isn't possible that you—"

"Have fondly loved you, John dear, for these past two months, with all the ardor of soul found in a girl's first love. You foolish, silly boy! I had given you my heart from the moment you handed me into your buggy at Flint."

"Jessie, my precious darling?" * * *

"There now be good! Just see how you have rumpled my hair and mussed my collar! Go and get my hat out of that tree, sir, where it seems to be laughing at us. No sir, no—* * *

The result was a repetition of the rumpling and destroying process, and which face the big brown mustache belonged to would be difficult to tell. When John Dennison at last took breath, it was to corroborate Jessie's statement:

"My blessed darling, what a goose I have been not to see it before! What I have suffered and lost this past two months!"

"I know what I have lost, John!"

"What, my own precious?"

"The worst case of heart ache in Michigan."

* * * * *

"How do you manage to have such excellent butter, Mrs. Dennison, do tell me?" asked Mrs. Devon, the British consul's wife, one evening about seven years later, while taking tea with Mrs. Senator Dennison in Buffalo.

"We keep a cow, Mrs. Devon, and I make all my own butter."

"Impossible! Why where and when did you serve as dairy maid, Mrs. Dennison?"

"At my mother-in-law's farm in Michigan, where I was married, you know, and where our first babe was born. I learned a number of excellent things there, especially about the com-

forts of home and personal happiness. Among others I learned that if I preferred joy to sorrow, I had the choice of either, and am thankful I was woman enough to choose the first."

"O certainly! Still I cannot see what that has to do with fresh butter,"

"I can—But excuse me a moment. I hear the baby crying."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LIFE IN THE WOODS AS A HEALTH RESTORER—THE SHANTY BOY IN GENERAL—HIS TRUE ESTIMATE PRESENTED—THE HOSPITAL AGENT—INCIDENTS—FRENCH "JUMPERS"—WOODS FIRES—ECONOMY IN CUTTING TIMBER—ESTIMATED PINE AND HARD WOOD IN MICHIGAN—HOMESTEADS—CONCLUSION.

"And after all it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

We come at last to the concluding chapter of a work, which has been to the author a labor of love, and one he could wish had been much better performed. Very much that was held in contemplation to appear within these pages, must of necessity be omitted from want of time in which to prepare the matter for the printer. Accordingly, we are forced to place before the patient reader as a final dish, a plate of hash, formed largely of a conglomeration, any part of which would furnish a long chapter in itself.

But the shanty boy—for whom this book has been chiefly

written—will sit down with his habitual good natured smile, and with us discuss the several ingredients entering into this chapter. And in mentioning the shanty boy we are reminded that he is but poorly understood by the multitude of people so much benefited by his labor. The writer knows him at his best and worst, and can truthfully say that the best largely predominates. His character may be briefly summed up in a few terse sentences: Hard working, rough and ready, big hearted, generous, fraternal, impulsive, a hand for a friend, a foot for a foe, foolishly prodigal with his hard earned wealth, happy under very questionable conditions for joy, sensitive to the sorrows of others more than his own, and faithful to his engagements where he is used with even moderate consideration and kindness. This is the average shanty boy. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but the general result will be found to embrace all the above features, clothed in a suit of "mackinaws."

There is one thing about the pine woods which can be absolutely relied upon for truth, and that is its value as a health restorer. This fact I have fully proven, not only in my own instance but in that of others whom I have known. If a person be afflicted with any pulmonary complaint, my advice is make for a lumber camp and put in a winter. In my own instance I know that my sojourn in the woods has fully restored my prostrated condition and added fully thirty pounds to my weight. But it must not be supposed that this result was brought about by lazily lounging in a camp or luxuriously driving from place to place in a comfortable vehicle. On the contrary I came to think but little of a twelve or twenty mile tramp through the woods from camp to camp in the capacity of an hospital agent. This leads me to say that this occupation is probably one of the hardest features of life in the woods. It is certainly a peculiar business, and the man who follows it must be a close student of human nature to prove a success. He never has two meals alike, two drinks of water alike, two beds alike, and seldom meets two men alike out of the hundreds he is brought in contact with. These mental and phy-

sical changes are much more severe than might be expected, and taken all in all I would advise no one, save those with a robust constitution, to attempt the work—which may be termed part Indian part half breed, and all mighty trying on both body and soul. In my own personal experience I have nothing but words of kindness for the men in the woods. They may be a little rough, and fond of “horse fun,” but let one of their number meet with an accident, rendering him helpless, and quickly each man subscribes to a “shake-purse” to help the poor fellow through his trouble. I shall not soon forget the kindness of Thomas N. Smith, of Saginaw, when I was for a week in his camp very ill. To be sure Tom didn’t know what was the matter with me, and neither did I, but he got all the horse medicine in the “van,” and ranged it on a table, where I could gaze upon it, and the sight of the awful bottles and jugs frightened away my distemper.

I might tell how on one dark night I lost my way, going from one of Henry Stephen’s St. Helens, Mich., camps to another—three miles—I fell in a swamp, and finally arrived at the house of manager Curtis, cold, wet and hungry, where he and his good wife fed, and clothed me in dry garments, and with them I found the brotherhood born of true sympathy.

I remember on January 19th, 1887, a tramp I had from Big Creek, on the head waters of the Au Sable river, across the plains, to the camp of Campbell & Gorman, of Bay City. The day when I left the Au Sable river camp of Penoyer Bros., was intensely cold, fully 32 degrees below. I did not mind the cold so much, but rather dreaded the journey of eighteen miles, six of which were across the “plains,” divested of even a jack pine, and with only the woods in the distant horizon to guide me. The snow was about a foot deep when I left a small jobber’s camp on Big Creek, after dinner for my long tramp. By the way, that camp was composed entirely of Frenchmen, and a “watch peddler” had been among them the evening before, and sold nearly every man a watch. The sight was a comical one, to see every Frenchman sitting in his

bunk after dinner, admiring his new watch. From the way they handled the "tickers," I was under the impression a "watch tinker" would have a good job before long. One had bought a big stem winder, and was already in trouble. It had stopped, and he brought it to me to see what was the matter. I could not see anything out of order with the watch, and asked him if he had wound it up.

"Yes me woun' heem twelve turn tiam dis waa;" and he showed me, turning the ratchet backwards. "Twelve tiam an' he no caatche greep by gar."

I showed him how to wind the watch, and left him happy.

Well, to return. I got on the trail to Campbell & Gorman's camp, crossing on my way Big Creek. The creek was about two miles from the Frenchman's shanty, and the water was low. I had to walk across a small Norway that served as a bridge over the creek, and when half way over I slipped and fell plump in the water. The weather was so intensely cold that I had hardly got to land, before my clothes were frozen stiff. I had on long German socks, with low rubbers, and in slipping off, fortunately fell on my feet and only got wet a little above my knees. Still, I would not turn back to the shanty I had left, but struck out across the plains for Campbell & Gorman's, where, when I arrived, my feet were frozen solid. The blacksmith and "chore boy" were my doctors, and immersed my feet in a tub of snow, where, after an hour's hard rubbing, they managed to get the frost out, but I didn't wear a shoe for three months afterwards.

That previous fall, a rather ludicrous thing happened to me, in which I exhibited a large amount of misdirected zeal. I had started to make a camp one evening, distant three miles, and calculated to get to it before the men had gone to bed. The night was dark as a stack of black cats, but I plodded along through the woods, and tired and weary, I at last arrived at the camp—to find it deserted. Not a soul was there, and so I made up my mind to stay in one of the empty buildings, at least till the moon had arisen which would be

in the course of an hour or two. I climbed into one of the upper bunks, in the men's camp, where there was still some marsh hay left, and putting my grip under my head, I lighted my pipe, and soon smoked myself into a condition of partial sleep.

I was aroused by the sound of footsteps approaching, and quickly the shanty door opened, and two hard looking "mossbacks" entered. (The settlers in the pine clearings of Michigan are called "mossbacks" by the lumbermen.) One was carrying a lighted lantern and a spade, the other had a suspicious looking elongated parcel on his shoulder, wrapped up in an old blood stained sheet. Both were smoking and talking quietly to each other. The shape of the bundle on the fellow's shoulder looked awfully grewsome, and to my distorted vision had the form and semblance of a dead body. They laid it carefully on the floor, and proceeded to tear up some of the boards, and the fellow with the spade began to dig a hole in the ground, very much in shape like a grave. They were within six feet of where I was lying, but had not the least suspicion a third party was looking on. When the hole was about eighteen inches deep, they carefully deposited the package, wrapped in the old dirty sheet, within it, and hurriedly filled up the hole with the newly removed earth. After carefully replacing the boards they departed as quietly as they came, leaving me terror stricken and alone with the dead! How long I remained in a semi-stupor I do not know, but finally managed to get out of that shanty "right smart" and when I reached the "tote road" leading to the camp I had left, I made some of the prettiest time on record. The intervening three miles were got over in a hurry, and when I arrived at camp every one was asleep. I routed out the foreman, after some hard pounding on the "van" door, and related what I had seen in the deserted camp. He at once surmised that a murder had been committed, and roused out the boys of the camp. I assure you, dear reader, there was dressing and arming in haste, in that camp, and within ten minutes there were fully thirty of us on

the trail leading to the scene of the bloody tragedy. We went carefully and carried our lanterns unlighted, so that we might if possible, catch the miscreants. We decided to form a cordon about the deserted camp, and approach stealthily. This was done and we had the bunk camp surrounded. The foreman lighted his lantern, and with a pistol in hand he entered. I followed on tip toe. The men gathered in quietly, and a thorough search of all the buildings was rapidly instituted, but nothing was found. We then proceeded to disinter the corpse. I showed where the bloodthirsty ruffians had dug the grave, and we stood around while the foreman and another shoveled the earth out with a couple of thin boards. It was not very deep and the suspicious covering was soon laid bare. A rip of the foreman's knife left the body exposed, and our faces blanched as we beheld the bloody spectacle presented.

There lay the corpse, smeared with blood!

The head had been removed and the bowels taken out. We stared, dumb with awe and astonishment!

It was a sheep!

The awful silence was finally broken by the foreman remarking, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"Well, I'll be d—d!"

The men looked from one to another in amazement which at last blazed into a good square shanty boy's mad.

"I move we put that d—d agent up," said one.

"Up he goes!" was the universal response.

"Stop your cussed nonsense," said the cook, who had come with us, armed with two big carving knives, "get to work and 'pack' that ther mutton to camp. Don't yer see it's a fine fat sheep? Ye'll have roast lamb to-morrow, as sure as ever that's an old ewe."

"The cook's right," said the foreman, "and we are owing the agent one, for this lucky find. He don't 'go up' boys, not for Joseph if he knows it. He happened very lucky to light on a couple of sheep theives, and we won't wait for them to come back, 'but jes' shoulder that 'ere mutton and pike for camp."

The men all began to realize that in place of proving to them what one had termed "a cussed aggrivation," I was decidedly a public benefactor, in providing for the camp a supply of fresh meat, and from the point of being "lynched," I became the hero of the hour. The carcass was removed, and the grave restored to its previous condition when we all struck a bee line for camp, where for a couple of days, mutton—roast fried and boiled—was the "piece de resistance" of the cook camp.

Thus you see my son, that virtue is its own reward, and everything is well that ends well.

The foregoing ridiculous incident reminds me that at the camp where it took place, I had my first experience of a woods on fire. As this book claims to give a description of woods life, it would be very incomplete without presenting some general picturing of the work of the "fire-fiend" in the pine woods.

No true estimate can be formed of the amount of destruction entailed upon timber by woods fires. It is safe to say that not a year passes in which a "fire tax," of millions of dollars, is not imposed upon the Michigan and Wisconsin owners of pine lands. Forest fires nearly always originate from absolute carelessness. Men tramping through the woods and camping over night, will build fires either for warmth or to keep off mosquitoes. The embers are left burning, and a general conflagration follows. Or a settler sets fire to a fallow, and permits the fire to creep into the woods, when the usual destruction ensues. In a dry time a spark will serve to ignite the resinous pine needles covering the ground, and acres of valuable pine will be burned as a consequence. The writer is not extravagant in saying that lumber enough has been lost in this way to pay a woods warden's salary ten times over just to watch fire. It should be made a highly punishable offense to leave unquenched fires in the woods. To this end the provisions already existing should be made more stringent, and the attention of the settlers called to the fact. If owners of pine lands were to convene together and devise some method of care over the timber, the outlay, however apparently heavy, would be money well expended.

The time was when "burned timber" might be as well consumed entire as to be "fire killed." If not lumbered the following winter after the fire, the "borers" completed what the fire had left undone, and the timber in the second season was valueless. This is not so long ago but that some reader of this paragraph can still feel the smart of the loss he at that time sustained, by being unable to lumber his piece of burned timber in time to save it from the "borers." But to-day things have materially changed, and by the intersection of logging railroads in almost every direction, timber subjected to the ravages of the "fire fiend" can be saved by seasonable cutting. Very much Michigan timber has thus been rescued from completed destruction, that was burned over, and this is largely owing to the vast improvements made in lumbering in the past few years.

The day after my sheep episode, was one of excitement. The camp men had for the previous three days been fighting fire, about two miles from camp, but it had got the start of them and fastened into the rollways, where some five millions of timber—the very choicest pine—had been decked up. Unfortunately, the "rollways" were very close together, and the fire spread from one to another with wondrous rapidity, considering the fact that the logs were green pine. Water was scarce, and utensils for carrying it were scarcer, so that the men could do little else than to stand and watch the result of their winter's labors turn into ashes. This only required a day and a night to accomplish, by which time the woods for miles around were in flames. I had a five mile tramp to get out, but for nearly the whole distance the fire was burning fiercely. Escapes from death were numerous, and especially did the poor "homesteaders" suffer, having everything they had in the world swept away. The waste in this direction is terrible, and irreparable in character.

But there is another slovenly waste to which attention is here called. Economy in the cutting of pine trees is a subject which should ever be present with the foreman of a camp. The proper direction in which the tree should fall is a matter

of the utmost importance in the making of lumber. Frequently the tree is felled by ignorant sawyers, so as to break its back in half a dozen places, and render it useless for timber. Even what logs are saved from such careless felling, are so badly "shaken" as to virtually render them worthless when they reach the mill. The writer knew a foreman who made it a point to fell a dozen of trees at once by cutting each till the point of falling was nearly reached, when the last tree was allowed to fall against the one next to it, and so on, each falling against the other till all were down in the form of a "slashing." It was, certainly, an expeditious method of getting the trees down, but played havoc with the timber. However, this is all in passing.

The great loss sustained in lumbering is in cutting the tree too high, and leaving a stump with fully two feet of valuable timber to stand there and rot. This foolish waste is frequently occasioned by the depth of snow in the woods, and in going through old cuttings, the various depths of snow in past winters can be easily ascertained by noticing the height of the stumps. The objection is raised to cutting stumps low down that the butt will be found full of pitch. This may be an objection, but certainly does not affect the two or three feet of good timber left above where the roots take hold upon the tree trunk proper, and by this folly much good timber is permitted to be lost.

It would pay a large amount of expense incurred in running a camp if the sawyers were caused to kneel in place of standing up when sawing down the tree. They could work just as well and save a large amount of valuable timber which can be estimated in figuring the difference in the height of a stump cut by men working in an upright position. It is a point the writer throws out as being well worthy of analysis. Some time ago a description was published of a machine which might well be termed a "scavenger." Its purpose is to cut from off stumps a piece of timber the length of a shingle bolt. One of these machines set at work in a fresh cutting will soon provide a stock of excellent timber for a shingle mill and of the very

best quality. Where wood for firing locomotives in the woods is required, this machine is a grand provider. It can be gauged to cut the stump level with the ground, thus securing the "fat pine," than which there can be no better firing material.

On the whole, the time is now upon our lumbermen in which more economy is demanded in cutting timber. Stumps should be cut shorter, and trees felled with a view to their striking the ground without "riving" the most valuable part of the timber into slivers. These two important points should be well impressed upon the minds of camp foremen, and the result would soon be seen in the extra amount of logs. It would only take six or eight stumps cut low, to make a twelve foot log, which fact would be a great consideration in a winter's lumbering.

The author may be expected, in this connection, to say a few words relative to the amount of timber yet producible in the great Northwest lumber centers, as it is a continually mooted question how long lumbering will continue, at least in Michigan. For the next twenty years from date—1888—there will be pine in plenty to cut in the latter state, but it will be of a very inferior quality. In 1881, the Forestry Bulletin gave the following as the actual amount of standing pine and hard wood in Michigan :

STANDING PINE.

On Saginaw Bay waters.....	7,000,000,000
Lake ron waters.....	8,000,000,000
Lake Michigan (Lower Peninsula).....	14,000,000,000
Menominee River Valley	1,000,000,000
North Shore Lake Michigan	2,400,000,000
Balance in Upper Peninsula.....	2,000,000,000
<hr/>	
Total feet.....	34,400,000,000

HARD WOOD (CORDS).

Lower Peninsula.....	575,500,000
Upper Peninsula.....	124,500,000
<hr/>	
Total.....	700,000,000

The yearly cut of pine in Michigan, for the six years ending in 1887, averaged three billions per year, which if taken at 18,000,000,000 in round numbers, would leave 16,400,000,000 yet standing. The last Forestry bulletin up to close of season of 1886, gives nineteen billions of standing pine for Michigan.

In regard to hard woods it may be stated that as yet but little inroad has been made upon this great staple outside of the charcoal supply for the iron furnaces,* although with the settling of the country the clearing of land involves the destruction of very much valuable timber. These facts and figures, thus briefly hinted at, are gathered from reliable sources, and may be depended upon as being as nearly accurate as such estimates can be made.

If the author has any clearly defined purpose, in presenting these pages to the working man in the lumber woods, it is to induce habits of frugality among working men, with the object in view of all such obtaining a home. Michigan offers very many opportunities to the careful and industrious, and the homestead law of the state gives labor every facility for obtaining a permanent home. The lumber woods has furnished a large portion of the farming community, of Michigan, especially, with means for improving their homesteads, and at this writing thousands have occasion to bless their "life in a lumber camp," for the home comforts and independence they to-day enjoy. The annual report of S. M. Stockslager, commissioner of the general land office, shows that during the last fiscal year 64,133 acres of the public domain in Michigan were patented or otherwise passed title to and conveyed by the general land office. The total number of patents was 367. Two hundred of them were for final homesteads; 134 were private cash entries; 27 warrant and scrip locations; and five commuted homesteads. In addition to this 257 acres were patented to the state of Michigan under the swamp land grant. Private land claims, donations, Indian claims in severalty and scrip locations were patented in the state during the year to the extent of 5,156

*The annual supply of hard wood for charcoal averages 145,000 cords per blast furnace in the Upper Peninsula.

acres. There are now 891 final homestead entries in Michigan, 1,757 final private cash entries, 533 final cash entries and 229 final warrant and scrip locations pending in the general land office. There are 3,396 original homestead entries in Michigan now pending.

Let me reiterate what I have striven to embody in both the spirit and letter of this book: Boys, save your money and get a home!

I wonder if the reader has ever heard of what is known as "jumpers?" If not I will here narrate a little incident, which first introduced me to this strange class of Frenchmen, and with whom the men in the woods are frequently brought in contact. It was in the winter of 1883 that I first met three "jumpers" in the headquarters camp of Hackley & Hume, north of Harrisville, Mich. The foreman, Mr. Frank Desheau for my especial benefit, put the men through a course of gymnastics, which were mysteriously wonderful, to say the least. The three men were physically, large, robust fellows, and capable of doing a good day's work at any description of wood's labor. But they were strangely affected with some sort of nervous affection, by which they were entirely subject to the manual or vocal command of whoever was near them. Thus, the violent clapping of the hands would cause all three to simultaneously imitate the same action. The shouting out loud, would bring a corresponding shout from each. A jump would start them all jumping, or to strike a man a quick blow, would cause each of them in turn, to strike someone else. In short they seemed perfectly powerless in the control of their actions, and for an hour the foreman showed them off, till they were apparently exhausted.

I had frequently heard of the "jumpers," but never before had met any of this singularly afflicted race, and of course, was extremely anxious to learn something more about them. The foreman, Frank Desheau, gave me the following:

In the province of Quebec, on the Madawaska river, there is a colony of over three hundred families of French "jumpers" settled. All are more or less afflicted with this strange ner-

vous malady, which seems to partake of the character of "St. Vitus dance." They have been located for over two hundred years in this part of Lower Canada, and intermarry with each other. Men and women are alike afflicted in greater or less degree with this strange poverty of will power, and knowing their infirmity, they keep it to themselves. Physically and mentally they are otherwise perfect, and the men frequently go into the lumber woods of Michigan and Wisconsin to work.

But Mr. Desheau informed me that to make a motion with an axe, as though to strike a person, would cause the "jumper" seeing the motion, to drive his axe into the man next to him. Knowing their peculiarity, the other men are careful what they do, when working with them, and confine their "funny business" to acts which are intended to bring out the ridiculous character of the "jumper." The women are just as susceptible as the men. One wiping a dish, can be made to dash the same upon the ground, simply by another person making a motion as though throwing down a dish. The foreman, the night I speak of, took his pipe from his mouth, and made a feint of throwing it down. In an instant the three men had dashed their pipes on the floor. He did the same with his jack-knife, and the hand of each man went into his pocket and bringing out his knife, dashed it on the floor. All three sat side by side, and a motion the foreman made to strike me a blow, caused each to turn and strike real hard at his neighbor.

They actually had no power to resist the imitation of any physical motion, and I noticed one, with tears running down his cheeks, begging the foreman in French to let him be still.

It certainly is a singular phenomenon, and it is yet more singular that we have not had some scientific explanation of this nervous condition, which would seem to be exclusively confined to one branch of the French Canadian people. The men and women thus afflicted, are noted for their physical beauty, but no French man or woman will marry a "jumper."

It is now with extreme reluctance that the author approaches the conclusion of his work. The trip is about completed, and

the "tote road" shortens up to where we can see camp in the near distance. The road through these preceding chapters, has not been a very smooth one, but it has been one that I trust the shanty boy has not felt very weary over, and if these pages have been half as pleasing to the reader as they have been to the writer in the preparation, we will part mutually satisfied. In reviewing my work, I can see where great sins of omission and commission have occurred. Volumes could be written upon the strange life of the woodsman, each far transcending this in interest and practical value. But the intention throughout has been to so present the shanty boy to the outside world, in order that he may be known at his true value, as the pioneer in the great army of civilization. To him also does this book come, to wile away a long Sunday afternoon, in camp, telling him the story of the woods, already to him so well known. Shall these pages add either to his pleasure or profit? It is hard to say, but still the intention prompting the hurried preparation of this work has been to benefit the shanty boy. To the kind, careless, generous, happy-go-lucky lad, we commend it as a tribute of fraternal gratitude, from the author to a class of men but little known, and still less properly understood. To all such, one who has lived among them and knows the kind hearts beating under the mackinaw shirt the author concludes these pages by saying:

Put it right thar chummy! Shake!

All hail to the pioneer army grand—
The men of the axe and the saw—
In labor's formost rank they stand,
And the car of Progress draw;
The forests so brown at their march go down,
Towns and cities rise where they fell;
While work well done and wealth well won,
Speaks the shanty boy's labor well.



VIRTUTE NON VERBIS.

POSTSCRIPT.

The critical reader will have doubtlessly discovered very many evidences of hurried preparation, in the preceeding pages. While fully admitting the fact, the author's apology for all such errors, will rest in the statement, that the copy for the "Shanty Boy" was written and placed in the printer's hands, within eight days after deciding to publish this work. In fact, the publication of the "Shanty Boy," was an after thought, and another work of the author's—"The Land of Nod"—was withdrawn, after several pages were in type, in order to make room for this—deemed the book better suited for the season. It may be added however, that with the bare exception of two or three popular songs used, the matter contained in the foregoing pages is original with the author of the "Shanty Boy," and written in plain Anglo Saxon. Some of the sketches and stories forming the concluding chapters were originally contributed by me to the Detroit, Chicago, West Branch and Cheboygan press. These all have been revised and returned to manuscript form, especially for the present work. Trusting that, independent of superficiality or blunders, the kind reader may have derived some small amount of instruction and amusement from the perusal of my modest little effort,

I remain very sincerely.

Cheboygan, Mich., Dec. 1st, 1888.

J. W. FM.

